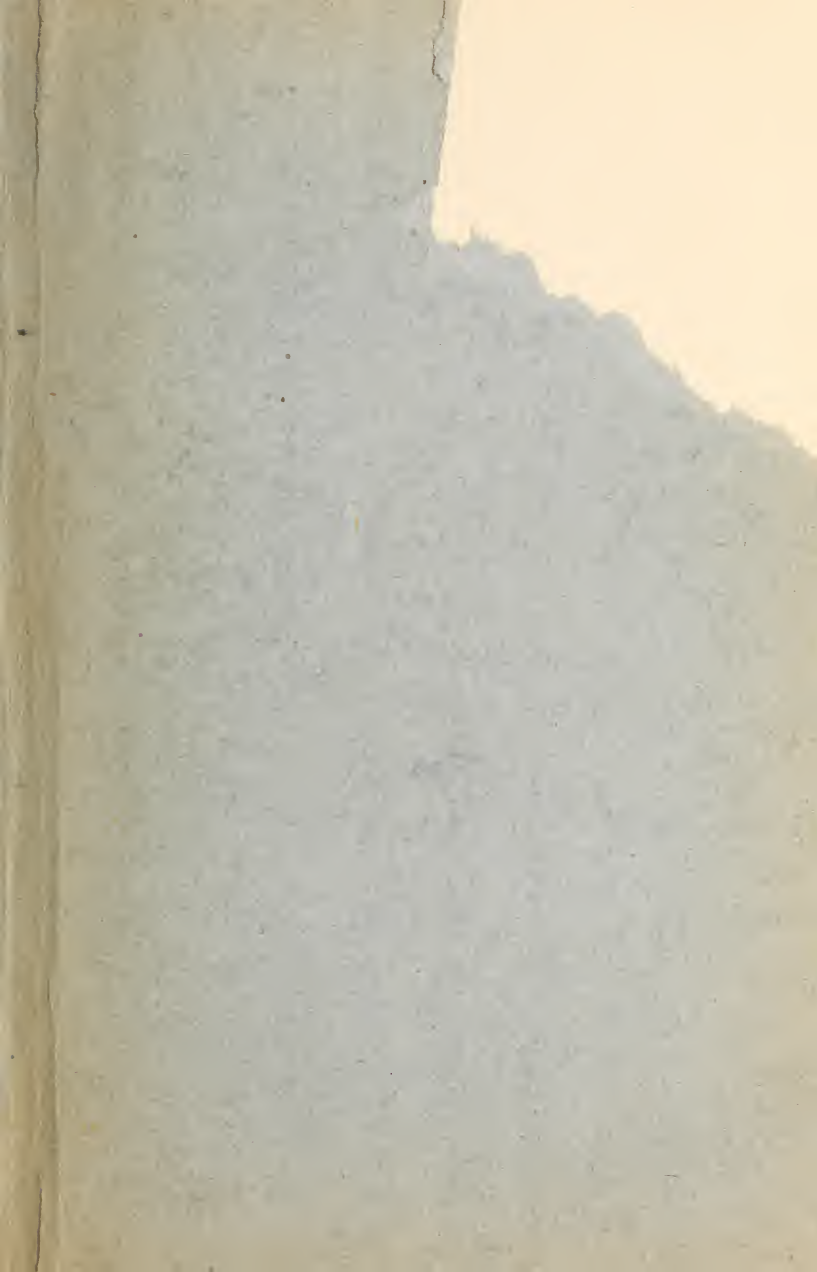




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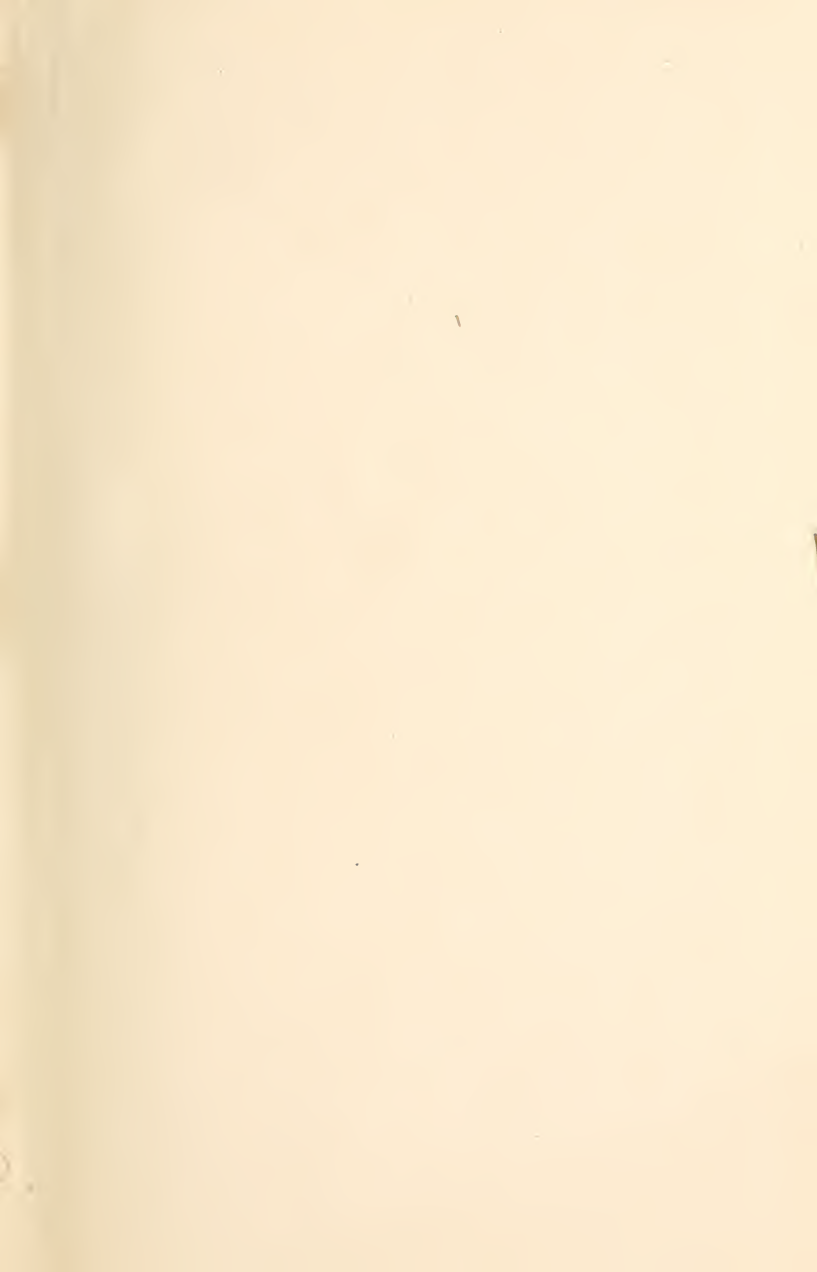




















MRS. EMILY J. HARWOOD.



REV. THOMAS HARWOOD, A. M., D. D.,





HISTORY  
OF  
NEW MEXICO  
SPANISH AND ENGLISH  
MISSIONS  
OF THE  
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH  
FROM 1850 TO 1910.  
IN DECADES

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IN TWO VOLUMES---VOL. I.

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BY  
THE REV. THOMAS HARWOOD, A.M., D.D.

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WITH INTRODUCTORY NOTES.

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EL ABOGADO PRESS

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# DEDICATORY

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6 63. Aug. 21/98

This Book is affectionately dedicated to the preachers, their families and friends, of the New Mexico Spanish and English Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whose repeated requests for its publication has inspired the author with the hope that he might, with the blessings of God, write a book that shall be read with pleasure and profit; and if its perusal shall inspire the reader to greater benevolence, activity and zeal for the cause of missions, and help to carry on the work for which the author has spent the morning, noonday and evening of his life, he will be content. Vol. I. price \$1. The net proceeds from the sale of this book shall be applied to aid poor boys at the Boys' Biblical and Industrial School of the Albuquerque College.

THE AUTHOR.

Albuquerque, New Mexico, July 4th, 1908.





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INTRODUCTORY NOTE I.

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REV. THOMAS HARWOOD DURING THE  
SIXTIES.

(By Edgar E. Clough, D.D.)

Westminster, Cal., Dec. 17, 1907.

I am glad of the privilege of writing a few things concerning my friend, the Rev. Thomas Harwood, D.D., whom I have known since 1867. At the last session of the Northwest Wisconsin Conference held in Sparta in September, 1867, he was appointed Preacher in charge of Leon Circuit and thus became my pastor. A month before that I had been licensed to preach and soon after his appointment I was requested to preach before him and my Presiding Elder, a trial sermon (my first regular sermon), and I cannot forget his sympathy and encouragement and kindly advice to me as a beginner in the work of the ministry. During this year he was blessed with revivals; one in Farmers Valley, where about a hundred were converted, among them my only brother and his wife, who never ceased while living to express thanks for that revival. The following year, being sent to Chippewa Falls, I at once found that Brother Harwood had organized that society eight years before, and that before the war he had been pastor in various portions of the Valley of the Chippewa, and always much esteemed by the people. In 1862, when the 25th Wisconsin Infantry was being raised by Col. M. Montgomery

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and Rusk and others, Brother Harwood enlisted as a private. He was soon given a Sergeant's Chevrons and honored them. He took the war seriously and learned in the school of a soldier its duties, and performed them to the delight of officers and men.

I have often heard Col. J. M. Rusk, later Governor of Wisconsin and Secretary of Agriculture, relate the following incident:

On one of their marches as a Reg't. they suddenly found themselves confronted by a detachment of Confederate soldiers posted in a piece of woods. The Colonel said: "I detailed two companies as skirmishers and put them in command of a Captain, who was ordered to clean out the woods; but instead of driving the enemy the detachment was driven back upon the Reg't. As it came back pell-mell, Sergeant Harwood, standing by the Col., in his quiet way remarked that, "I wished that I had been in command of that detachment; we wouldn't have been driven back." The Colonel said, "I believe it. Take command of the detachment, Sergeant. Officers, Sergeant Harwood is in command now; clean out that woods." For a few minutes the firing was sharp, but it began to grow less and more remote, because Sergeant Harwood had driven the enemy out of the woods.

The Colonel said he moved on about a half-mile beyond the woods where the command had been halted near a barn. "Just as I rode up," said the Colonel, "a beautiful lady came out on the porch of the house and said, 'Colonel, are those your men stationed down by my barn?' Yes, madam, but

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you need have no fear for the officer in charge is a Methodist preacher. Lifting up her hands in despair, said: 'My chickens are gone, my chickens are gone.' There being a vacancy in the Chaplaincy of the Regent," the Colonel said, "that men and officers spontaneously petitioned for the appointment of Sergeant Harwood to that vacancy."

From scores of the men and officers of that Regiment I have been told of his splendid work as Chaplain.

And I know that it has been easier to hold up Jesus to the veterans of the 25th Wisconsin because of Chaplain Harwood's beautiful exemplification of the Christian life. He was always The Man, The Brother, The Patriot and The Christian Gentleman, helpful to his brother man in many capacities during that bloody decade of United States history. His work in Wisconsin abides after these forty years and his wholesome influence in the army is fondly cherished by the Veterans of Wisconsin who have much desired to see him elected to the National Chaplaincy of the Grand Army of the Republic.

I have not seen all the copy of this book, but judging from what I have seen and what I know of its author, I feel that I can most cordially recommend it as filling a niche in the history of Methodism that could not otherwise be filled.

NOTE II.

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ALIENS OR AMERICANS.

(By Mrs. Harriett S. Kellogg.)

The Forward Mission Study Course given a

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prominent place to the immigration problem. It would be interesting in this connection to turn to New Mexico and ask the question, "Aliens or Americans?"

The answer might reverse the viewpoint from which we consider foreign immigration; for who, after all, have always been Americans?

The Mexicans or their ancestors have, for untold centuries, occupied this strange corner of our country. Here is to be found the remnant of a civilization older than tradition.

The story of the Spanish Conquest of Mexico is known full well, yet the motto of the conquerors, "For the crown and the Church," seems to terminate the interest of many people concerning this race. The question may well be asked: What has the Roman Church done for these people for over three centuries? When the beautiful Aztec cities were destroyed, did she give the common people better architecture—better homes? When their rare illuminated books and work of art were burned in public bonfires, did she give them libraries and cultivate their artistic sense? Did she give them lands to till for themselves? Did she give them public schools and Bibles and an undimmed vision of God and his relation to each human soul? These questions may be answered by reading this book, which portrays the deplorable condition of these people when the first missionaries entered the field. Surely its perusal will renew interest in the Spanish Mission of New Mexico; and the hardships, sacrifices and triumphs of the missionaries—Dr. Har-

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wood and wife and others—will inspire the church to increased effort in carrying the gospel to these—the first Americans.

This book is timely, for it will bring the Spanish work in America more fully into the great wave of present missionary endeavor and study.

The author of this book appreciates the above more, from the fact that Mrs. Kellogg wrote the beautiful "Life of Mrs. Harwood."

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NOTE III.

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HOPE REALIZED.

At last we are to realize our heart's desire. Repeatedly the New Mexico-English Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church has urged the Rev. Dr. Thos. Harwood to give us the story of his life. The preachers in New Mexico could readily see they were in a strange land where things unaccountable to them had been done. The Southwest is said to be the "land of contraries," where they "dig for wood and climb for water, picket pigs and turn dogs loose." Fully as strange to the most of us are some facts political and ecclesiastical. For instance: It has passed into a proverb: "Once a Catholic always a Catholic," and yet here we find 5,000 Mexicans brought into the Methodist Episcopal church through the labors of one man as leader, Dr. Harwood. It is well known that Romanism is always hostile to public schools, yet in this Territory, always overwhelmingly Roman Catholic, there is imbedded in the law an excellent public school system,

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that law placed on the statute books by legislatures almost solidly Catholic, and that too in spite of the most bitter opposition of the priesthood.

Of all fanatics those called passionists seem to be the most fanatical. Here we find them under the name of Penitentes, with the cross indelibly marked in the forehead and deeply scarred bodies bearing the marks of self-inflicted scourgings that they might be right with God.

Who but Dr. Harwood can best tell the story of one unlearned man, with no preparation except the love of God in his heart, when sent to a stronghold of these Penitentes; so preaching the Gospel and living the Life that he saw the conversion of about all of them and then their morada bought for a Methodist chapel. Nothing more marvelous has been wrought in any mission field.

How to get a foothold, how to make a start, was the question. I count it one of the privileges of my life to have been intimately associated with Dr. Harwood and his wife. I have lived in the same town with them and for considerable periods where they had lived in the earlier years of their work, and have been in many of the out of the way places, far from railroad and American influences. So I have had unusual opportunity to know what has been done and how.

Without disparaging the Doctor's work this can be said: Mrs. Emily J. Harwood made his work possible. They were without children to educate. Mrs. Harwood saw children all around her, growing up without the opportunity to get an education.



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She made that her life work and well did she accomplish that work. To this day wherever one goes in New Mexico there are found men and women, intelligent, refined, who were given their ideals of life and preparation for usefulness in the school and home of Dr. and Mrs. Harwood. It is not given to many, who never became a mother, to be such a mother to scores and scores of young people.

There was this peculiar trait in the character of Mrs. Harwood that those who knew her cannot forget: There never came a time so discouraging as to cause her to give up; she always kept right on as though everything was prospering, even though there seemed to be no hope of success.

When Rev. Thos. Harwood began his great work who could tell where to try to plant churches? The railroads with their power to create centers was yet to come. This is little short of miraculous it seems to me; there was no important Mexican center that was missed and very little work was wasted at points afterward abandoned. I can think now of but one church building left unused in all the Spanish work.

As I have gone over the field time and again I have been unable to point out any serious mistakes and say: Dr. Harwood would have done better had he pursued another policy.

In reading this history you will be unable to see its marvels if you forget that, when Dr. Harwood began his work there were no stewards to look after his interests, no parsonage in which to live, no church in which to preach and wherever there was



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a christian in name he was presumably an enemy to protestantism, yet the Lord could and did turn the hearts of the people to the work. Friends were raised up, schools were established, churches built, christian character created and God's name is glorified.

Let all Methodism honor the young bride who left friends and civilization that she might give her life to a strange people in a strange land.

All praise to these two heroes of the Cross who have clothed the naked, fed the hungry, comforted the sorrowing and given to another people songs of salvation that shall be wings of faith to Spanish hearts wherever the Spanish tongue is found.

"Yo soy por Cristo."

A. A. HYDE.

Los Angeles, October 19, 1907.

I appreciate the above the more highly because it came from the heart of a timed and true friend, whose face I shall see no more as he has just been called to his reward.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE IV.

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AN ENDURING MONUMENT.

"If we work upon marble it will perish; if upon brass time will eface it; if we rear temples they will crumble into dust, but if we work upon mind that will endure forever."

When Sir Christopher Wren, the great English architect, died, his friends cast about for a suitable monument. Space was limited and words must be

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few. At last one who loved him and was gazing reverently at the beauties of St. Paul's Cathedral, under whose choir the master hand lay so still, hit upon these words, and they are carved over the inner north doorway: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice." So say we of our friend and brother, whose consecration and genius have made this book a possibility: "If you ask for his monument, stand anywhere in New Mexico and 'look about you;' look at the gigantic strides made by this mighty empire territory up into civilization, liberty and light. You will see, if you look honestly, that among the foremost agencies in this uplifting process stand Rev. Thomas Harwood and his devoted wife.. No history of New Mexico can ever be full and authentic, and their work be left out. Look around you, everywhere, and see. Look yonder in that little adobe house. It is a christian home. The little mother is training a large family, and sending them out into the world, christian men and women. Mrs. Harwood trained that mother. In yonder school house is a teacher, whose every influence rings true for "God and home and native land." The teacher, the teaching and its wide-spread influence all are but an echo of the educational institutions which our friends have fostered and maintained. In that church a pastor, in that legislative council a lawyer, stand firm for truth and justice, because in their boyhood Dr. Harwood loved them and trained them. We watch from afar the steady march of New Mexico, and when she takes her place in the galaxy of States, we will proudly count up her

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beauties, advantages and resources, and answer lovingly when asked who helped most to make it so and where is his monument." Read this book and look around you. The sixty-six churches, chapels and schools which he himself has dedicated in this Southwest and the 5,000 souls brought from darkness into light in the New Mexico Spanish Mission is his monument.

JOHN F. KELLOGG.

Dec. 12th, 1907, Campbell, Calif.

I appreciate the above the more because Mrs. Kellog, the wife of him who wrote the above, wrote the beautiful "Life of Mrs. Harwood."—The Author.

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE V.

For nine years, while Superintendent of the New Mexico English Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, I traveled over much of the ground covered by the New Mexico Spanish Mission in charge of Rev. Thomas Harwood, D. D. We were often together, and I was permitted to preach frequently (through an interpreter) to his various congregations. I came in touch with his work in many places, finding the impress of his hand on men and churches.

I have never known a man more universally beloved by the people whom he served. I saw the work constantly growing wherever I went. It was a very difficult field, always requiring great skill and constant care, yet he never tired, and his hand seemed to be on every part of the field continuously.

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Often have I heard him tell of the early days of his superintendency, back in the seventies; its struggles and hardships and privations, and then compare them with the later years of increased comforts and better modes of travel and enlarged numbers. I found him always untiring in his interest in the Spanish-American work of the church, the oversight of which in the great territory covered by the New Mexico-Spanish Mission was entrusted to his hands. I used to often wonder how he could go on year after year for such a long period of time, covering far more than a generation, holding in his heart the love and respect of both English and Spanish, making so few enemies and so many friends wherever he went, enduring all kinds of privations, bearing all kinds of burdens, being always patient and gentle, always true to God and his convictions, guiding the work of the church, crossing necessarily the wishes of men yet retaining their love, and in the midst of his multiplying cares find time to be largely interested in the affairs of the country.

A staunch Grand Army man.

A true patriot, having the respect and confidence of the men in charge of the Territory from the Governor down to the lowest public officer.

His name cannot be stricken from the records of New Mexico without leaving a blank which will mar the history of the Territory, whether in matters of education or religion or state.

His broadly laid plans must bear rich fruit in the years to come.

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In the volume now proposed the recounting of experiences which cannot be repeated by any man because of changed conditions, there will be found many evidences of heroism, such as God plants in the hearts of pioneers and leaders. May his mantle fall on true and loyal shoulders.

A. P. MORRISON.

Butte, Mont.

NOTE VI.

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Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 6th, 1908.

The history of a country, a church or a community is a history of the individuals who made the country, church or community possible.

The history of New Mexico Methodism must be very largely the biography of Dr. and Mrs. Harwood. Admirably adapted to the work to be done; throwing themselves into it with utter abandonment; putting their hands to the plow without even a thought of the possibility of even looking back, they have accomplished more than they could have even dared to dream. Two strong missions, for the English Mission no less than the Spanish is the result of their labor, mark in large characters the efficiency of their service.

During my five years pastorate of the church in Albuquerque the personal association with Dr. and Mrs. Harwood was not only a source of the greatest pleasure, but of a forceful and abiding inspiration.

Dr. Harwood's long service as Superintendent of the Mission will go down into history as one of

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the great achievements of the church. If his life shall be spared he will do a yet greater work as President of Albuquerque College. If the great Methodist church shall give him the support to which he is entitled and which it is abundantly able to give, this last work will be the crowning feature of the long and splendid career.

New Mexico is destined to be one of the great States of the Union; Methodism must be one of the great controlling influences in the State; the Methodism of the State must be largely molded by the Spanish Mission; and that Methodism must take its stamp from the Albuquerque College.

A. W. ADKINSON.

Presiding Elder Los Angeles District.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 7th, '08.

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NOTE VII.

I cannot but think that this History of Pioneer Missionary Work in New Mexico, by my friend Dr. Thomas Harwood, will create a sensation in the reading world. I cannot forget too my own part in the responsibility for its publication. For during my six years association with Dr. Harwood I frequently heard him relate incidents from his experience and as often urged him to give them permanent form, that the world at large might get the inspiration that his telling of these incidents gave me. And now that I have had the privilege of reading these inspirations set in a connected story, I can say that their author is among the fortunate few, who can write a story without losing the



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flavor that goes with its telling. I think I will be safe in saying that whoever begins this book will read it to the end. Truth is stranger than fiction.

It is rarely that men have such a combination of talents as the author of these annals. As simple and unaffected as a child, yet as alert to the world problems and as quick to defend truth (and as bold in doing it) as a Dr. Buckley; a man whose daily life for years has been spent with the poor and lowly, yet with a mind well informed on all the current questions of Church and State. He finds it not difficult to return from praying with a sick Mexican child and pick up his pen and write a forcible argument in defense of Statehood. I have never known a memory more tenacious of details than his. You will find in the many narratives within a quaintness of touch that will suggest Dickens himself. A delicate and refined humor, a most gracious endowment to any man with burdens upon him, shines out of the life and writings of Dr. Harwood to the delight of all. A first and surface acquaintance with the author of this book will impress you with the query, "Is he not too easy-going for great administrative work, such as the Church has entrusted to him?" But a trip with him over his field, into his quarterly conferences, listening to his directions and cautions to his men, the evidences of his firmness when need calls for it is not wanting. He never blusters, but no man ever dealt with Dr. Harwood for any length of time, and presumed that he could swerve him from his convictions of right and duty. The old colored man's definition

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of perseverance, quoted from within, applies to the founder of our great work among the Mexican people. "He took hold, holds on and never lets go." To Dr. Harwood his work was truly a mission—his mission, his life mission—and this viewpoint has given him his coigne of advantage. He cast his lot in with the people. Of the other qualities of this work I shall not speak in full. It has been written with painstaking regard to fact. As you will see, many things herein related have cost much labor and investigation. Those things that are herein set down touching Romanism, you may be sure, are true and unprejudiced. The spirit of charity and fairness pervades every paragraph. I feel sure this is not only a delightful book, but that it is a book that will throw light upon many of our vexing problems in Mission to Roman Catholic countries. May God's blessing be upon it and its author.

CHAS. L. BOVARD,  
Oxford, Ohio, 10, 1, '07.

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EMILY J. HARWOOD.

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Dr. Harwood was peculiarly blessed in the companion of his life. I have often said Mrs. Harwood was the ideal woman missionary. I met her first when I was pastor in Tucson, Arizona. She stopped over a few days and visited with us. Her unbounded enthusiasm for the Mexican people prepared the way for my acceptance of the superintendency of our English work when offered to me by



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Bishop Mallalieu a few months later. We had six years of most helpful acquaintanceship. Mrs. Harwood was by no means a negative character. She had convictions of her own. These did not always harmonize with the views of those about her. But she was so reasonable, and so surrendered to the Holy Spirit that there was never unpleasant friction when there was disagreement. Mrs. Harwood was truly a mother to the Mexican people. In their times of trouble they knew where they could find a sympathetic friend. She was ever looking out for their interests. She must be given a place on the honor roll of great missionaries—along with the names of Miss Thoburn, Mrs. David Lee, Mrs. Butler, and the hosts of good women who have given their lives for the blessing of mankind.

CHAS. L. BOVARD.

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*Spanish and English Missions*

HISTORY OF NEW MEXICO SPANISH AND  
ENGLISH MISSIONS, FROM 1850 TO 1910.  
IN DECADES.

BY

REV. THOS. HARWOOD, D. D.

FIRST DECADE.

1850—1860.

The writer has often been asked to write up the history of the New Mexico Methodist Mission.

At two different Methodist Conferences of the English Mission, by strong resolutions passed by the Conference, it was declared that my long labors in the mission and acquaintance with the same abundantly fitted me for the task, and at length, with pen in hand, I make my humble bow to the members of both the English and Spanish Missions and to the Church at large; and to them pledge myself to do the best I can, not forgetting, however, to bow low at the foot of the cross of the crucified One for divine guidance in the responsible task before me. I sincerely

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ask the prayers of my brethren of the mission that our kind Heavenly Father may make the task a pleasant one for His servant who is rounding out his 50th year in the ministry, his thirty-sixth in this mission, and his seventy-sixth in age, that he may live to complete the book and that it may be the crowning work of his life.

### SECTION 1.

The Methodist Missionary work began in New Mexico in 1850. In order to understand it more fully, the reader must be supplied with a few preliminaries even before that time.

New Mexico was visited by the Spaniards, it is said, as early as 1537. It became a territory of Spain in 1595, and the Roman Catholics began their formal missionary work at that time. Hence they have had the right of way in New Mexico for almost 300 years. They had the entire religious control of New Mexico, unmolested by Protestants or Americans for nearly ten generations, up to within a few years past.

What a golden opportunity was this for Romanism. The so-called infallible pope at their head, the crowned heads of Spain and her civil and military officials and soldiery, for the most of the time, at her back, and a conquered territory at her feet; with no Protestant Bible, or Protestant press or Protestant preacher or public school in the way. The priests could sow the gospel seed, water it with their tears, bask in papal benedictions and reap the golden harvest!

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Ten generations of sowing and reaping and what is the harvest? What is New Mexico today? Or rather what was it in 1850 when my lesson begins? Intellectually, morally and religiously it was one of the darkest corners in Christendom. While the march of civilization had taken grand strides, almost everywhere else, New Mexico had fallen behind. Why? For want of Bibles, schools and proper instruction. These wanting, there could be but little advancement on any lines of material progress. But we must not be too severe, since we do not know what New Mexico might have been without the Roman Catholic religion.

The writer speaks whereof he knows, when he says, that in 1870, twenty years after his lesson begins; in all his travels in New Mexico, not a public school house could be found, hardly a Bible in one family in a thousand, and only few other books; hardly a public road or a bridge, only as they had been built by the government or the Protestant pioneer; hardly an American plow, wagon or buggy could be found.

The ecclesiastical leaders, it seems, had made some progress in the introduction of fruits, such as the mission grape, apples, pears, peaches and these were found to do well, especially the grape, said to be the most delicious of any variety yet brought to the country, but we are sorry to say that this was perverted to a bad purpose, by both priests and people in making it into wine. But so far as we could see, they had made but feeble efforts to open the gates of civ-

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ilization in our Protestant eastern states, for they preferred to go on in their established customs of gathering tithes of flocks, tithes of fleeces, tithes of grain, administering sacraments at high prices, baptisms and the eucharist, and other so-called sacraments, such as marriages, extreme unction and prayers for the dead at extortionate prices; all of which could be practiced only among an ignorant and superstitious people. Such was the condition of New Mexico when the writer came in 1869. If such was the condition then, what must it have been when we roll back the curtain to 1850 when our first missionary, the Rev. E. G. Nicholson, came and began his work?

In 1870, when New Mexico's first census was taken, every citizen seemed ashamed of the illiteracy of the territory. It showed a fearful state of illiteracy, far worse than any state or territory in the Union. Seventy-three and a half per cent of the people over ten years of age were unable to read, and  $78\frac{1}{2}$  unable to write. Of course it was worse than that in 1850. Yet we were told that "these are our people, and that the Protestant missionaries have no business here." We were not so much surprised at this, for it is natural that the shepherds look after their flocks, and I must give our Roman Catholic brethren, both priests and laymen, credit for looking after their own people.

A few years ago, I spent a Sabbath for the first time at Yuma, in Arizona. American preachers and others had come in and I was invited to go with them Sunday morning to talk to the Mexican pris-

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oners in Spanish. Word was sent up the evening before. To the surprise of all, the next morning only a few of the Mexicans came to hear us. We were informed that the Father had been around and left word that those "Mexican prisoners all belonged to him and that we had nothing to do with them." Right here I am frank to admit, that a priest or minister, who is brave enough to claim a whole penitentiary of 225 convicts as his, ready to go with them in the cell or on the gallows to perform the last rites of his church, whether it does them any good or not, deserves a worthy consideration.

In 1680 the Indians revolted and drove out the Spaniards. The Spaniards regained possession of New Mexico in 1698. In 1846 General Kearny entered New Mexico and took possession of the territory, and in 1848 it was ceded to the United States of America.

In 1850 the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church sent out its first missionary. The missionary was the Rev. E. G. Nicholson, who with his family left Independence, Mo., via stage, and reached Santa Fe, Saturday, and preached the following Sabbath from the text 1st Cor. 2:1-2 "And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God. For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified."

## SECTION 2.

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The following is taken from the annual report of Dr. Durbin, Missionary Corresponding Secretary, 1855. Bishop Ames had episcopal supervision. The Doctor said:

“This Mission (New Mexico) was instituted in 1850 by the appointment of the Rev. E. G. Nicholson, who was sent expressly to the population speaking the English language. Brother Nicholson returned in the course of a year and reported unfavorably. The mission was then suspended for a year or so, until the Rev. Benigno Cardenas, a converted Mexican Catholic priest, was brought to the notice of the Bishops and Board; as also a young man who spoke Spanish. (This was Walter Hansen, who had been connected with the Swedish work in New York. These brethren expressed a desire to be sent to New Mexico to preach in the Spanish language to the native Roman Catholic population. Accordingly, in the year 1853, they were sent with the Rev. E. G. Nicholson as superintendent.

At the end of one year Brother Nicholson and the young man returned and reported unfavorably, but they left Brother Cardenas in New Mexico preaching to the people, chiefly in the Rio Grande Valley and in the vicinity of Socorro.

Our Brother Cardenas was alone in the mission for a year, and from various reliable sources, we were assured that his ministry was the only productive Protestant ministry in the territory; and were led to believe that his ministry might lay the foundation of a living evangelical church. With a



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view to determine how far this impression was warranted, we sent to New Mexico in the summer of 1855, our Brother, Rev. D. D. Lore, who had just returned from South American missionary work where he had been for nearly seven years, and spoke Spanish very well. He was instructed to examine carefully and report to us. His first letters were decidedly discouraging, and led the General Missionary Committee at its meeting November last to take an incipient step toward closing the mission. Subsequent reports from Brother Lore are somewhat more favorable, but not sufficiently so to warrant any well grounded hope of establishing an evangelical church in New Mexico. Brother Lore will return home in the spring to meet his own Conference. In the meantime circumstances must determine our future course with regard to New Mexico. But we think it proper to put on record the report of Brother Lore, as follows:

J. P. DURBIN, *Cor. Sec.*

### SECTION 3.

#### DR. LORE'S REPORT.

But before we give any part of Dr. Lore's report as written to the Board in 1855, I desire to make some extracts from Dr. Durbin's report as given in 1853, as that will throw light on Dr. Lore's report. Dr. Durbin says: "Since the issue of the last Annual Report of 1852, we have sent out to the different mission fields the persons whose names follow and with the places and persons named come Rev. E. G. Nicholson, Walter Hansen and Benigno Cardenas to



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New Mexico." Dr. Durbin then said: "Nearly four years ago (1850) a mission was projected at Santa Fe, New Mexico; and the Rev. E. G. Nicholson and family were sent out." He says: "Brother Nicholson remained in Santa Fe for some time, and a small congregation collected, composed wholly of Americans residing at Santa Fe or connected with the Army. Shortly after this the headquarters of the Army were moved, and with it the little church went. About the same time, Mrs. Nicholson's health failed and they returned home and the Mission was suspended."

Dr. Durbin further says: "During the year, after Mr. Nicholson's return (1852) the question of establishing a Mission among the Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico was agitated. While this was being considered, two things transpired which hastened its resolution in favor of sending out missionaries.

"1. There was a young Brother connected with the Swedish work in New York who could speak Spanish very well. He desired to go to New Mexico.

"2. During Mr. Nicholson's residence in Santa Fe he had become acquainted with an intelligent, well-educated Roman Catholic priest, of much influence in the country and eloquent. His name is Benigno Cardenas. He expressed dissatisfaction with the Roman Catholic Church and with the Bishop. But Brother Nicholson, fearing it might be a matter of a personal quarrel, after considering the

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case, gave it no encouragement. Shortly thereafter, Cardenas left New Mexico for Rome to lay his cause before the authorities at Rome." Mr. Durbin says that: "He left Rome with all his papers in order, under seal, as we ourselves have seen and with due passport as a Roman Catholic priest, and arrived in London. His visit to Rome seems to have completely opened his eyes and fixed his purpose to forsake his communion. He called on Rev. Mr. Rule in London who had long been a resident missionary in Spain. Mr. Rule took Cardenas into his family and for ten weeks carefully observed him and instructed him in evangelical doctrines, and gave him letters of introduction to our Board at New York."

"On his arrival at New York," says Mr. Durbin, "we treated him kindly and had much intercourse with him through interpreters. Our confidence grew slowly but surely, and we put him in communication with the Bishops, then reported to the Board. About this time Brother Nicholson visited the East at the request of Bishop Waugh; and at the New York Conference at Kingston, in consultation with Bishops Janes and Simpson and Brother Nicholson and the corresponding secretary, Bishop Waugh determined with the consent of the Board to renew the New Mexico Mission and enlarge its aims so as to embrace the Spanish population, should the project upon observation in the territory be found practicable.

The Board concurred and the Mission was organ-

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ized by the appointment of Rev. E. G. Nicholson as superintendent, and Rev. W. Hansen as assistant. At the same time, Brother Nicholson was authorized to take along with him Benigno Cardenas, and to receive him into the church in the Mission in New Mexico, and employ him as assistant under the conditions plainly set forth to him. The main conditions were, "If Cardenas, after arriving in New Mexico, should apply publicly to the Mission for admission and service and his spirit and conduct is satisfactory to Brother Nicholson, the Superintendent; under these condition and arrangement the missionaries departed for New Mexico early in the autumn of 1853, and arrived safely in Santa Fe in due time, (being Nov. 10, 1853).

*Note by the Author*—Brother Hansen opened a school at Tecolote, but it was soon broken up by the interference of the Roman Catholic priests of Santa Fe. I received my information about this school from W. H. Moore, who had a store at Tecolote at that time, and S. B. Watrous, who also resided at Tecolote. They informed me that Mr. Hansen had a school of some thirty or thirty-five scholars and the people were delighted with it until the Bishop and priests came down from Santa Fe and in a few days after their arrival the school had to close for want of scholars.

Up to the present we have quoted from the secretary's reports; Dr. Durbin and a few of my own notes and inferences. I had long desired to have something direct from these early missionaries. I

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thought that some of these reports might be easy of access in the office in New York, but to get at them was the question. I had asked for a few items of those early days, but in vain. In some of my correspondence in 1894 with Chaplain McCabe, D.D., at that time Corresponding Secretary, now Bishop, he happened to make the remark that an old school-chum of mine in 1855, in Evanston Theological School, wished to be remembered, and gave his name as Rev. J. C. Thomas, Librarian in the Historical Society of the Missionary Society. I at once wrote him and told him what I wanted. He looked over the reports and found considerable information such as he thought I might want, but said he had no right to send the reports out of the office. I prevailed upon him and promised that they should be used carefully, and returned to him promptly so soon as I had copied what I wanted, which I did. This is the history and the secret of the valuable information I am giving in this story. I need not say that the most of this information is new to the reader, but I know it will interest profoundly all the wide awake members of this mission, both Americans and Mexicans. But what about the missionaries themselves; have you anything? Yes, a letter from Rev. Mr. Nicholson:

SECTION 4.

Santa Fe, New Mexico, Nov. 19, 1853.

To Rev. J. P. Durbin, D.D., Missionary Corresponding Secretary, New York.

Dear Sir:—We reached Santa Fe, November 10th,

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and after resting a little I write you.

"Cardenas is to preach his first discourse as a Protestant tomorrow, on the public square, under the portal of the Palace. 'The friends of the Bishop are quite excited about it. They have torn down my printed notices of the meeting and some persons think we will be pelted with stones if we attempt to hold services on the plaza. But the 'die is cast.' No building can be obtained; the plaza is public ground; the governor does not object to our standing so near to his palace, and as the Constitution of the United States and God's Word grant us freedom of speech we intend to express our sentiments and offer up prayer on the plaza tomorrow, though priests rage and stones fly as thick as hail about us.

"The Bishop denounced Cardenas from the pulpit last Sabbath. He told the people they must not hear him or look at him as he was an apostate and his very looks might contaminate them. He said he did not object to them hearing the other gentlemen, as they had been brought up Protestants. He knew that neither of us could use the tongue of the people as Cardenas can, but he required them under penalty of excommunication not to hear Cardenas and to refuse him admission into their houses.

"Respectfully, E. G. NICHOLSON."

(Second Letter from Mr. Nicholson.)

Santa Fe, New Mexico, November 20th, 1853.

This has been a day of much interest to the Protestants of this city. We had fixed on the hour of eleven o'clock for our services on the plaza, intending



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to begin as soon as the services at the Bishop's chapel should be over; but the Bishop prolonged his services and at the close he denounced Cardenas again, appealing to their superstitious feelings and warned them not to hear him nor even to look at him, but to stop their ears, avert their faces and go immediately home. Then the bells were made to keep up a clatter till long after the Bishop, priests and nuns had crossed the plaza and entered their homes. But it would not go. Their attempts to interrupt our services and prevent a free man of being heard by a few of the people excited indignation. The people who had listened to the Bishop lounged about the chapel for a long time; many went to their homes without looking at Cardenas; some came under the portal of the palace; others came forward and filled the seats; others squatted on the ground and a great many gathered in groups about the plaza within hearing distance of the preacher. Cardenas spoke with great force and clearness. He had the unbroken attention of the people and uttered his reasons for renouncing the dogmas and legends of Rome and embracing the faith and worship of Protestants in a most noble and touching manner.

The subject of his discourse was "Repentance and Justification of Man." The sermon was Catholic and Apostolic in its sentiments, well suited for the occasion, and its illustrations were marked by simplicity and propriety that made it captivating and singularly interesting to all present.

At the close of the service, Cardenas announced

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me to the people as the Rev. Superintendent of the Methodist Mission in New Mexico; and after unfolding and explaining his parchment and letters of ordination and character, as a presbyter or priest in the Church of Rome, and missionary apostolic to New Mexico, he placed them, one by one, in my hands, expressing as he did so a desire to be connected with our Mission and to be authorized to officiate as a minister among us. I have his papers in my possession, and should nothing occur to change the good opinion I have formed of him, I will employ him in this field and issue a certificate of his position among us. His conduct in public and private since we have been together has been blameless, and such as becomes a servant of God. We pray twice a day in all the families where we stay; and we never omit to ask God's blessing at the table and to return thanks for our food. We rise early and spend some time in reading the Spanish version of the Vulgate. Then we visit families who are willing to be visited by us. Wherever we go his theme is religion, the religion of Jesus, the only true Catholic religion found in the gospel of Christ.

"The next day, Monday, I administered baptism in the Senate Chamber, to the children of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer. The sponsors were Spaniards, reputable and influential members of the Roman Catholic Church. They said the Bishop had required them to make satisfaction to the church within fifteen days or he would excommunicate them. I do not think they will submit. Resp, E. G. NICHOLSON."



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Thus ends these exceedingly interesting letters from Mr. Nicholson. It is like a voice from the dead. "Though dead, he yet speaketh." And as this is all we shall have from this our first missionary in New Mexico, and so far back in the unwritten history of our work, we desire, before we proceed further, to make a few comments:

1. Mr. Nicholson must have been a good man for this Mission, prudent and practical, for it seems he was very careful and cautious in the employment of the ex-priest.

2. He must have been a man of more than usual ability, judging from his correspondence.

3. He must have been "a good man, full of faith and the Holy Ghost," judging from his visiting from house to house and praying with the families.

4. He must have been energetic and studious, judging from his early rising and study of the Sacred Word.

5. He must have been a brave man, judging from his preaching on the public square and risking the threats made by the people.

6. If he lacked anything it must have been in his staying qualities, judging from the fact of his twice returning to the States in so short a time and giving up the work. Perseverance, as the old colored man defined it, "Lay hold, hold on and neber let go," is an important quality in the make-up of a missionary. Could he have held on, it is not unlikely that this Mission would be far in advance of what it is today. At about the time our Mission was

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opened at Santa Fe, other denominations also entered the field, the Baptist and Presbyterion. Revs. Messrs. Reed, Gorman, Shaw and Smith were all here in the early fifties, and seems at first they made Santa Fe their headquarters. New Missionary interest was also awakened in New Mexico by the Roman Catholic Church at about this time. July 19, 1850, Pope Pius IX. made New Mexico a Vicariate Apostolic, and on the 23rd of the same month, appointed for it as Vicar Apostolic, with the title of Bishop of Agathonica, the Rev. John D. Lamy, in partibus, from the diocese of Cincinnati. Bishop Lamy reached Santa Fe in the summer of 1851. On his arrival in Santa Fe the Bishop found that the priests in New Mexico had received no communication from their ordinary about any change of administration. Neither had the Bishop of Durango who had jurisdiction over New Mexico received any notification concerning the change. This was a great disappointment to Bishop Lamy, and it caused him to make a trip overland many hundred miles to Durango, to confer with the Bishop of that place. The parish priest at that time was the Rev. Mr. Lujan, who invited a new priest, whom Bishop Lamy brought with him from Ohio for the missions of New Mexico, to sing mass on the following Sunday, and tried to address the congregation after the priest had introduced him not at all very warmly. He was not understood, of course, not speaking the language of the country and a question arose among the people on the plaza, after mass, as to what re-

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igion the stranger might belong. "He must be a Jew or a Protestant" said some of them. "Quien sabe?" (Who knows?) inquired others. Still he said mass in Latin and but few understood it, and what difference did it make? At last a woman who had stepped forward and heard the dispute among the people, asked: "What reason have you to be perplexed about the religion of this man? Did he not give a proof that he is a Catholic by the way he made the sign of the cross before giving his sermon?" This settled the question and removed all suspicion in regard to the religion of the new priest who was Joseph Machebeuf. Other priests came with the Bishop to New Mexico, whose names have long been familiar to the writer of this book. The most of them, however, including the Bishop, have passed away.

For further information about this Mission we must go to the records at New York again. Dr. Durbin, in his report for 1855, writes as follows:

"The Church is aware that we have made two attempts at considerable expense and toil to establish a Mission in New Mexico. All that remains of these efforts are the residence and the active preaching of Rev. Benigno Cardenas, a native of New Mexico, and for many years an accredited and influential Roman Catholic priest. We have given the history of his conviction and conversion to Protestantism and his connection with our Mission. It is a matter of great thankfulness to God that he has been faithful

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to his great spiritual enlightenment and charge, and has become, as we truly believe, a genuine evangelical Christian. All our private information from New Mexico attests this, as well as the work he is doing. But he is alone, and earnestly appeals to us to send him a superintendent and an assistant. The Bishop is using his best endeavors to grant his request. Who will give his life to this work and make the New Mexico Mission the great and only enterprise of his life, keeping clear of all worldly schemes and becoming an apostle to the Spanish population of the territory? It is a work worthy of a great and devoted soul. Such a man to superintend, to preach in English, and in due time to establish schools while he would guide and assist the Rev. Benigno Cardenas in his great work among the Spanish would leave his living, an illuminated mark on the page of the history of the Church and of the present territory and the future State of New Mexico.

Our venerable Brother Cardenas, though somewhat advanced in years, yet travels from town to town, dispensing the Word of God by public preaching, showing the errors of Romanism and pointing to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." In this work his life has been perilled, he has been shot at, and is everywhere threatened by the fanatical multitudes; and publicly denounced by the Roman Catholic Bishop; but God preserves him and we must sustain him.

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The latest letters we have had from him are dated at Santa Fe, December 25 and 26, 1854. He had seen the publication in the States over the signatures of Revs. Messrs. Read and Gorman, Baptist Missionaries in New Mexico, in which they stated that they expected to baptize "el padre" Benigno Cardenas on the 24th of September. Upon seeing these printed statements Cardenas writes:

"I am surprised at the conduct of Mr. Read in publishing his base supposition as facts; thus abusing my generosity and the candor and the confidence of my congregation. I have resolved from this moment to withdraw my friendship from him, and also from Mr. Gorman; although we had agreed to act as one in preaching the gospel without interference with each other's views. It is they that are blameable."

"As a specimen of what he is doing," says the Corresponding Secretary, "we make the following extracts from his letter of December 25th, 1854." Mr. Cardenas says:

"I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of Rev. D. Terry's letter, as also a check of \$200, and a notice of Spanish books to arrive. I wish the books were here working their legitimate effects in this unhappy land, even though the bishops and priests may burn them as well as the Bibles, because they are brought here by Protestants. They have found arguments insufficient to sustain their imposture, and would thus keep the minds of their unhappy



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people wrapped in ignorance. Such are these ambitious priests whose sole aim is personal and temporal advantage, who have the people believe that their frivolous forms constitute the true religion. Every day new conversions appear, but as yet many do not declare themselves for fear, notwithstanding their conduct makes a favorable impression on the side of Protestantism, and is the means of their refusing to pay tithes, bishop's fees and other dues in spite of threatened excommunication and spiritual penalties."

The following is taken from a letter from Brother Cardenas bearing date at Santa Fe at about the same time, December 24th, 1854. He says:

"On the 24th of October, 1854, I preached in Tome, and the people were convinced that I preached the truth, and only the truth. Also in Socorro, November 17th, to a large congregation of people, who afterwards gathered in groups to discuss the matter. The next day in the plaza I preached on Romanism and Protestantism. In Algodones I preached three times and founded a society of twenty persons, with hopes of more joining them. On the 24th, I preached in Santa Fe to a large congregation of Mexicans and Americans, and numbers were convinced of the errors of Romanism. The Bishop declaimed against me, but none took any heed except the old 'viejas' (old women) and then he flattered.

"Respectfully

BENIGNO CARDENAS."

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SECTION 5.

(Dr. D. D. Lore's Letter)

Santa Fe, New Mexico, Nov. 26th, 1855.

To the Corresponding Secretary Mission Society,  
New York.

Dear Brother: On Sabbath, November 11th, 1855, I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to our little church in Socorro. I was alone in the administration of the ordinance; Rev. Benigno Cardenas being at another place. There were seven communicants present, four males and three females, two were absent. We have a class here of nine persons, which I have organized as the beginning of the Church of Christians in this place. I have no doubt of the piety and acceptance in Christ of those thus united together. It is true that they are but "babes in Christ Jesus" and need the sincere milk of the Word that they may grow thereby. Another man had given us his name as a Christian, but with further acquaintance I had reason to doubt his stability and before the communion I saw him as the bell ringer and in a Romish procession. It is very difficult for the old man (he is about 80 years of age) to cast off the toils of superstition that have been so long entwining themselves around him. I have not received him among us, but the brethren will labor with him, and endeavor to lead him into the way of truth. Our communion season was a very precious one. The presence of the Lord was felt in a very special manner. All seemed conscience



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of the divine approbation, it never was more so on any similar occasion. We felt that we were brethren in Christ. Our eyes overflowing with tears of joy. Our hearts melted, mingled and cemented together in one at the foot of the cross. It was good to be there. Could you have been with us, your heart would have caught the flame. We may say in the language of Peter, "The Holy Ghost fell upon them as upon us at the beginning." In addition to our usual service, I added the reading of the Commandments and the Apostle's Creed. This was my first communion with Mexican Methodists.

On the following Sabbath, the 18th of November, I purposed to have administered the same ordinance to the brethren at Peralta; but being unavoidably detained on the road, I did not reach there to spend the Sabbath. Monday, the 19th, was spent there, and I would have administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at night, but three of the principal brethren were absent, consequently it was deferred. I organized a class, appointing, as at Socorro, one of their number as leader. The class in Peralta consists of fourteen, seven males and seven females. There is no reason to doubt as to their earnestness and sincerity. They have a good man for their leader, Ambrosio Gonzales, and there is much to hope for from them. These are the only two classes that can be organized at present. There is not sufficient material at any other points. At Belen there are two persons professing religion and to be Methodists,

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two also at Jarales, and four at Polvadera, making eight besides those placed in classes, in all thirty-one persons; twenty-three in classes and eight not.

I have organized a circuit consisting of four principal and monthly appointments, viz: Peralta, Jarales, Polvadera and Socorro. The distance from one extreme to the other of this circuit is about sixty miles and includes a large population. There is not, perhaps, an equal amount of population, within the same distance, any other portion of the territory. The nearest appointment to Santa Fe is about ninety miles. The four appointments are so arranged that they can be filled in three Sabbaths, leaving one free for extra service as occasion serves. The localities selected, I think the most promising of any others. Within its bounds an *impression* has been made to some extent and some actual results have been realized. Indeed all who call themselves of us are included within its limits; and it is a portion of the valley of the Rio Grande that the the greatest natural advantages. As I passed on my way here, Santa Fe, through Jarales, the residence of Brother Cardenas. I found him confined to his bed with an attack of rheumatism. I reached Santa Fe on the 22nd instant, having been absent since last August.

During this time I have visited all that part of the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte lying between this point and the "Jornado del Muerto," some two hundred miles, selecting the locality for our missionary operations, as stated in the previous portion

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of this letter. Besides visiting the Mexican towns in the valley, I also spent sometime in one of the Indian villages, in order to obtain some knowledge of their character and conditions and the prospect for missions among them. These Indians are called "Pueblos," because of their living in towns, a name given to them, I presume, by the Spaniards, who found them thus living when they discovered the country. The general opinion is that the Indians were gathered into these communities under Spanish influence. This is a mistake. The history of their towns is lost in antiquity. Of these Indian pueblos or towns there are twenty-two in number, having a population of from eight to ten thousand. They live by cultivating the soil and raising flocks and herds, depending very little on the chase. They are all professedly Romanists. They have beads and crosses and idols and are occasionally visited by priests; their Romanism, however, sits very loosely; their prejudices and superstitions are all in favor of their ancient heathenism. I was decidedly impressed that the character and condition of these Indians were favorable for missionary effort. They are established in towns and already partly civilized, many of them speak in the Spanish language. There is but one missionary set apart as yet for the pueblos. He is a Baptist brother, located at Laguna (Mr. Gorman) and his mission promises well. The towns are widely scattered and they have some half dozen different dialects, if not languages; consequently there

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is room for several more laborers. It is very desirable that our government should make an appropriation for schools among these Indians. They require no annuity: they are above that; but if the government could help them in education and mechanical arts, it would confer a great benefit and blessing, and the church that would take hold of these pueblos with a strong hand, we have no doubt would be the instrument under God of Christianizing them.

Yours truly,

D. D. LORE."

(Remarks by the Author)

That the reader may not be left to wonder how these brethren lived and were sustained physically, the following may indicate that the great and generous Methodist Episcopal Church did not send her missionaries out here to starve:

1855

Feb.—Paid bill of freight . . . . .	\$277.77
Mch.—Paid Rev. B. Cardenas by Dr. Terry	250.00
Apr.—Paid D. D. Lore, first quarter . . . . .	387.50
May—Paid Am. Tract Soc. for D. D. Lore.	22.50
June—Paid D. D. Lore . . . . .	463.35
June—Paid S. Hallott's bill . . . . .	27.02
July—Paid bill of stationery . . . . .	17.00
July—Paid D. D. Lore, draft . . . . .	550.00
Aug.—Paid Benigno Cardenas . . . . .	50.00
Sept.—Paid D. D. Lore . . . . .	100.00
Oct.—Paid D. D. Lore . . . . .	287.50
Nov.—Paid D. D. Lore, draft . . . . .	400.00

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Dec.—Paid D. D. Lore ..... 387.50

Total ..... \$3,020.18

We have been greedy for the history of the early work and experiences of the first workers in this mission. That may account somewhat for prolonging the history of this first decade from 1850-1860, for giving the expense accounts as above.

But to the writer, every word is interesting. He can hardly hope that the reader will take as much interest in reading this history as he has in gathering it up and writing it. These early heroic missionaries had many trials, privations, hardships, persecutions, almost to death; as the writer has heard for the last thirty-eight years, traveling over the same ground and visiting in some of the same families where those missionaries went.

The writer has probably gathered all from the archives from New York that can ever be found in relation to the early work in this, at that time, far off field, and will now draw a few inferences and add a few other items that have been gathered from the people.

I. It seems like a pity that the work was not continued. It was commenced in 1850 by Mr. Nicholson at great expense, moving so far across the plains, and the next year he returned home and the work was suspended for awhile. The next year he returned with Mr. Hansen and the ex-priest, and the following year they returned, leaving Mr. Car-

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denas alone in the field. In 1855, Dr. Lore came, found Mr. Cardenas sick, organized the work at Socorro and Peralta, formed a circuit consisting of one of the best populated portions of the territory, and it all looked hopeful, judging from the Doctor's report, but still it was suspended and nothing more done for many years. Mr. Cardenas ought to have been sustained. What could he do? Called out from Romanism, made a target for priests and people and then left unsustained. The fact that the Baptists wanted him and said in the public prints that they were going to immerse him, is evidence that he was all right up to that time, September 25, 1854, when they had announced that he would be baptized.

2. It seems that in receiving members, Dr. Lore received them without being baptized again, just as we do, as they make no reference to baptizing their converts at Socorro or Peralta.

3. It seems that in baptizing the children, the parents were permitted to have sponsors, as we do. I have always thought this a very nice thing, especially in this country, though the Church makes no provision for such. When a neighbor and his wife or any friend or friends to the parents are willing to step in and assume the responsibility, in case the child should be left in need by the death of the parents or otherwise, that the sponsors promise to do all for the child that the parents have promised to do is surely a very nice thing, and has often worked well!



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among the people in this country.

4. It seems that the ex-priest, Father Cardenas, was received into the ministry on his Roman Catholic credentials. On the occasion of his first sermon in Santa Fe, November 20th, 1853, after preaching, he introduced to the congregation the superintendent, Rev. Mr. Nicholson, and expressed a desire to be connected with our mission and to be authorized to officiate as a minister among us; at the same time handing his Roman Catholic parchments or papers over to the Superintendent. Mr. Nicholson had said, "Should nothing occur to change my good opinion I have formed of him, I will employ him in this mission and issue a certificate of his position among us." He was afterwards employed and worked for some time on a salary and did much good. In fact the entire success of our work in New Mexico, so far as I can see, up to the time that Dr. Lore came was through Mr. Cardenas' preaching. It is thought out here that he did the work that only an ordained preacher could do, such as baptizing the children, etc.

5. We do not think it was proper to have taken Mr. Cardenas into the ministry on his Roman Catholic parchments because the priesthood in the Roman Catholic Church is so very different from an Evangelical ministry. We have only had one case of a Roman Catholic priest coming to us since I have been Superintendent of the Mission. He was required to take the obligations of a minister the same as any other and the same as if he had not been a



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Roman priest. Our Board of Bishops now all coincide with that method.

6. It is found that Brother Nicholson had some warm friends in Santa Fe and at other places. At Santa Fe he presented a large family Bible to Hon. Samuel Ellison, Secretary of State. I had the book in my possession, and have presented it to the Albuquerque College Library. I have heard Mr. Ellison speak very highly of the Rev. Mr. Nicholson. I think Mr. Ellison was a Protestant when he came to New Mexico, but he married a native woman and they all were Catholics. I am acquainted with the family, and they seem like very nice people.

7. Mr. Nicholson also left a Bible with Don Ambrosio Gonzales at Peralta. I think it was 1853. He spent a few days with the family of Don Ambrosio. I had the Bible in my possession, and think it is in the Albuquerque College Library. Bro. Ambrosio once gave me quite a full history of that Bible. I asked Don Ambrosio when he became a Protestant? In answer to the question he gave me the following interesting story: "Brother Nicholson, the Methodist minister, came down from Santa Fe and spent a few days at my house, and gave me this Bible. It was the first Bible of any kind I had ever seen. I think it was in 1853. The book was a charm to me. When the rest retired, I sat up and read the good book. I read nearly the whole book of Genesis. I then turned to the New Testament and read several chapters in Saint John. One chapter was the four-

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teenth—"Let not your heart be troubled, etc."—It was to me a new book. I read until the chickens were crowing for day. I laid down on a lounge in the same room and soon fell asleep. When I woke the sun was shining through the window into my face. The Sun of Righteousness was shining brightly in my soul. I have been a Christian and a Protestant ever since," said he. Brother Ambrosio has long since passed away. But he was always a decided Christian, and became a strong and faithful minister of the Gospel. Brother Nicholson, I presume, died before he knew anything of the interest clinging around the Peralta Bible. That was the starting point of the Protestant work in Peralta, if not in the entire territory. Brother Ambrosio always said that he was the first Protestant Mexican in New Mexico. I believe he was. He was not certain about the year, but thought it was in 1853. I am inclined to think it was earlier than that, probably some time in 1852.

It would seem that the class at Socorro was organized by Dr. Lore before the one at Peralta, but Bro. Ambrosio was appointed leader of the class at Peralta, and kept it up so that when I came down in 1871, about sixteen years after the class was organized, I found Bro. Ambrosio faithful to his trust. He not only was class leader, but preacher, and his work had grown, and I reorganized the work with forty-two members. This was October, 1871. I found no other organization in any other place in New Mexico where the Mexican people held religious

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services. In 1873 I made an extensive travel through New Mexico, visiting Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Fort Stanton, Las Cruces, Silver City, El Paso, Palomas, San Marcial, Socorro, Limitar, Polvadera, Belen, Peralta and Albuquerque. I organized a small class at Palomas, Socorro, and visited again Peralta, but found no organization, or that religious services were being held at any other place except Peralta. I found that the old adobe church at Santa Fe, said to have been built and dedicated by the Baptists in 1854, but afterwards sold to the Presbyterians, but I found no Mexican members in Santa Fe of any Protestant church. I found also at Socorro an old adobe, dirt floor, flat roof church, said to have been built by the Baptists, unfinished, but the people said it had not been occupied for a long time, if ever at all. Rev. J. M. Shaw, a Baptist minister, who came to New Mexico early in the fifties, on whose land the church was built, deeded it to the Presbyterians, somewhere about 1880, who fitted it up and have since occupied it.

8. Perhaps I ought here to state that the Baptists have claimed to have come to New Mexico before any other denomination, and early had done all the work among the Mexicans that had been done. I have never been able to gather much history about the other churches, only as I have gathered it from the people, and that is not always reliable as hardly two men will remember the same thing alike. It seems, however, that Mr. Read came with the Army

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in 1849. Revs. Messrs. Gorman and Smith in 1850. And Mr. Shaw in 1850 or 1851. Also the Presbyterians sent out a man at about the same time. The above information I gather from scraps of history and from the people. I have no doubt they all did as well as they could under the circumstances. Rev. Mr. Shaw told me in 1873, when I first visited Socorro, where he lived, that all their preachers that were in the New Mexico work when the civil war broke out, were recalled. Mr. Gorman established his work among the pueblo Indians at Laguna, and had a store among them. Mr. Read was active, but strange and only spent a part of his time in New Mexico.

9. I once met Dr. D. D. Lore at Denver at the Colorado Conference. He was delighted to hear that the Spanish work in New Mexico had been resumed. He remembered distinctly his visits at Socorro and Peralta and his organizing the classes at those places, and especially at Peralta with Brother Ambrosio Gonzales as leader.

10. I corresponded with Dr. Durbin, Missionary Corresponding Secretary, after I came down here. He was also delighted that the Spanish work in New Mexico had been resumed, but expressed the thought that the soil is sterile.

11. Rev. B. F. Crary, D. D., was present at one of the anniversaries at New York, February 4-6, 1855. He was then a young man. Dr. Lore was present at that meeting and had just returned from

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South America. It was just before Dr. Lore came out to New Mexico. Dr. Crary led the devotional exercises at one of those meetings and made a speech. It was at this time he fell in love with the Spanish work in which he always showed much interest and always seemed pleased with my reports at the Colorado Conference while he was a member of said Conference. Father Dyer was also a strong friend of the Spanish work, and took great interest in it as long as he lived. Bishop Walden also, when he was agent for the Methodist Book Concern, attended the Colorado Conference in 1870, and heard my report of the Spanish work and dates his interest in the same at that time, and has always been a strong friend to the Spanish work since that time. Also Rev. J. M. Reid, D. D., in his valuable book on "Missions and the Missionary Society," Vol. 1, page 90, gives quite a review of those early missionaries. He says also that "Dr. Lore when he was sent out to New Mexico to inspect the Spanish work, reported unfavorably and Cardenas proving himself unworthy and false, the Mission was permitted to expire."



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SECOND DECADE.

1860-1870.

Section I.

As we unfold the pages leading into the second decade of this volume, we find our country plunging into one of the most terrible wars of the ages—a war with our brothers of the South—family quarrel—a family war—the war of the Southern Rebellion.

It looked for awhile as if this war might change the name and map of this glorious Republic. A war that tried men's souls. Brother was compelled to go to war with brother; father with son and son with father; for the dividing lines were not only along state lines, but through states and counties, and neighborhoods, and families, and houses.

Mrs. Kellogg, in her beautiful "Life of Mrs. E. J. Harwood," page 9, says: "It is impossible for the younger generation to comprehend the mental conflict of the nation during the first months of the war. The firing of fifty guns into Ft. Sumpter, shook the country like the eruption of a vast volcano, and above the din and smoke was heard the call of Abra-



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Sam Lincoln for volunteers." She then quotes Mrs. Livermore as saying: "The North rose as one man. The drum and fife filled the air, drowning even the Church bell. The plow was left in the furrow, the carpenter forsook his bench, the lawyer his clients. Even some clergymen transformed their pulpits into recruiting stations, and with the Stars and Stripes above them, preached the gospel of pardon for the black man and patriotism for all.

The above graphically introduces the subject of the war with the South which stirred the nation to its utmost limits, and was far reaching in its results, and New Mexico felt its shock.

With respect to the war, I am glad to be able to say that the most of our people were loyal to our government. This by the South was not expected. When General Sibly came into New Mexico by way of El Paso with a large force of Confederates, he expected that all New Mexico would join him. When he found that the people would not join him, and he met his inglorious defeat at Pigeon's Ranch, between Santa Fe and Las Vegas, and he was compelled to retreat from New Mexico with his broken columns, it must have been extremely humiliating to him, to his troops and his cause. Some of the Mexican people went with him into Texas and a few others into Mexico; but the great mass of the people remained and many of the braver ones enlisted as soldiers and home guards to defend the government, and showed a loyalty that was surprising to the gov-



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ernment itself. Many of those who left never returned. Those who remained were treated well by our government officials and others and were generally the trusted men after the war. I am glad to be able to say that our earliest converts to our Church were found among those who had been the most loyal to our government. We have had in our New Mexico Spanish ministry three Mexican members of the Grand Army of the Republic and three Americans, making six in all, a showing that no other mission, the size of this, can make, so far as we know.

The war was a drain, not only upon the able-bodied men of the country, but upon the money resources, and probably no channel felt the drain more severely than the missionary societies, and under this drain and general demoralization of the country the Baptists withdrew their missionaries from the territory.

When I first met the Rev. J. M. Shaw, at Socorro, in 1873, he told me that the Baptists had recalled their missionaries at the opening of the war. He said they all obeyed the call except himself. He said, "I was not in a condition to return, and therefore remained, and engaged in other employments, and am now a lawyer."

Mr. Shaw had had a small congregation at Socorro, and perhaps at other points earlier in his ministry, but when I made my first visit to Socorro, in 1873, he had no congregation and had not preached for a long time. He welcomed me with pleasure and

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advised the few who had been members of the Church, to unite with us in our organization. The eighty year old man of whom Dr. Lore speaks in his organization in 1855, was Santos Telles (see page 37, First Decade). It is with great pleasure I state here that Father Santos Telles was a faithful member with us until his death which took place in 1887 at the advanced age of 102 years. He told me when I organized the work at Socorro, that he wanted to unite with us. He said he was first of all a Methodist, and when the Methodist left the field, he had joined the Baptists. "And now that the Baptists had left and the Methodist have come back, I will come back also to my own Church."

I organized the Church at Socorro, October 28, 1873, and Father Telles was one of the first members of a class of twelve, and was appointed class-leader and afterwards was made a local preacher.

## Section II.

That the Church appreciated the importance of this field may be inferred by a statement made by Dr. J. P. Durbin, Missionary Secretary, New York, which may be found on page 34 in Decade One. The Doctor asked in writing about a superintendent for the mission: "Who will give his life to this work, and make the New Mexico Mission the great and only enterprise of his life, keeping clear of all worldly schemes and become the apostle of the Spanish population of that territory? It is a work worthy of a great and devoted soul. Such a man to

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superintend, to preach, to establish churches and schools would leave his living, an illuminated mark on the page of the history of the Church and of the present territory and the future state of New Mexico." No one, it seems, has ever answered to the Doctor's call. The writer of this book at that time, more than fifty years ago, was about preaching his first sermon. His soul was full of missionary zeal, but had never thought of New Mexico as his future field of labor. He remembers a little of the early missionary work in New Mexico, but had never heard of Dr. Durbin, so far as he remembers. He does not claim to be the apostle of the Spanish-speaking people, but thinks he has "kept clear from worldly schemes," and has at this writing given nearly thirty-seven years of his life to this work, preaching in English and Spanish, establishing churches and schools among the people of New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Texas, Chihuahua and Sonora. He was forty years old when he came to New Mexico, too old to be caught by "wild-cat schemes" of speculations, and wise enough to know that he who said "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me," didn't own a thing worth having in all this world. Some one has wisely said that the Lord will have a tried people, a prepared people, prepared workers and prepared leaders. It may be then that my early years of struggle on the farm, and my early years of struggle for an education, and my five years of teaching in

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the East, and then as many in the West, interspersed with land surveying on the frontier, often where the Chippewas and Sioux were numerous, with several years' preaching as a local preacher as well as in the regular work, eighteen months a soldier in the ranks of the Twenty-fifth Wisconsin Volunteers, and eighteen months as chaplain of the same noble regiment, and then three years more in the active work of the ministry in the West Wisconsin Conference, with Mrs. Harwood's experience as a teacher helped to fit us for this work in New Mexico. I am sure it has. Whether the Lord so intended it, I will leave for the reader to judge for himself. If my almost forty years in this mission has been a success, I owe it largely to the first forty years of providential experiences and especially to the three years of army life and to the wise and energetic missionary help by Mrs. Harwood. To the above, I wish to include, of course, the guiding Hand of Him who said, "Lo, I am with thee always, even unto the end of the world."

Section III.

In New Mexico.

In 1868 I was asked by Bishop Ames to go to New Mexico. In 1869 was transferred by Bishop Scott and came, reaching La Junta, as it was then called, and preached my first sermon in the house of W. B. Tipton, the last Sunday of October, 1869. Text: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteous." (Matthew 6:33.) Father J. L. Dyer,

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presiding elder of New Mexico district, was with me. I had known him in Wisconsin. We preached together there at different places: Menominie, Chippewa City, Chippewa Falls, camp meetings, etc. It was he who had asked Bishop Ames to transfer me to this field. The following, from the "Life of Mrs. E. J. Harwood," pages 22-25, will indicate how I came to be appointed to this, at that time, far-off mission field.

"At the Conference of 1868, West Wisconsin. Bishop Ames presiding, said in the open Conference that he had a letter from the Rev. J. L. Dyer, stating the great needs of New Mexico for Protestant missionaries and teachers. He closed the letter by urging th Bishop to send Dr. and Mrs. Harwood, knowing well their superior qualifications for such work." Dr. Harwood says: "We were not ready to decide such an important question at that time, but during the next conference year concluded that if we were still wanted, we would go. Consequently at the next conference, which was held at Portage, they were transferred by Bishop Scott to the Colorado Conference, and appointed to La Junta, New Mexico: New Mexico at that time being a district in the Colorado Conference, and Father Dyer was its presiding elder.

At first, Mrs. Harwood was very much opposed to going to New Mexico. As a student and teacher, she knew much about the savage Indian tribes of the West and Southwest, and so did I, at least of the



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Chippawas and Sioux of Northwestern Wisconsin. It was in Minnesota, I did my first soldiering after the treacherous, blood-thirsty Sioux. It is no wonder Mrs. Harwood feared those savage Apaches of the Southwest. But to her the voice of duty was strong, and she concluded to go, so after the transfer was made at the Portage Conference, we were soon on our way to our distant field.

We spent our last night in Wisconsin in La Crosse at the home of Rev. and Mrs. I. E. Springer, and I baptized their only son, Durant, who has been for many years professor in the Michigan State University.

We came by the way of Quincy, Ill.; Carrollton, Mo., where we visited my sister, Elizabeth Ford, whom I had not seen for many years; thence to Kansas City, where I left Mrs. Harwood to visit some relatives while I went on to Sheridan, far out in Kansas, the terminus, at that time, of the Union Pacific Railroad; thence by stage via Trinidad where I spent the Sabbath with the Rev. E. J. Rice and family; thence on via Red River, Cimarron, Rayado, Ocate, Fort Union to La Junta, now Tiptonville, the place of my destination.

When the stage halted in front of the store of Col. W. B. Tipton, I soon heard a familiar voice, from the only man in all New Mexico whom I knew at that time, saying: "Come out of there Brother Harwood, I know you are there." It was my old friend and brother in the ministry, Father Dyer. He

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and Col. Tipton had set up until past midnight waiting for the arrival of the stage. They both seemed delighted to see me. I was also delighted to meet my old ministerial friend and brother whom I knew so well in Wisconsin. It had been a long, cold, tedious journey, and to say that I was tired did not half express it; so I retired as soon as they would let me, but was up quite early next morning to look out upon a part of what was to be my parish. Like many other Americans coming into this strange country, thought I could comprehend it at a glance, but soon found that I had not yet learned the a, b, c's of this strange and interesting missionary field.

Father Dyer, the presiding elder, who resided at Santa Fe, had come down on horse-back about a hundred miles to meet me. He spent about two weeks with me. He was active, energetic and aggressive. We lost no time. We secured another horse and rode over the country up and down the valleys of the Mora and Sapello Rivers, visiting all the Americans we could find and some natives, and while they were the most mixed people, politically, religiously, morally and socially with whom I had ever met, they treated us nicely and seemed glad to see us and to have us pray in their families, and to know that we were going to establish schools and preaching appointments among them. We had meetings several times Sundays and week days not only in the valley known as La Junta Valley, but also



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eight miles down the river at Cherry Valley. The people not only seemed glad to see us, but often insisted strongly for us to pass the night with them, and almost without exception invited us to hold religious services with them. Such whole-souled hospitality we had hardly ever seen, and notwithstanding the mixed condition of things and had the Roman Catholic priests kept away, I believe a strong church could have been organized the first winter we were there.

As Father Dyer was soon to leave for Santa Fe, I asked him to give me the metes and bounds of my circuit. Father Dyer replied: "The first thing for you to do will be to secure a horse, for your circuit will be large." Col. W. B. Tipton, hearing that remark, said: "I have plenty of ponies, and will loan Brother Harwood one. He can have his pick among a dozen or more of my ponies, and he may use the pony as long as he wants it." When the pony was brought out, Father Dyer said: "Now, if you had a bridle and saddle, you would be ready for your work, wouldn't you?" At this, James Johnson, of Cherry Valley, said: "I will furnish the saddle," and Joseph Watrous, a pioneer merchant at Watrous, said: "I'll furnish the bridle." And so, almost quicker than I am writing the story, I was fitted out for my work by those whole-souled frontiersmen.

"Well, Father Dyer," said I, "where is my field of labor?" He replied, "Get your pony shod, then

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start out northward via Fort Union, Ocate, Elizabethtown, Cimarron, Vermejo and Red River until you meet a Methodist preacher coming this way, then come back on some other road and rest up a little; thence go south via Las Vegas, etc., until you meet another Methodist preacher coming this way; thence home again and rest a little; thence westward and eastward until you meet other Methodist preachers coming this way. All this will be your work." So I saw at once that I had a big field.

Of course, the pony must be shod, so I went to the nearest blacksmith, who by the way was a very talkative American. He told me all about his early life from his youth up. His father was a Methodist class-leader, and he was brought up, as he said to "toe the mark." "But," said he, "I ran away from home, drifted into different places, and finally came out to this 'God-forsaken country,' and have become what they call a 'tough case.' " He had been drinking, but kept nailing away, and soon the pony was shod, and I knew it was a good job. I took my pocket-book out to pay him, but he said: "Oh, no; I know I am a hard case, but not hard enough to charge a Methodist preacher anything for shoeing his horse, for if they are as poor as they were when they used to come to father's house back in Illinois, they never have a dollar to spare."

Father Dyer and I separated, he to return to Santa Fe, and I to start on my first real missionary trip.

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Section IV.

First Missionary Trip.

I left Tiptonville, November 12, 1869, for Ocate, by way of Fort Union, and passed the night at the house of the Hon. Charles Williams; thence over a spur of the Rocky Mountains via Black Lakes to Elizabethtown where I preached on the Sunday of the 14th of November, both morning and night, to small congregations.

I found a shed for the pony, bought grain at one place and hay at another, paying a big price, and carried the hay in bundles on my back. I slept on a soft pine board cot, with a few blankets under me and a few over me supplemented by my overcoat, and for such luxury, in the morning paid a dollar. It was a cold night, for nights in the mountains are always cool and always cold in the winter. The cold nights and colder hearts and frozen hospitality at high prices; all in such cold contrast with the whole-souled hospitality at La Junta and the amiable people of Wisconsin still lingering in my memory, made me feel a little tinge of homesickness. Next day came six miles down to Mr. Pascoe's where I spent the night, with religious services. It was a very large family. A widower with a large number of children, and a widow with about the same number had been married back East, and were raising quite a number of younger ones, and they were all girls and too numerous to count. Mrs. Harwood and I often visited them after that, and they all became

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life-long friends. I also visited Willow Creek, close to Elizabethtown, where I made the acquaintance of Harvey Whitehill and family and others who also became life-long friends. Thence down to Cimarron, where I spent the night at a hotel with Hon. A. J. Calhoun. I found him very skeptical, and his wife a spiritualist, but they treated me well, but the chances for religious services were very poor. I also found a Mr. Rinehart, whose wife had been a member of our Church back in Pennsylvania. After this I often stopped with the aforesaid Mr. Calhoun. They were very generous and would not accept anything for entertainment. I once stopped at his place at Ocate with Bishop Simpson. We had prayer at night and they seemed to enjoy it very much, but Mr. Calhoun tried very hard to enforce his strange notions upon the Bishop, but the Bishop was very tired, having rode thirty miles that day and was not much disposed to argue the case with our skeptical landlord. In the morning they were all busy, and I said to the Bishop: "I guess we will have to hitch up and go on without prayers this morning." The Bishop smiled and said: "All right, I guess it would not do that fellow much good anyway, would it?" Mr. Calhoun after that served one term in the legislature. Did good service as a legislator. Still later in life he became a decided Christian, led a consistent life and died in the same faith.

The seventeenth went on as far as Red River Station. It was a cold day and one of the windiest

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days I had ever experienced. I met with the same generous hospitality that I had met at La Junta and Cimarron. Supper, lodging, breakfast and horse feed and no charge. Slept in a cold, cheerless, flat-roofed, adobe house, and dreamed dreams such Nebachadnezzar never dreamed, but had no Daniel to interpret them.

The eighteenth was Thanksgiving Day, and thirty miles over the Raton Divide brought me to Trinidad, where I expected to meet Mrs. Harwood, who had been left at Kansas City to visit some friends. The midnight stage arrived, but Mrs. Harwood was not with it. I went down to Rev. E. J. Rice's house, whose acquaintance I made on my way down, to visit them and to attend their prayer meeting. I met Mr. Rice, who took me into another room, and pretty soon some ladies came to the prayer meeting, to whom Mr. Rice said there would be no prayer meeting that night as Mrs. Rice was about to be sick. The next day I learned that a boy babe had been born, who is now known as E. J. Rice, after the name of his father. We could hardly expect him to be as good a man as his father, since the first act of his life was to break up a prayer meeting. He is a fine fellow, however, and I had the pleasure of visiting him just yesterday, December 9th, at Trinidad, on my way to Clayton. His father, after serving the Church faithfully at Trinidad, died quite a while ago, but his mother lived many years a faithful Christian woman and died strong in the faith

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last year. At Trinidad they were preparing to celebrate the 36th anniversary of the church organization. Their preacher, Rev. Mr. Kimball, had written me inquiring about some dates regarding their early organization, and I stopped off to give them the proper information.

But two days' waiting did not bring Mrs. Harwood. The train from Kansas City to its terminus, Sheridan, had failed to make time. I had my work laid out for the approaching Sunday, so had to leave for Vermejo so as to be there Saturday night. I arranged for Mrs. Harwood to stop off at Trinidad, at which place she reached Saturday night at midnight. She called to see Mr. and Mrs. Rice, as I had suggested, and they became life-long friends. I preached at Cimarroncito Sunday morning at 10 o'clock and at 2:30 at Sweet Water and at Ocate at night, making forty-five miles and three sermons that day, a very hard day's work. Mrs. Harwood arrived the next day on the stage at about midnight at Tiptonville, as it is now called, and became the guests of W. B. Tipton and family. We both felt that we were far from home, in a strange land, a strange looking people, but we both were cheerful.

The people seemed delighted to see us and to be assured of a school and missionary work. They seemed however, to be much more concerned about the school than about the preaching, as they had been anticipating her arrival for some time.

Not being able to secure a home in which to live



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and for school and church in La Junta Valley, on invitation by Mr. James and Mrs. Johnson, I had secured a place at Cherry Valley, and in a few days we were there in a comfortable building in which to live, and Mr. Johnson had turned his chickens out to roost on the sagebrush for a short time and had fixed up his hen-house, an adobe, dirt floor, flat-roof, but the inside neatly whitewashed and the day school was opened and soon had about thirty scholars, and the second Sunday after the day school was opened the Sunday school was organized and preaching services held. We had about twenty-five Sunday school scholars, Americans and Mexicans.

Years after this the question arose as to who opened the first Sunday school in New Mexico. I stated the *time* when and the *place* where we opened our Cherry Valley school, and if no one else could show that he had a school earlier than the above named, we should claim that we were first. At any rate we think that we have a right to *crow* as ours was opened in a *hen-house*.

Christmas day was a lonesome day to us, as we had not the opportunity of having the Christmas day service, but being invited to spend the day at Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tipton's, where we had already spent two weeks on our arrival, without any expense, we accepted the invitation and spent a part of the Christmas holidays there.

While there, in the afternoon, we saw a strange procession coming of a few Mexican women and

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children. They came right into the parlor as if they had a perfect right and celebrated some of the scenes of the birth of the Saviour. They had a little wooden image that looked like a boy-doll. They had it in a little cradle, which was intended to represent the manger in which the Saviour was laid. They formed a circle, marched around the cradle in different ways, singing, occupying, I would think, about a half an hour. The lady leader then took the babe out of the cradle or manger, she passed it around and they all kissed the babe, until they came to us, and because we refused to kiss it, thinking it savored too much of idolatry, they seemed very angry, gibbering away in Spanish which we did not at that time understand. When all was over they took collection and we redeemed ourselves by throwing in a little change.

Section V.

Incidents.

On my trip to Trinidad, as I said before, I spent the night with the Hon. Chas. Williams. He was an inveterate talker. Found fault with the churches and the government for having so long neglected the people in New Mexico. He said the government had never given them a school or aided the people in any way, neither had the churches. And he said it was all wrong. "Now the Methodist Church has sent you here as a missionary who can't speak a word of Spanish and even if you could it would do the Mexican people no good, for they are Roman Catholics.

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and you can never make anything more of them. You might just as well go down and preach to those telegraph poles." And so the conversation ran. He had been a soldier in the Mexican war under General Kearney. At the close of the war, liking New Mexico well, he married a Mexican woman and raised quite a family. We talked his Roman Catholic wife and children tired, they disappeared and after quite a late hour, Don Carlos, as the Mexican people called him, said, "Elder, you are sleepy, you sleep there and I will sleep here," pointing to a couch. So I turned and kneeled to say my prayers as my mother had taught me. Don Carlos slapped me on the shoulder with his hand and said, "Elder, pray out loud," which I did with much pleasure to myself. I think the Lord was in that prayer, and I think Don Carlos was converted, if not to be a Christian, at least to cease to oppose Protestant efforts, and was ever afterward a strong friend.

Incident 2. Next morning, crossing the prairie, on my way to Elizabethtown, via Black Lakes, I saw the finest meteor I had ever seen. It looked as large as the moon right in daylight. It was almost as bright as the sun. It seemed so near, I wondered why I did not hear it strike the earth. I galloped across the prairie, half a mile or more, looking for it. I expected it would set the prairie afire. I spent several hours, I think, but found no traces of it.

Incident 3. I spent so much time looking for the meteor it was getting late when I got up among the

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foothills, the trails being very poorly traveled, and I began to fear that I might not be able to make Black Lakes before dark, and as the Indians, wolves and Rocky Mountain lions, etc., were very common and dangerous, I began to think of turning back and spending the night with my old friend again. But pushed on until I met a Mexican on a burro (donkey). I asked him in English, "Is this the road to Elizabethtown?" He didn't understand a word of English, nor I a word of Spanish. So I gave it up and concluded to go back and spend the night with Mr. Williams and have him teach me enough Spanish to ask the question, "Is this the road to Elizabethtown?" or anywhere else I might want to go. He laughed heartily and treated me very kindly. After supper, by a blazing fire in a fireplace, I said, "Now let's have that lesson in Spanish." "Alright," he said, "Write it down as I pronounce it; don't ask me to spell it as I have never studied Spanish only from the people." So I said "is" and he said "es" and I wrote it e-s, "es." I then said "this" and he said "este," and I spelled it e-s-t-e, "este." I said "road" and he said "camino." I said "to" and he said "a" with a point over the a. I said Elizabethtown and he said the same. "Now," said he, "read it." And I read it, "Es este el camino a Elizabethtown?"

I was anxious to get started the next morning so as to meet a Mexican to try my Spanish. It was not long before I found myself meeting a Mexican coming on a burro. As we were meeting, I said:

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*Senor, es este el camino a Elizabethtown?"* and he said "*Si Senor.*" I was very much elated over the thought that I knew Spanish enough to ask that question, and asked it probably more than twenty times before I got back from Trinidad to La Junta. Just before I got to Fort Union, close to La Junta, I found myself overtaking a man on foot. I said: "*Senor, es este el camino a Fort Union?*" He said, "Lawd, man, you will have to talk English to me, I does not understand the language of dis country." He was a colored soldier. Suffice it to say I reached Black Lakes just before sunset. There was only one house in sight at the Lakes, and only one room and two or three families, seventeen in all, occupying it, and I preached that night to sixteen people, one was absent. The next day took dinner at a house at a point where the roads forked, one to Taos and the other to Elizabethtown. The man was an American, but Mexican family. I had some thought of staying all night as I was very tired, but the man seemed so friendly and so anxious for me to stay that I began to mistrust that he was not alright. They told me at Elizabethtown that it was well I did not pass the night there. That quite a few had stopped there and had never been heard from since. Time passed on, the same man got into trouble, he was lynched, one of the doctors claimed the skull and had it on exhibition, and I was in the office of one of the doctors, and he explained the physiological and phrenological features of the skull. I inquired who it was,



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and when he told me, I remarked that it was at his house I came near spending the night on my first trip to Elizabethtown. The doctor said: "It was well I didn't, for it might have been the last of you, for after the man was lynched, the woman with whom he had been living, told us that if we would take up their floor and dig, we would find the bodies of some men." They did so, and found the bodies of three men that had been buried under the floor. When I reached home I found I had traveled about four hundred miles, had preached eleven times, to sixty-eight different people. I said, "Eleven into sixty-eight goes six times and two over," and I said to myself, and perhaps to Mrs. Harwood: "If we had remained in our beautiful Wisconsin, I could have had an appreciative congregation of perhaps two or three hundred people without the four hundred miles horseback ride or the efforts to gather the people together for worship," and had a little tinge of homesickness again, but had nobody to blame but myself, but could not upbraid myself, for I felt that the Lord had sent us to this field.

But I could not well help asking myself, "Why am I there? What can I do?" A hundred thousand people whose language, religion and customs are just as foreign as if they were in a foreign land. But I said to myself that the average Mexican is just as ignorant of the true Bible religion as I am of his language, and so we started in trusting in Him who hath said "Lo, I am with thee always unto the end of the world."



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THIRD DECADE.

1870-1880.

CHAPTER I.

1870—During the year 1870 I traveled over a portion of New Mexico and Colorado, making about ten thousand miles in all. I had been compelled to camp out and stop in many houses much of the time and learned much about the Mexican people, how they lived, how they did and many of their customs.

*New Year Day, 1870, A Ride to Fort Union.*—From early childhood, Watchnight Meetings and New Year days have always been special occasions, and have nearly always been spent with appropriate religious services; but the close of the year 1869 we failed to watch the old year out and the new year in, but the night was not without pleasant thoughts of other years. We thought of Watchnight Meetings and Christmas day greetings as we used to spend them in boyhood days and in our beautiful Wisconsin. The first day of the year was Monday. The Sunday previous we observed as New Year day, and I had an appointment at Fort Union, twelve miles away, and Mrs. Harwood wanted to go with me. I was pleased with the thought, for it is

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always hard for one to lead his own singing, do all his own praying and preaching, and I knew that she would be a great help, especially in the singing, and in addition to all that she wanted to see more of the country, and I thought the ride would do her good. I told her she could ride my pony, which by the way had become as gentle as a lamb, and in galloping, was almost as easy as the rocking of a cradle, and I would ride another not quite so gentle. Soon we were out galloping over the plains, twelve miles without a house to Fort Union.

*"Life of Mrs. E. J. Harwood," from which we quote page 38, as follows:—*"Dr. Harwood had opened an appointment at Fort Union, which at that time was the largest military post in the Southwest, containing a large garrison of soldiers. On December 31, 1869, being Sunday and the day before New Year's day, and he having an appointment at Fort Union, thought they would hold New Year's services at that place. Mrs. Harwood, who had learned to ride, wished to accompany him, so he procured another pony and saddle for himself and let her ride his gentle pony, and so they started bright and early across the prairie to the fort. Although it was mid-winter, the morning was as soft and balmy as a day in May. Mrs. Harwood's was swift and galloped a little ahead until they came to an arroyo or natural ditch cut through the plain by water during the rainy season, here a large herd of antelopes were feeding on the gramma grass in the valley; as the

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frightened animals bounded away, her pony whirled to follow them, as did also the one Mr. Harwood was riding. They were Mexican ponies, trained by the cow-boys to herd and "round up" cattle, and it took great effort on the part of their present riders to restrain them from "rounding up" a herd of antelopes, instead of going soberly on to Church services.

The Post Chapel was given to the pastor for these services, as the congregation was composed almost entirely of soldiers and their families. On this occasion, as usual, Mrs. Harwood led the singing. Her husband says concerning this: "As usual, the singing was very highly complimented, but not much was said about the sermon; but before we left, one poor soldier came up and said, 'Mr. Harwood, I made up my mind while you were preaching, that I would change my way of living, and to begin, I want to tell you that my woman and I are not married; she is a Mexican and a Catholic, but is real nice, and she will not object to a Protestant marriage; so I want you to come up soon and marry us.' This pleased Mrs. Harwood more than praise for herself, and was a proof that 'My word shall not return unto me void, saith the Lord.'

"Having found from the officer in command that it was a genuine case, the ceremony was afterwards performed that made them man and wife, and a great wrong, so characteristic in the territory in the early days, was made right."

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*The Congregation.*—The congregation consisted wholly of soldiers. There were at that time at the fort about six companies and probably about twenty officers, and quite a number of them had their families with them, and a few of the soldiers had their families, and a few civilians at that time lived at the fort; people enough to have made a fair congregation, but it is wonderful how quickly people will get out of the habit of going to church out on the frontier where they have or had at that time so little church service. It was painfully impressive how scarce the officers, their wives and children, made themselves at church that day. I felt like taking it to heart very much, as I had been chaplain of the noble Twenty-fifth Wisconsin Volunteers in the late Civil War, and had such a kind feeling toward officers and soldiers. Mrs. Harwood also felt it. I also felt worse on her account, as she was probably the equal, if not superior, intellectually, to most of the women at that post, and as she had the courage to come so far to attend the services.

I presume the word sent out about the singing, probably coupled with the heroism of the missionary's wife, who had come so far on horseback to attend the meeting, that we generally had good congregations after that, with quite a sprinkling of women and children, and often a few officers.

*Diary in Spanish.*—For dates, details and specialties, I shall be under the necessity of consulting my Diary, and now turn to my book for 1870. and copy:

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La Junta, New Mexico, Lunes, Enero 1, 1870—which translated, means January 1st, 1870—The first year in New Mexico I kept my diary mostly in Spanish, so that I could have the practice. I now often laugh at my many mistakes in my early Spanish, but it was a nice thing to do, as it gave practice in writing as well as in speaking. I would heartily recommend this course to others, especially to travelers among Spanish-speaking people.

It looks funny to me now, after more than a third of a century's study of the beautiful Spanish language, to see how I tortured the language in trying to write, much of it just by the sound of the words as the Mexican people expressed them. I soon, however, found a Spanish grammar and dictionary, and then got along much better.

On New Year day, 1870, I wrote down a few reflections expressing thanks for what had already been done and the hope for what, by divine help, must be done. I also wrote the following, which I think must be a quotation: "If we work upon marble, it will perish; if upon brass, time will efface it. If we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon mind, that will endure forever."

The thoughts couched in the above lines are encouraging, as they apply to this Spanish work, for there is so much to be done.

I find from my diary, that from October 24, 1860, to the close of said month, I had traveled 340 miles; in November, 400; in December, 340; in

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January, 1870, 475; in February, 240; and to March 20, 235 miles, making in all up to March 20, 1870, 2,040 miles. Of course, with so much travel on horseback, right in the dead of winter, I had not much time at home, but aimed to spend two Sundays of each month at home, and in the neighborhoods of La Junta, Cherry Valley, Watrous and Fort Union; generally preaching at these places while at home, as I called it. For where Mrs. Harwood was it was surely my home. As I look back now more than thirty-six years, I wonder at my industry and heroism in facing the cold mountain air on such long and dangerous rides, so much from home, when no one told me to do it.

*Sunday School.*—The Sunday School at Cherry Valley, which Mrs. Harwood managed in my absence, was intensely interesting. In fact I am not sure that I have ever seen children more interested in Sunday school or day school than they were at this place. It was all new to them, and the Bible lessons and Bible stories seemed like a charm, not only to the children, but to the parents and some of the older people. What a terrible thing is religious prejudice. Had it not been for the Roman Catholic priests who afterwards came into the neighborhood and Roman Catholic prejudices and a few other adverse influences, how different that neighborhood might be today.

*Serious Reflections.*—What can I do, a lone missionary, in this vast field, unacquainted with the lan-



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guage and customs of the people, except a few American men, and they nearly all married to Mexican women, apparently going back into the dark ages, morally and religiously, what can we do? I am almost the only republican in the neighborhood. Mrs. Harwood and I, so far as we can see, are the only ones who dare speak a word against Sabbath breaking, intemperance, gambling, or the dance. Mixed marriages and no marriages seem to be largely the custom of the country, so far as the most of the American men with whom we have met are concerned. Hardly two families in the whole neighborhood can agree on any one thing. The Americans had come from the different sections of the country with their different notions of religion, education, morality, etc., and there was only one thing upon which it seemed that the people could unite, and that was a school in their midst, and even in that it required much patience and effort and aggression upon the part of the missionary and his wife to bring the people together.

*Father Dyer.*—January 22, 1870. Father Dyer was with us. He came from Santa Fe to hold our quarterly meeting. It was held at Tiptonville. We preached at Watrous, Cherry Valley and Fort Union.

January 31st, we held school meeting at Tipton's.

Trustees had been elected for the new church or school building, and for school consisting of the following named persons: Thomas Harwood, J. L.

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Dyer, W. B. Tipton, Enoch Tipton, G. W. Gregg, J. B. Watrous, Gov. W. A. Pile, M May, A J. Calhoun, James Johnson, W. P. Shoemaker, Wm. Kroenig, S H. Wells, Col. J. C. Dent and Fred Ames. Thus we have a strong board.

Thomas Harwood, as you know, was the pastor; J. L. Dyer, presiding elder of the district which at that time included all New Mexico and belonged to the Colorado Conference; W. A. Pile was Governor at that time of New Mexico and a Methodist; W. P. Shoemaker, captain in the regular army, but retired; Col. J. C. Dent was brother-in-law to President Grant and a military sutler at Fort Union. All of the above so far as we know except three have passed away.

*School and Church Site.*—A committee was appointed to visit the people and ascertain who would donate the best site for the erection of a building and pay the most money on the same. It was to be a church building with aid from the Board of Church Extension, and to be used also for school. The committee appointed made its report at this meeting, and reported as follows:

“We, your committee appointed to canvass the neighborhood for the purpose of ascertaining where the church or school building would better be located, report as follows:

“(1) William Kroenig offers a site of a few acres of land on his lake and about four hundred dollars in work or money for the erection of the

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building, on the condition that the Bible be not read in the day school or any religion be taught in said school.

“(2) S. B. Watrous has no land for any denominational school.

“(3) James Johnson offers to deed twenty-five acres of land on his place at Cherry Valley without any provisos.

“(4) W. B. Tipton offers a site of five or six acres of land on or near his place and about seven or eight hundred dollars in work or money on the building without any conditions whatever, and we your committee recommend that we close in on Mr. Tipton's offer; by unanimous vote it was agreed to erect the building at the above named place.”

*Second Quarterly Meeting.*—The next quarterly conference was held at Tipton's, April 23. At this conference the records show that Rev. J. L. Dyer was presiding elder, Thomas Harwood, pastor, and Mrs. Harwood, Sunday school superintendent. The records also show that the church had been organized at Tiptonville and at Elizabethtown, and Sunday schools held at each of these places and at Cherry Valley. They also show that a subscription had been taken by the pastor, Mr. Harwood, and summed up to \$1,865.

We give the following names of subscribers so as to preserve the record and to show the liberality of those early settlers at that time. This is more appropriate as they have nearly all passed away:

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*Subscription.*—W. B. Tipton, five acres of land, with small house and \$700; Enoch Tipton, Boon Valley, \$100; W. P. Shoemaker, Fort Union, \$100; William Kroenig, La Junta, \$100; J. B. Watrous, La Junta, \$100; George Burge, \$100; Thomas Harwood, Tiptonville, \$100; S. H. Wells, Tiptonville, \$100; F. J. Ames, Ocate, \$50; E. W. Shoemaker, Fort Union, \$50; J. H. Murray, Fort Union, \$50; G. W. Gregg, La Junta, \$50; M. Herne, La Junta, \$50; Mrs. J. S. Spencer and ladies East, \$50; Mrs. H. A. Lincher, East, \$50; Flora Donahue, Tiptonville, \$25; S. Boyles, Tiptonville, \$25; G. Spear, Tiptonville, \$25; W. Neal, Tiptonville, \$25; J. E. Dent, Fort Union, \$25; H. Rathage, Fort Union, \$25; smaller subscriptions \$45; total, \$1,865. Board of Church Extension, \$250. After this other subscriptions, making the total cost about \$4,000. A debt had accumulated amounting to \$450. About half of this was from W. B. Tipton and the balance from the writer. We each donated the claim to the school and the building was cleared from debt. Where are those generous-hearted men today? It seems sad and lonely to call to mind that they nearly all have passed away, and I am left almost alone of all that number. At that time hardly one of them claimed to be religious. It has been my privilege to see the most of them become religious and to be with quite a number of them in their last sad hours of their departure, and to receive from them their dying testimony of trust in the Lord Jesus Christ.

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ELIZABETHTOWN.

The same year in the early spring at Elizabethtown, we reorganized the Church and appointed a board of trustees as follows: Charles Pease, H. M. Porter, C. P. Crawford, J. B. Brophay, Frank Dimmick, W. D. Dawson, Hiram Collins, Thomas Pollock and Thomas Lethain. I found the people here exceedingly liberal also, the subscription ran up to about \$800. This with aid from Board of Church Extension of \$250, we put up a very good building. This was dedicated July 3rd, 1870, by the writer of this book, being the first Methodist and the second house of worship erected in the territory by the Protestants. The first church dedicated was in Santa Fe by the Baptists in 1854, which, when the Rebellion broke out, the Baptists sold to the Presbyterians. Another building had been nearly finished by the Baptists at Socorro, but was never dedicated by them, and in about 1880 the Presbyterians bought it and have since fitted it up for services. They bought it of J. M. Shaw, who had early in the fifties been a Baptist missionary. The Church at Elizabethtown served its day for several years for preaching and Sunday school services and was finally blown down by a severe wind-storm and crushed into splinters. The Baptists also built a chapel at Laguna for the Pueblo Indians.

SCHOOL AT TIPTONVILLE.

In the early part of the spring of 1870, after the future school had been fairly located, Mrs. Harwood

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opened her school at Tiptonville with quite a number of the same scholars of Cherry Valley in attendance. but they all looked forward with pleasure to the time when the school would open in the new building which was then being built.

MANY STRANGE THINGS.

Many things looked strange to us in this new country, new to us but some of it old to the people out here. Great trains of loaded government and other wagons would often pass the school, some of them drawn by oxen, some by small horses, but generally by mules. Some were loaded for one place and some for another, some for even Mexico, a thousand miles away. The happiest parties were generally those with their burros loaded with their fruits from the Rio Grande country. Often large herds of cattle would be driven by; sometimes several hundred or perhaps a thousand or more in a drove. We used to feel sorry for the poor, tired, foot-sore animals. Their drivers often seemed so cruel. They used great big whips, and seemed as though they would almost cut the poor beasts in two.

One day, a big, long-horned Texas steer ran through the gate into the school yard and made toward the door as if he were coming into the school-room. The teacher and scholars sprang to the door and closed it in time to save the school from what might have been a serious calamity. One of the drivers however was soon after him and whipped him with his big raw hide whip until the stubborn



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brute fell down, and could only be made to get up by being larieted and dragged by the horses.

MARRIAGES IN 1870.

So long as the world stands, I presume the people will get married. It has always been that way. The Saviour said: "For as the days that were before the flood, they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until Noah entered into the ark." There is nothing in a frontier country that interests the people in general so much as marriages. For this reason as well as to preserve for the memory of those who lived in those early days out here, as well as for the information of their numerous posterity, I give the following, only wishing, however, that I had time and space to comment on some special features of some of these cases: The first marriage ceremony I was called to perform, I will not give the name, I will only say that the occasion was a pleasant one, and took place at Moore's Mill, near where Watrous now is. Think of the predicament of a parson when all was about ready for the ceremony, to step out to the buggy to get his saddle-bags in which he had placed his Discipline and finds that his saddle-bags, books and all had been stolen. He then resolved that if he should ever be able to preach in Spanish his first text should be: "Thou shalt not steal."

February 20, 1870, Hon. H. S. Russell and Miss Racine McKay were united in holy wedlock, by me, in Garrick Hall, at Elizabethtown. About three hun-

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dred people were present. March 15, at Fort Union. Ed. Sullivan and Senorita Otero were married by me.

March 30, in Cimarron, Captain A. S. B. Keys and Senorita Virginia Maxwell were united in marriage by me. Present Isaiah Rinehardt and wife. The marriage took place up in the third story of the large stone grist mill belonging to Mr. Maxwell. The room was strangely decorated with buffalo hides nicely tanned. Also bear, deer, Rocky Mountain lion skins, nicely tanned, with other strange ornaments too numerous to mention.

April 14, J. L. Barbey and Miss Augusta Palmer, both of Las Vegas. She was an Episcopalian. She begged that I use her Episcopal prayer book, which I did and put special stress upon the word "*obey*" which is not used in the Methodist Discipline. It made considerable merriment for the husband and others at the wedding.

May 25, J. T. McNamara and Charlotte L. Lacky were married at Fort Union. Witnesses, Messrs. Manderfield and Tucker, editors of the New Mexican at Santa Fe.

October 22, at Cimarron, John Sygoult and Frances S. Odell.

October 16, at Tiptonville, Thomas Johnson and Fanny Arnott.

January 5, 1871, Charles Wildenstine and Belina Watrous.

March 17, 1871, Thomas Loathien and Miss

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Estella Miers.

For marriages, baptisms, burials, etc., Methodist preachers are not allowed to charge anything, but the most of these people said, "We don't do business in that way, and insisted that I must accept at least as a present what they gave, all of which amounted the first year to about \$150, which was a great help to the itinerant on a small salary, and in a country where everything cost so much, and although thirty-six years have passed away, and the itinerant is in his seventy-seventh years, he still thinks with great pleasure of those pleasant wedding occasions, and begs this opportunity to say to each one of the above named, if he or she is still living, "Mil gracias," that is, a thousand thanks.

As the marriage of Captain Keys and Miss Maxwell produced no little excitement, it deserves a fuller notice than the passing ones above made. It endangered the preacher's life, subjected him to many threats of violence of different kinds. It was the first wedding and the last one that he has ever performed contrary to the wishes of the parents, but this was a special case; he understood it well and conscientiously performed the ceremony, notwithstanding the fact that he knew the parents would object. The lady was of age, well educated and well informed, and had resolved to break away from the long-established customs of the country of the parents selecting a husband or wife for their children. They wanted her to marry a wealthy Mexican in the

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Rio Grande. She said she hardly knew the man, did not love him nor never could, and she would never marry him. She said she did love Captain Keys, and said she: "I shall marry him, and you, Mr. Harwood, are the only one who can help me out." I have never regretted the celebration of the above marriage, especially when I have watched their career, that they have lived a happy and honored life, raised a large family and given their children a good education, the most of whom are now married, settled down in life, and doing well. The oldest daughter married a military man who lost his life in the war in the Philippines, and the oldest son also lost his life in the Philippines after having done noble service in the Cuban war.

Notwithstanding my former determination not to perform a marriage ceremony against the will of the parents, nevertheless, such was the pressure brought to bear in this case, I yielded and performed the ceremony. It was her own argument, however, that convinced me that it ought to be done. She had written me a nice, carefully worded letter. In this letter she informed me that she had fully made up her mind to marry Captain Keys, but her parents were so much opposed to it that the marriage would have to be done in secret and kept secret until they could get away. She also invited me on my next visit to Cimarron to call at their house and to call for her. I did so. I found her to be a well informed, self possessed and an accomplished young lady: a

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graduate, I think, of a Roman Catholic school in St. Louis. She seemed to know exactly what she wanted to do. She had her plans well matured and all I had to do was to simply say I would perform the marriage ceremony and do it. But in all this I was hard to move. I advised her to inform her parents what she intended to do just as she had informed me and in a little while they would likely consent to their marriage, and then, as you are all Roman Catholics, you could have a Roman Catholic priest perform the ceremony and it would be so much better for all concerned. At this she said, "We are not all Catholics. Captain Keyes is not a Catholic. I am, but I am not a bigot, and as to my father and mother, that would make no difference, but in addition to all that they *must not* know of it. If father knew of it," she went on to say, "he would be so angry he would tear down every house about the place if he could not prevent it in any other way. No, they must not know it," she said. But, I asked, "could you not get a justice of the peace to perform the ceremony?" To that she emphatically replied, "No, the only justice of the peace near us is my uncle, and he would inform my parents at once. They must not know it until we get away." "But, Miss Maxwell, do you not see where it would place me? You and Captain Keyes will be gone and I will be left, and I am here as a missionary, a Protestant minister, and I must not place myself where your parents and all your Roman Catholic friends will despise the ground



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upon which I walk. And if your father will be so angry that he will tear down all the houses in the place when he hears about your marriage, will he not tear me to pieces for performing the ceremony?" At this she seemed not to know hardly what to say, but in a moment she seemed to recover and replied, "My father is not a vindictive man, and as you live quite a distance away, he will be all over it by the time he sees you." Miss Virginia saw that I was going to be hard to move. She sat at her beautiful piano, and I by a stand near the middle of the floor. About this time a fine looking, portly lady passed by the open door and looked in and halted. Miss Maxwell rose and said: "Mr. Harwood, Mrs. Maxwell, my mother." Mrs. Maxwell bowed politely and passed on. I felt a little embarrassed and said, "Will not your mother think it strange to see a Protestant minister in the parlor talking with her daughter?" "Oh, no," she replied, "mother does not know who you are." Miss Virginia went on to say: "The fact is, father and mother had picked out for me a wealthy man away down the Rio Grande. This you know is the custom of this country. This man is a native of the country and has thousands of sheep. He is said to be very wealthy. I presume he is a very good man, but I will never marry him. I hardly know him. Have never seen him but a few times. I do not love him and I will never marry a man whom I do not love."

At all the above I called to mind the customs of



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the country as I had already begun to learn of them, how the old folks, parents, uncles and aunts and god parents would pick out a young man or woman as the case might be and arrange for the marriage when the parties themselves knew but little about it until a little before the time set for the wedding. Calling to mind this foolish, if not to say wicked custom, and remembering what Miss Virginia had said about the wealthy man down the Rio Grande, that she would never marry him or any other man whom she did not love, however rich he might be, that she would marry Mr. Keyes or she would never marry, I could not but admire the noble sentiments of this young lady. I said to myself, "This is one of the noble qualities of Protestantism. It is progress. It is Americanism. It is independence. It is surely as it ought to be." With these reflections, I found myself yielding to her wishes, but had not promised to perform the ceremony. I arose to go. Miss Virginia also politely arose and said, "Mr. Harwood, you have not promised to perform the ceremony." I said, "No, I cannot yet promise. I will go on to my next appointments at Red River and Vermejo, and will return at such a time and let you know." I returned March 30th. She had it all planned. No army general could have planned for a battle more wisely than she had planned for this marriage. She had made a confidant of Mrs. Rinehardt, a good Methodist and the miller's wife. It was Indian ration day. There would be hundreds of Apaches at

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the mill to draw rations of meat and flour. "Mr. Keyes is their agent," said Miss Maxwell, "and will be there to issue rations to the Indians. Mrs. Rinehardt and I will go down to the mill at 4 p. m. You must go down a little before that, and go up into the third story of the mill. Mrs. Rinehardt and I will go down to the mill, go in and get weighed, then go on up into the third story where I shall expect to find you and Mr. Keyes. When I go home," said Miss Virginia, "mother will ask 'Where have you been?' I will answer, 'Mrs. Rinehardt and I went down to the mill to see the Indians and got weighed. Guess how much I weigh, mother?' " It all turned out just that way. The mother guessed and never mistrusted. I found the third story of the big stone mill fixed up very nicely. The room had been swept and carpeted with different kind of robes, and it was a real cozy place for a marriage ceremony. I pronounced them "man and wife" in regular Methodist style in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Rinehardt, and no one else. It was several weeks before they got off to his Eastern appointment, and the marriage was never found out until they were on the stage near Trinidad, out of the territory, and met the south-bound stage. The Captain handed the stage conductor a copy of the marriage certificate with my name to it and told him to give it to Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell at Cimarron. From Trinidad, Mr. and Mrs. Keyes sent me a line informing me that they had gone and I at once informed Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell that I had performed

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the ceremony, stating at the same time that I felt very sorry for them, but hoped they would take a wise view of the matter and become reconciled to it.

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LETTERS FROM NEW MEXICO.

The following letters were written by the author when in his first love of the country, or rather when he hadn't much love for the country, but only in kind of jubilant hopefulness.

Letter No. 4 refers to the Elizabethtown church building of which I have already spoken and said I dedicated it July 3, 1870.

No. 1.

La Junta, Jan. 10, 1870.

\* \* \* If any of you good people of Tomah should ever wish to come to this happy land (?) it is important that you know the way.

There are two routes, one via Quincy, Kansas City, Sheridan, and the old Santa Fe southern overland stage route; and the other, the Central Pacific to Cheyenne, thence to Denver, and then by the overland stage route to the old Santa Fe road. We took the former route. I think there is not much difference in the two as to distance, time or fare.

We left La Crosse, after ten hours' patient waiting, on the steamer *War Eagle*, at 2 o'clock a. m., Oct. 15th. Had a pleasant trip to Dunlieth, where, to save time, we took the cars to Quincy, via Mendota.

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As we moved along down the rough grade near the great river, among the hills and hollows, we could not help contrasting the smooth, gliding boat, with the jolting cars. The following lines of Wolfe's Railroad Song were suggested: "Over ridges, gullys, bridges, by the bubbling rills and mills, jumping, bumping, rocking." But soon we were out on the rich, rolling prairies, where farms, fields and orchards were charming to the view." \* \* \* Six hours sleepless, jolting brought us to Mendota. After waiting two hours, the expected train from Chicago arrived, and 12 o'clock next day brought us to Quincy, having passed through some delightful country, all dotted with villages, school houses, churches, etc.

At 2 p. m. we were crossing the railroad bridge, into another great State, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph road. For some time the country seemed low and marshy, and the railroad song again came up—

"Over moor and over bog,  
On the fly with ceaseless jog;  
Every instant something new,  
No sooner seen than lost to view."

But as we advanced, the country grew better.

"Now a tavern, now a steeple,  
Now a crowd of gaping people."

Eight o'clock brought us to Macon City where we changed cars for Moberly Junction. A few hours' ride brought us to Moberly, where we changed again for Carrollton, at which place we arrived at 2

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o'clock Sunday morning. Here we spent two days visiting with friends; but two days was too short a time for brother and sister, who had not met for fifteen years, to go back into childhood days, and live our lives over again.

How gladly would I longer stay  
And talk of other days;  
But *Duty* calls me far away—  
Her voice I must obey.

Reached Kansas Cty on Tuesday,, and Wednesday started for Sheridan, 400 miles out on the plains, the present terminus of the Kansas Pacific Railroad. For a hundred miles or more the country is delightful, the road running mostly in the valley of the Kansas river. The surface of the country is mostly level, with some nice rolling prairies, timber, etc.

At about 9 a. m. we reached Ellsworth, and tied up for the night, on account of Indian troubles. Reached Sheridan next day and saw a vast number of buffalo and antelope while crossing the plains.

After a journey from Sheridan of 200 miles by stage and the same distance by rail, we reached La Junta. In this 400 mile trip but little improvement is seen; but the buffalo and antelope galloping away in frantic haste, the vast and almost endless plains, and the smoking fires in the distance make this part of the journey very interesting.

The entire distance here from La Crosse is about 1600 miles; and the cost of the journey about \$150.

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It is a very pleasant trip.

THOS. HARWOOD.

No. 2.

La Junta, Jan. 20, 1870.

\* \* \* I promised in my last letter to write again and give some informaton concerning the geographical features of the country.

We are about one hundred miles south of the Colorado line, about the same distance west of Indian Territory and the same a little north of east from old Santa Fe.

My circuit lies about one hundred miles along the east slope of the Rocky Mountians. The main ridge of the mountains lies back some thirty or forty miles westward, and has the appearance of an angry-looking storm-cloud. The snow-capped mountain peaks look much like the little thunder heads rolling fiercely up above the main cloud.

The whole country is vastly elevated—consequently the climate is colder than in the same latitude in the States; but owing to the dryness of the atmosphere it is far more pleasant, either in winter or summer. The face of this country is generally rough and rocky, but still there is a great deal of fine, smooth, level land. The plains open out sometimes from twenty to forty miles without much interruption. In this part of the country the plains and the mountains have the appearance of having made, at some remote period, a compromise, and each given to the other a porton of its own. Occa-



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sionally spurs of the Rocky Mountains crop out, and extend on the plains twenty to forty miles; and the plains in return extend up into the mountains, rising in table lands so gradually that one can scarcely perceive the rise.

We have the best natural roads I ever saw, or rather places for roads. Neither marsh or sand to contend with, but occasionally a spur of the mountains either to cross or to go around; but generally they are not difficult to cross, there being a frequent canyon, winding around and rising so gradually that you will scarcely perceive that you are climbing a mountain.

Timber is quite plentiful, but of a rather inferior quality. There is pine, cedar, pinon, oak, cottonwood, etc. The two last named are not plentiful, being found mostly on the streams. The other kinds are found growing on the mountains and hillsides. The lumber made here is mostly of pine. It is not first rate, but brings from \$18 to \$20 per M. Shingles, from \$6 to \$10. The plains or prairies are generally clear, but you will sometimes see scrubby little oaks growing thick on the ground, very much like hazel brush in the States. There is also the cactus, and a kind of evergreen growing up in round bunches, called soap weed. The Mexicans use the roots of the soap weed for washing, it being a very good substitute for soap.

The country is tolerably well watered. Between this point and the Colorado line there are ten creeks. I believe they are bridged, yet, at any ordinary

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stage of water, they might all be forded. There are, among the hills and mountains, a great many beautiful little springs. The water, in this part of the Territory, is all good. There is but a small portion of the land tillable—I think not more than one acre in twenty, upon an average. They have to irrigate, and consequently farming is confined to that portion of the land where ditches can be cut and water conveyed from the main streams. Within the hundred miles above spoken of, as I said before are ten creeks. The valleys or bottom lands of said creeks are the only portions of the land where water can be had. These will average about one-fourth of a mile on each side of the streams. So we have about five miles of tillable land in the hundred. I would judge that about one-half of all the Territory I have seen would be good farming land if it only could be watered. But it is not lost—it is fine grazing land.

Some of my appointments are in the mountains, among which are Ute Creek, Willow River, Quartz Mills and Elizabethtown. The latter is a place of about 500 inhabitants, mostly engaged in mining interests. The town is situated in the midst of the finest mountain scenery I ever saw, among some beautiful little hills which seem to have rolled down from the huge mountains above, and lie on the south base of the range known as "Big Mountains." In front of the village is a little valley sloping from

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the east and west, through which runs a beautiful little mountain stream. Beyond the valley rises up in majestic grandeur "Bald Mountain," said to be the highest of all the southern chain of the Rocky Mountains, lifting up its bald head 13,000 feet above the level of the sea.

At our last Quarterly Meeting, at Elizabethtown, on the 8th, the Rev. J. L. Dyer and myself took the summer trail and crossed over "Old Baldy," as it is here called. We started on our ponies, winding our way up through gulches and canyons, and at length reached the foot of the immediate mountain, where we found gold "diggings" and a family residing. Here we rested and took dinner. Being much refreshed we journeyed on, leading our ponies most of the way, now and then stopping to "blow," for the mountain air is so rarified that one who is not used to it will soon be out of breath. The little fir trees with which the north side of the mountain is lined all sparkling with their pure white frosty dresses, and the mazy distance below us, with the light, fleecy clouds kissing the mountain sides were scenes of beauty grand beyond description. A few struggles more, and we reach the top. There we stood,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles higher than we were when in our boyhood days we had climbed up into the highest tree-tops, on the Atlantic coast. \* \* Soon the frosty air made us feel like seeking a warmer clime, and we descended on the south side into a canyon, where two quartz mills were grinding out gold.

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We gathered a congregation, the P. E., my companion, preached, and I tried to exhort.

Truly yours,

THOS. HARWOOD.

No. 3.

La Junta, Feb. 1, 1870.

*The Climate.*

It would be difficult for me to give a fair statement of the climate of this or of any other mountainous country, because of the difference of altitude in the different localities. A single day's ride west from where I am now writing would bring us to where almost perpetual winter reigns, or at least to where ice and snow may be seen the year round. But a day's ride in the opposite direction would bring us where snow is seldom seen, and where it is said to be extremely warm in summer. This is owing to the difference of altitude between the two places. I am in latitude 36 degrees north, and about 28 degrees west longitude from Washington.

The winters are not uncomfortably cold, generally. So far, this has been the most delightful winter I have ever seen, and yet it is said by old settlers to have been a little colder than usual. I think it has been colder than the winters of 1864-5 in Arkansas and Georgia. But far more pleasant because of the dryness of the country. There is seldom any rain here in winter. Not much snow, consequently no mud. The roads have been delightful all winter except occasional dust. Indeed the high winds and

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storms of dust are, I think, the most objectionable features of the country. The rainy season here is generally from June to September.

Nights generally cold; days cool in cloudy weather. There is probably the least difference here in the temperature of winter and summer than of any place in which I have ever lived. The country is healthy, and must eventually be the great resort for health of the people of the States.

No. 4.

La Junta, N. M.

Mr. Editor: Dear Sr—I would like through the medium of your paper, to express my most heartfelt thanks to the kind people of your city for their hearty and generous responses to our church subscription paper. 'Tis true the church building is to be in your own midst, and like all other public enterprises, will greatly enhance the property of your city; but such was the hearty co-operation with which I met in soliciting aid for said enterprise, that I felt constrained in some way to express my appreciation of the same.

When the corner-stone of our building is laid, we shall want with many other items and relics of interest, a copy of the church subscription, with the names of all the subscribers, and the sum of each, to be enclosed in a neat little metallic box, to be deposited in the foundation of the building.

Any person wishing his name and his deeds to be

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immortalized, remembered and perpetuated, will please bear in mind that the subscription paper is not yet closed, and may be found at the editor's office, and like

“The happy gates of gospel grace,  
Stand open night and day.”

THOMAS HARWOOD.

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**A Horseback Ride With Father Dyer.**

The reader will remember the Quarterly Meeting held at Tipton's, April 23d, 1870, at which Father Dyer presided. From there we started, April 25, for quite a missionary trip via Ft. Union, Ocate, Cimarron, Elizabethtown, Hot Springs, down the Cimarron River, crossing the Rio Grande at the pueblo of San Juan, thence via Santa Cruz to Santa Fe, where we spent the Sabbath of May 3d.

This was an interesting trip. At Ocate we passed the night with F. J. Ames, who kept the stage station. There were only a few to attend the services, and nothing of interest occurred. The next night we were at Cimarron. On the way to Cimarron, the home of L. B. Maxwell, where the famous wedding of his daughter, Virginia, had taken place, I told Father Dyer about the marriage. He said he thought it was all right, but sorry that I had to perform the ceremony. He was afraid that Maxwell would give me trouble, or some of those who were hanging around him hoping to get a little of his money when he sold his grant.



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The sale was then pending at about \$2,000,000.

The next day we journeyed on to Elizabethtown. We spent a little time in one of the deepest canyons looking at the stars in day time. I knew about where in the sky to look for Venus, and I think Jupiter, and had no trouble to see them, which seemed quite a novel thing to Father Dyer. We also spent some time in amusing ourselves in measuring the high up cliffs in the rocks by means of a pole and its shadow and the height of some of the high points.

We held Quarterly Meeting at Elizabethtown and talked up the church building enterprise. Father Dyer felt quite at home at this place, for he had lived there the year before. He had bought a lot, put up a narrow room with a partition. He kept his horse in one room, and he lived in the other. At this meeting he donated the house to the church. We took out the partition and fixed it up for church services. In that we held Sunday schools, prayer meetings and preaching. It served very well until the church building was finished and dedicated the following July. The next day we left for Taos.

We found Taos a quaint old town. The next day we journeyed on to the Hot Springs, called in Spanish *Ojo Caliente*, crossing the Rio Grande at Cieneguilla, nearly opposite where Barrancas station on the Denver and Rio Grande Railway now is. I had read of, and heard of the Rio Grande, so called because it is a great river, also at times and on

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some maps called *El Rio Bravo*, because of the fierceness of the stream, and sometimes *El Rio Furioso*, because of its dashing, whirling, foaming waters, and the sight of it was elating. We crossed it, however, without any difficulty, thence on up a winding trail and over mesas and finally to the Hot Springs. It was a long, hard ride, and after supper, a bath in the springs was refreshing. We wanted to hold religious services, but the people were Roman Catholics, and seemed afraid of us.

The springs were fine. They are now, at this writing, 1906, well improved and a great health resort. The next day we came over to the Chama River and down that mountain stream to the Rio Grande at San Juan where we had to cross on boats managed by the Pueblo Indians of that place. It had been only three days since we crossed the same river farther up with our horses without much trouble, but now a few days of warm weather had melted the snow and the river was so deep the horses had to swim.

Here we found that an Indian is an Indian, even if he is a Pueblo Indian. We made, as we thought a fair bargain to take both across for a dollar, but when Father Dyer paid the dollar, they then came to me for my dollar, claiming that I was not paying anything. I had to pay it or have a row, and we couldn't afford that. These Pueblos are nearly all Romanists, but as Doctor Lore says, page 40 of this book, their religion "sits very loosely."

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The next day we came on to Santa Fe. I was anxious to see the old town. I remembered studying the geography that we had to point out the trail from Independence, Mo., to Santa Fe. That part of the map on which Santa Fe was found, was used so little, that, as I now remember it, the dust on the maps almost covered it up. When we crossed the last and main divide between the Rio Grande and the city and it first appeared in sight, it made the impression of a large brick yard, and although the town has greatly improved since that time, still that first impression yet remains. We had a good Sunday. I preached once for Father Dyer and talked on temperance at night in Major Sena's hall. The congregation was good for the place, probably forty or more.

Next day Father Dyer, as that then was his home took me around where we made several calls. We went to the Old Palace to see Governor W. A. Pile and family. The Governor had been a Methodist preacher and had not lost his interest in religious things. It seemed however that he had become quite exacting, and somewhat given to fault-finding. Father Dyer organized the Methodist Episcopal church at that place and his preaching, Sunday school and other services were held in Major Sena's hall. When the Governor, his family and the attaches of the government left, the church was too weak to advance, especially after the pastor had been removed. In the early fifties, Dr. Nicholson

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organized the church; it was made up then with army officers and others belonging to the civil or military ranks.

I also made the acquaintance of Dr. D. F. McFarland, the Presbyterian minister. He told me he had been there since 1866. He impressed me as a man of considerable ability. He and his wife also had a school, and kept a boarding school. Mrs. McFarland also impressed me as a great worker. It is wonderful what a help to a missionary in a country like Santa Fe was at that time, or almost any other new country, his wife can be provided she is a wise and strong worker like Mrs. McFarland or Mrs. Harwood was.

I also made the acquaintance of Messrs. Catron, Elkins, the Breedens, ex-Governor Army, Secretary Ellison and many others whose names are yet fresh in my mind, but time and space will not allow further mention. I learned from Mr. Ellison that he knew our first missionary to New Mexico, the Rev. E. G. Nicholson. He said he had a large family Bible that Mr. Nicholson presented him with in 1850. This Bible is now in my possession in the Albuquerque College library. I spent some time with Mr. Ellison in the old historic rooms among the Archivos (archives) of New Mexico. They are all, or nearly all, in Spanish, a language I did not understand at that time, but Mr. Ellison who had given much time to the Spanish language and had a Mexican wife and family, made such ex-

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planations and translations that a taste to know more of the old rusty manuscripts and volumes was created. I felt exceedingly bad when I learned that shortly after this that Governor Pile had allowed quantities of the valuable documents to be taken out and sold for wrapping paper. (See New Mexico newspapers 1870.)

While the first impression, at first sight, of Santa Fe was that of a large brick yard, still there is something about the quaint old town that lingers pleasantly in the mind long after one has left the place. Its location is good, its soil for fruits and vegetables fine, its air balmy and bracing, its mesas, foothills, higher elevations and mountain ranges covered with pine, pinon, cedar and spruce, is sublime, and its people sociable, kind-hearted and intelligent; and all this brings a feeling upon one that makes him about ready to say "I would like to stay."

Three days via San Jose, Tecolote and Las Vegas brought me back to La Junta, where I found the school doing well under Mrs. Harwood's wise supervision.

**Correspondence.**

From the beginning of my work in New Mexico, I have nearly always been burdened with letters. Some farmer, perhaps, will want to know how is the soil? Another how is the climate? Is it very hot in Spring and Summer? How is the grazing? How is the mining? How is the fishing? How is

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the hunting? How are the people? How are your schools? etc., etc. Of course they must all be answered. But there were other letters, one from Captain Keys, dated away over in Colorado, saying, "We are gone. You can make the marriage known as soon as you wish. We sent one of the certificates back to Mr. Maxwell that you gave us."

**A Letter to Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell.**

I wrote a real affectionate letter to Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell, expressing much sorrow for them, explaining why I performed the ceremony and expressing the hope that it was all right and also the hope that they and other friends of theirs would take a considerate view of the matter and become reconciled to it. They never made any reply, but in a short time other letters came, some from

**Friends and Some From Foes**

the burden of all was that it would not be safe for me to come up to Cimarron for some time. From Trinidad the caution came not to come up that way, that threats had been made. Also from Elizabethtown advising me not to come to fill my next appointment. A man told me sometime afterwards that he rode up to Mr. Maxwell's store in the dark, and Maxwell thinking it was the parson, snatched him off his horse. One man was going to "duck me in the water"; another was going to "black-snake" me, no difference where it might be, etc., etc. Ther was so much of it, I got tired of it, and I had



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some

**Serious Thoughts.**

I said to myself, I have been a soldier under Grant, and Sherman, and Howard, and Logan, and Rusk, shall I now cringe like a cur before such fellows as these who are scraping and bowing to a rich man with the hope that they will, by so doing, get a few crumbs from his rich, two million dollar sale of his grant? I said, "No, the Lord helping me, I will go up to Elizabethtown and fill my next Sunday appointment." I had not, up to this time, carried a pistol but once, and it was almost forced upon me at that time. I started then up in the mountains to a saw-mill to contract lumber for our church and school building at Tiptonville. I rode as far as Ft. Union and took dinner with Captain Shoemaker. When he found that I had no pistol, he said, "Mr. Harwood, I won't let you go up in the mountains all alone unarmed. You must take my pistol." I rather hesitated, but he said, "You must take it; you don't know the danger in this country." "Why," said he, "this country is full of fellows who would kill you or anyone else for \$5.00, if he could get a horse like yours and get away." I took it, reached the saw-mill about sunset. I had hardly laid the pistol down before a man ran in excited, caught up my pistol and had reached the door, when I cried out, "Don't take my pistol." He came back quickly, threw mine down and ran and found another and rushed out again, and his man was gone. When

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he came back, I said, "What in the world is the matter?" He said, "A man out there insulted me, and I believe if you had let me use your pistol, the fellow would be a dead man by this time. I am glad though you didn't let me use it." And so it is, as I have often said, more lives are lost by carrying weapons than otherwise would be. But in this case, going up to Elizabethtown, I borrowed a **Colt's Revolver,**

and buckled it on the horn of the saddle and started. The first day out I had no trouble, but began to find that I had more friends than I thought I had. Nearly all the Americans with whom I met, said, "You did right." One prominent American said, "It was the bravest thing that has ever been done in this country," but I cared nothing about the bravery, only the consciousness that I had done right was all that concerned me. The next day before I reached Cimarron, I concluded I would not risk going through town, but take a trail that was quite a cut-off as to distance, but was a rough trail. I had not gone far before I was overtaken by four Indians on Indian ponies except one. He was on an American horse, and could speak pretty good English. They were riding abreast, and he next to me. They rode up by my side and he commenced to talk I thought much too freely. He asked "What have you in your saddle-bag?" I replied, "I have something to eat." "Are you hungry?" I asked. To which he grunted "No." "Let me have your blan-

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kets," he demanded. I answered, "Oh, no, I may have to camp out tonight and shall need them." He then wanted to look at my pistol. I was trying to refuse him that privilege, but almost quicker than I could say "Oh, no," he made a reach for it. My pony was a cow-boy pony, and was as quick as thought, and jumped away and at that I laid hold of the pistol and they spurred their horses and were soon out of sight in the turn of the trail. Then followed

**Still More Serious Reflection.**

Cimarron and Maxwell in the rear and hostile Apaches in my front. What shall I do? Of the two dangers I concluded to choose the least, as I thought and pressed on. I soon came to an Indian camp, but didn't see the fellows who had acted so strangely. The next day as I rode up into Elizabethtown, passing a saloon, a man came to the door and said "There comes that Methodist preacher" with a terrible oath, at which several came to the door. I took hold of the pistol, but didn't draw it from the sheathe. No one made any further remark. I never knew what they thought. The next day was Sunday. I had a fair congregation at 11 o'clock, but a crowded house at night. In the afternoon, however, I was annoyed and a little provoked by a certain doctor. He wanted to talk about the matter and had espoused Mr. Maxwell's side. I didn't want to talk with him, for I found he was likely to be abusive. With other things he said, "I think Mr. Maxwell will challenge

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you to fight a duel with him. If he does, what will you do?" I replied that, "If Mr. Maxwell challenges me to fight a duel with him, I shall very respectfully decline." "If he calls me a coward, I shall tell him that it is a brave man who can say 'no' against public sentiment." I preached with unusual liberty on wrong-doing in general and lack of moral principle in particular as witnessed in some men who are almost ready to bow down and worship a man if he has money. "That is idolatry of the meanest kind." If you let a man influence and control you because he has gold, is it the man or his gold that controls you? Then using Ben Franklin's homely illustration, only a little stronger, suppose the man's wealth should consist in a thousand Texas steers instead of gold, who then controls, the man himself, or his thousand long-horned steers? "I think the steers." I presume no one thought I meant him, as all seemed to appreciate the homely illustration.

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**THE MAXWELL ROMANCE.**

Unwritten Chapter in the Life of Virginia, the Beautiful Daughter of Lucien Maxwell—Her Secret Marriage in the Old Mill at Cimarron in 1870.

*From the Denver Republican.*

Early in the forties, one Hypolite Beaubien procured from the Mexican government a grant of 144 leagues of land, lying on the Cimarron river, in what is now Colfax county, New Mexico, for the

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purpose of peopleing it with emigrants and establishing plantations. The grant was confirmed by the Mexican congress, but nothing of moment was done towards its settlement that is of record previous to the Mexican war, which occurred in 1847. During the following year the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was concluded between Mexico and the United States, by the terms of which New Mexico and Upper California were ceded to the latter and the lower Rio Grande, from its mouth to El Paso taken as the boundary of Texas.

In the summer of 1843, Fremont, with a party of thirty-nine men, began his explorations across the continent and surveyed the then unknown region lying between the Rocky mountains and the Pacific ocean. History has detailed the impediments the brave discoverer encountered, the trials he endured, and the victories he conquered. Among his band was Lucien Maxwell, who accompanied the expedition in the capacity of cook. He is represented to have been a man of herculean mould, unconquerable courage, great fertility of resources and wonderful sagacity. One day Fremont discovered that the cook was in the habit of kneading the bread prepared for that officer's table with his feet and

**Sent Him Adrift**

in the mountains, without guide or compass to direct his way to any settlement in that unknown region. But the courage of the man thus ostracised did not desert him, and after suffering what he de-

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scribed as torture more terrible than any the Inquisition ever gave birth to, he made his way to Mexico, where he engaged in a mental capacity for Hypolite Beaubien. Remaining here for some time, he found occasion, when not pressed with the discharge of his duties, to make love to the daughter of an old Canadian Frenchman, and so successfully did he prosecute his suit, that she yielded to the devotions that he manifested, and consenting to become his wife the ardent couple were married. The remaining sister was subsequently wedded to a Mexican named Jesus Abrea, and the household thus increased settled down to live on the Cimarron river, a short distance from Fort Union. This was the condition of affairs as near as can be ascertained when the war with Mexico was concluded by the treaty above cited.

In time a family blessed the household of Maxwell, consisting of a son and three daughters. Among the latter was Virginia Maxwell, represented by those who are familiar with the facts to have been

**A Girl of Rare Beauty**

and inheriting many of the traits of her father. In addition to her beauty she was possessed of remarkable accomplishments, great decision of character, exceptional executive abilities, and great daring. At an early age and at a period of her girlish life when romance was yet an undiscovered branch in the curriculum of her education, she with a sister, was taken to St. Louis, where her education was com-



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pleted at the Convent Visitation, on Cass avenue. She remained here four years passing the vacation of succeeding years during her student life under the care of the pious Sisterhood. Upon graduating she returned home and was met at the house of a friend of the family, by her mother, and in her company continued the journey homeward. Upon arriving at her father's house she became his amanuensis, and was subjected to a condition of espionage that must have been galling to the high spirited girl she is said to have been. None of the limited advantages of social life, as they then existed in the thinly settled region, were afforded her. She was denied the attentions of a gentleman and prohibited from visiting among the neighbors who resided at no considerable distance from her father's house. So far did the old man carry this prohibition that he vowed that immediately she accepted courtesies from any of the opposite sex, he would cause her to be entered as

**A Novitiate at a Convent**

where the discipline was the most severe and the rules the most exacting. She apparently complied with the observances her parent imposed, and for an indefinite period was subjected to an experience that must have been humiliating.

Along in 1870, a Captain Keyes, nephew of Vice President Wilson, was appointed Indian agent, and assumed charge of affairs which had previously been entrusted to Lucien Maxwell. He boarded at the

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Maxwell house, an unpretentious inn in the village of Cimarron, and led a sort of idle, go-lucky life in the midst of surroundings the opposite of congenial to one who had been educated at West Point and mixed with the select circles of Boston. His business made it necessary for him to make frequent visits to the home of Mr. Maxwell, and thus he formed the acquaintance of the young lady. It doesn't take long for an impressional, emotional girl, ostracised from society, and committed to the life of a recluse, to build in the realms of the bright ideal a fabric of love, and inhabit that fabric with a mate to whom she could devote her life's affection, and the present instance proved no exception to the rule. These visits proved to be new dispensations in the life of Virginia Maxwell, nor was she slow to so regard them. They became more frequent, and the thoughts of each ran wild in

**"The Sunshine of the Future."**

Obscured, however, by clouds, through the rifts of which the light broke after many days, to shine with resplendent magnificence forever and forever. They ended as such episodes in life always end—she began to love him, and that love found response in the breast of the Indian agent.

The course of their love from this time forth was over shallows, and, it must be full of bitterness to both. He was a gentleman, it is said, in all that contributes to the character of a gentleman as the

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world goes. He was educated, refined, accomplished, but possessing few of those traits which inspired a Consoder, and not daring to attempt what love can do and will do until life has run its course. There was little of the gallant in his composition, it is said, and when engaged upon the stolen interviews which are said to have taken place between them at long intervals, the young lady assumed all risks and responsibility.

At this time Maxwell had in his employ a rude, uncouth but fearless man named Reinhardt, who had charge of the old man's mill. He was married and supported his family in a house belonging to and situated at some distance from the residence of his employer. At this house the lovers met, but it also sheltered a Methodist circuit rider named Harwood, who taught the only Protestant school in New Mexico, and visited Cimarron fortnightly to preach the gospel to such of the inhabitants as occasionally experienced the spirit of religious inspiration moving within them.

One day as he was sauntering lazily down the street at a point between Maxwell's store and residence he was

**Overtaken by Miss Virginia.**

After passing the compliments of the season, for Parson Harwood was one person excepted in Maxwell's prohibition, she first pledged him to secrecy, and then told him that she wanted him to marry her to Captain Keyes that night in her father's mill.

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At first he declined to be made a party to any such conspiracy. If she desired to marry, her father's house was the place at which the ceremony should be performed. But she declined to view it from that standpoint, and assured Harwood that she would accompany Keyes when the latter's resignation was accepted married or not. Upon this presentation of the case, he consented to officiate. Accordingly, that night, Virginia left the home of her childhood, and proceeded to the mill and there met her lover, the parson, Reinhardt and Calhoun's bartender. She is said to have been composed and fearless, while her lover, like the lover of the bride of Netherby, stood twirling his hat in his hand, pale as a ghost, and trembling from head to foot, a picture of abject fear and craven cowardice, foreign to his rank and pretensions. The ceremony was performed and at its conclusion the new-made bride handed Mr. Harwood \$25 in gold and the party separated. She returned to her parent's house, the groom and bartender to the hotel, and Reinhardt to his cottage.

Previous to this Keyes had sent in his resignation as Indian agent to the Interior Department, and, pending its acceptance, is said to have led the life of a man who had committed a felony and existed in constant apprehension that its discovery would be made. At the expiration of six weeks he was notified of the appointment of his successor and upon the latter's arrival, turned over his accounts and made

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**Hasty Preparations to Depart.**

Upon the completion of these, one morning Virginia was discovered proceeding down the stage road alone. Soon after Captain Keyes was observed going in the same direction, accompanied by a sergeant of the military company stationed at Cimarron. Later the stage came along. Upon its reaching the foot of the hill, husband and wife entered the vehicle, the latter having first paid the driver \$100 to reach the Colorado line in advance of pursuit, that was anticipated would follow their departure.

At the time these preliminaries were in progress, Maxwell was entertaining a company of visitors at his house. About 10 o'clock in the morning a Mexican lad appeared opposite the mansion, and handing Maxwell a sealed envelope, hurried off before inquiry could be made as to its contents. Upon breaking the seal, the envelope was found to enclose a certificate of marriage between Keyes and Virginia. Its recipient became speechless for the moment, but recovering from the surprise it occasioned, he is said to have stormed at a furious rate, and ordering his saddle horse, announced it as his determination to hasten after the fugitives and recapture the fleeing bride. He was dissuaded from this, however, by a man named Curtis, and issuing an edict that Virginia's name should never again be mentioned, settled back into the life of a harsh, relentless man. When the Maxwell land grant was disposed of to the English company he went to New York, where

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Mrs. Keyes met him, and after placing \$10,000 to her credit they separated and forever. He died in 1878 at the house of Jesus Olivera, near Cimarron. Captain Keyes and his wife were at last accounts in Texas.

Albuquerque, N. M., June 5, 1906.

We have reproduced the above article, taken from *Denver (Colorado) Republican*, because it throws much light on the conditions of things prevalent in New Mexico at that early day. The most of it is true and well written, and will be read with pleasure by all who take an interest in the early affairs of this country. There are a few errors however which we wish to correct.

1st It is not true that the bartender was present at the wedding. There was only the contracting parties, the preacher and Mr. and Mrs. Rinehardt. If he was there he surely was not in sight.

2nd It is not true that Captain Keys showed cowardice, for he was a brave man, and has proven himself to be ever since that time. Not only brave, but a trusted and a highly respected military officer.

3rd It is not true that Miss Maxwell gave me \$25 for my services. Mr. Keys, on my return from Elizabethtown, where I went to fill my appointment as preacher, met me and apologized for not thinking of it at the time, and gave me a sealed letter that had in it \$25. Some said that the "parson received big money for that job. That he would not run all that risk for nothing." One man said, "I



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know that he received a hundred dollars, said 'I saw it paid to him by Miss Maxwell.' " Some said I received a thousand dollars. The facts are I received only the \$25, but that was enough. Methodist preachers are not allowed to make any charge for marriages, baptisms, or funeral services, but when the parties see fit to give something as a donation, we are allowed to receive it. This takes away all possibility to speculate or traffic in sacred things.

4th Neither do I think it is true that Mr. Maxwell "kneaded the bread with his feet." He was a man of fine physique, mentally, no slouch; and practically, far ahead of his neighbors. The "kneading the bread with his feet" was doubtless one of New Mexico's invented lies for which the territory was noted in the early days. The first winter the writer was here, at one of his appointments, he was *snowed* in at Elizabethtown. It was several days before he could get home. When he reached home the news had preceded him that he had gambled his horse away and remained trying to win him back. The fact was, I had taken advantage of the situation and held a series of meetings. The news didn't disturb Mrs. Harwood, for she had heard me say that I didn't know one card from another. That was true, and still is. When a very small boy at school, one of the boys one day gave me a card. When Mother found me with it, she snatched it out of my hands and threw it into the fire. As I watched it burning.

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in the old time fire-place, it made me think that the wicked one was in them, and I have never gotten over it. The great respect I have had for Mother has led me all through life to avoid knowing one card from another. I never tried to refute the story about the gambling, for it seemed to me to be too absurd to think of. Time passed on. Nearly a year after this, I was preaching at the same place. I noticed an elderly lady in the congregation, who they said had come from Pueblo, Colo. She had come out several times, but would not wait to be introduced or to speak. I thought strange of it, for I had learned that she was a Methodist. About the third or fourth time, she came forward when the services closed and invited me to come to see her, that she had special business with me. I went. I was surprised, chagrined and mortified, when she told me what she had heard, and said she believed it until while I was preaching that day. She said something seemed to say to her that it was all a lie, "and now," she said, "I want you to tell me the truth about it." As bad as I felt I could hardly keep from laughing when she told me that the boys had told her that the preacher would gamble. That he would "sometimes preach a good sermon at night and then go in and play cards or go into the dance room and dance all night." Then she said, "I believed it until today when you were preaching." When I explained to her about the *card* that my mother threw into the fire, and that through respect for her, I had

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always avoided knowing one card from another, and that she also always opposed the dance and no one of her four boys or three daughters ever attended a ball, and that I was just as much opposed to dancing as she was, and never in all my life had gone purposely to a ball, she said, "I believe every word you say," and seemed to feel bad that she had allowed herself to believe what the boys had told her probably in fun.

**The Pueblo Conference.**

Time passed, school closed, the church building at Elizabethtown was nearly finished, the June Colorado Conference was drawing near, and our building at Tipton's was also pushing toward completion. Father Dyer had gone to the Conference via Conejos, Ft. Garland to Pueblo where the Conference was to be held, commencing June 23, 1870. I went up via Ft. Union, Red River, Trinidad and thence to Pueblo.

**Conference Roll Call.**

The Colorado Conference was organized in 1864. The session at Pueblo was its eighth session. Thirteen preachers answered to the roll call. It had four presiding elder districts, and consequently four presiding elders. Denver, South Park, Wyoming and Santa Fe, with 582 members and 182 probationers. The Wyoming district had 34 members and 9 probationers, and the Santa Fe district, 15 members, eight of which were at La Junta, and seven at Santa Fe. The Utah Conference was organized in

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Salt Lake City, August 10, 1877, with nine traveling and two local preachers, with one presiding elder district, 155 members of the church, 725 Sunday school scholars.

The New Mexico Mission, twenty-two years ago, 1884, the year the mission was divided into the English and Spanish, had 19 who answered at the roll call, 482 members and 137 probationers. Fourteen years ago, at this writing, 1892, the New Mexico Spanish mission alone had 30 preachers; members 1204, and 762 probationers; 26 of our preachers had been ordained. We had 21 Sunday schools, and 500 scholars, and church property to the amount of \$42,000. We wanted to organize into an annual conference, but they wouldn't let us. Why? One in high authority said "You haven't the *esprit de corps* for a conference." Not any of our Mexican preachers heard it, or they likely would have called for an interpreter. We will likely have occasion to refer to this again before we get through this book, if we live to finish it.

At the roll call the following named answered: J. L. Dyer, B. F. Vincent, Geo. Murray, G. D. Adams, W. F. Adams, W. F. Warren, J. H. Beardsley, Geo. Wallace, G. W. Swift, Jesse Smith, J. L. Peck, O. P. McMains, E. C. Brooks and W. M. Smith. The Bishop announced that, Thomas Harwood, from the West Wisconsin Conference, had been transferred to this conference, also L. Hartough, G. W. Pierce and J. R. Moore from the New

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York Central Conference; and W. Dempster Chase and F. C. Millington, from Rock River Conference. I name the above not because they belong to the history that I am writing, but because I was a member of the Colorado Conference quite a number of years, and they all became men of mark in the church.

I must say, as I looked over that conference that morning and could see only three faces upon which I had ever looked before, Bishop Ames, Father Dyer and the book agent, J. M. Walden (now Bishop) I felt a little lonely. My mind slipped back several times that morning to our beautiful Wisconsin and the large conference from which I had so recently come, and the many whom I knew so well. I thought of our sad parting with preachers and laymen in other places whom I had long known, and not a ripple of unpleasantness had ever occurred, so far as I knew, with any of that noble body of preachers and myself. The scene comes before me now while penning these lines. The scenes of that closing conference at Portage, October 4th, 1869, is still fresh before me.

The following touching resolution had been passed:

"Whereas, We understand that our brother, Thomas Harwood is to be transferred from this to the Colorado Conference; therefore be it

"Resolved, That we hereby express our high appreciation of his valuable services among us. We regret the necessities of our frontier work which

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rest upon him and his companion in his far off field.

"Signed —

E. E. SPRINGER,  
H. GILLILAND,  
J. MEDD."

Bishop Scott read the following closing conference hymn:

"And let our bodies part  
To diff'rent climes repair  
Inseparably joined in heart  
The friends of Jesus are."

After which the writer was called forward and closed the conference by prayer.

The Bishop pronounced the benediction.

Then followed the general hand-shaking and the farewells. The venerable Bishop and many of that noble band of a hundred and eleven members of that conference have been called home, and only a few of whose faces have I seen since, but in my heart they'll live for ever. But back to the

**New Conference.**

That is to say, it was new to me; but soon became intensely interesting. Bishop Ames was very kind. As he had asked me to come to New Mexico, he seemed to take special interest in all I said about the work in this field. He asked me "whether I could preach in Spanish yet?" I answered, "No, it is about all I can do to preach a sermon in English," but I said "I am studying the language, and like it very much." He asked me about the work down there. I



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told him the "native people made me think of a little boy in one of my schools in Delaware. He evidently wanted me to praise him for having learned so fast. I asked the little fellow to show me in his book where he was when he started to school to me. He said 'he didn't remember, but he knew he was not up to his a, b, c's.' So I find the great majority of the Mexican people down in New Mexico, intellectually, morally and religiously, they are not up to their a, b, c's," but said, "I like the people and believe that something can be made of them." I spoke of Mrs. Harwood's day school and Sunday school work. How delighted she was with it. At all of which the Bishop seemed pleased. Bishop Walden has always said that he dated his interest in the Spanish work at that conference from my report. I spoke of the church building at Elizabethtown. That we were building at that place and expected to dedicate the building on my way home if Father Dyer could go up there on our way home. The building will cost about \$2,000. Also at La Junta, or Tiptonville as we now began to call it, we are putting up a building that will cost about \$4,000. The Church Extension Society at Philadelphia is aiding us \$250 at each of these places. The conference passed some nice resolutions in favor of Mrs. Harwood's school work.

**The Appointments.**

The conference was all interesting and closed up Sunday night by reading the appointments.

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I noticed in the Bishop's remarks at a certain place he kept his eyes rather toward me, and said among other things, that "We have done the best we could in the appointments, but there was one brother with whom he sympathized very much," but then lifting his voice quickly, said, "but you will not be left in New Mexico alone Brother Harwood," "for He who said, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world,' will be with you, Brother Harwood, in New Mexico."

This last was the first intimation that I had had of being left alone in New Mexico. At first it was a great disappointment to me. I had known Father Dyer in Wisconsin. We had worked together there, and we seemed very much attached to each other, and New Mexico was a hard responsible work and the thought of being alone in such a field and to be deprived of the company and counsel of such a friend was too much. The change was unlooked for by Father Dyer. The following Monday he rode with me a whole day's journey, from Pueblo to Pishapa. Before I leave this part of this work, I would like to name that the next year and the year following quite a number of transfers were made. With the number I will name R. W. Bosworth, W. F. Mappan, H. C. Waltz, P. McNutt, T. R. Slicer, B. F. Crary, I. H. Merritt, J. M. Lambert, H. S. Shaffner, N. S. Buckner, C. A. Brooks and J. Stocks.

On my way home from the conference went up to Elizabethtown and dedicated the new church, July

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3. 1870. There was no other preacher, so I had it all to myself. However the people seemed pleased. It was our first Methodist church building in New Mexico, and the first church that I had ever dedicated, and the second one of any Protestant denomination so far as we then or now know. The second church dedicated by us was our church and school building at Tiptonville. This was dedicated in November. They were both practically out of debt.

The school opened early in the fall in the new building. It was a sight worth seeing to see children, Mexican, American and mixed, from all directions, coming over the prairies, down the canyons, over the hills, some on burros, some in carts, some on Mexican ponies, some in buggies, and of course some on foot. We had about 60 school boys and girls.

Algodones, N. M., Oct. 15, 1871.

MRS. HARWOOD.

My Dear Wife: This is Sunday morning, and you will see from the above, that we are not at Peralta. We are about 25 miles from Albuquerque, and about 40 or 45 miles from Peralta.

It stormed the whole day we were at La Bajado, and yesterday the roads were bad, and we only made 21 miles. Passed through two Indian towns—Santo Domingo and San Felipe. They are pueblos. Country pretty well farmed by them.

Well, you ask, reasonably enough, "*What will*

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you do today " and I answer "*I don't know.*" We surely will not travel nor be idle all day.

Fortunately, we have a fine lot of Bibles and tracts. I got a good supply from Dr. McFarland. I think we shall start out pretty soon and see how the people will receive them.

I have distributed some dozen of Bibles and Testaments, and probably six times as many tracts. All so far have been received very cordially. One old blind lady said to me, on receiving a Bible and tract for her grandson: "*Muchisimas gracias, mil gracias.*"—That is, a thousand thanks.

The family with whom we are stopping in this town is the only American family anywhere around, and they were brought up Catholics. They were from Texas, and have been here about twelve years. I think likely they have not improved much.

Well, we are boarding ourselves, and living quite independent---fruit, melons, etc. You would laugh to hear Benito trying to trade with them for melons and such like—not today, but yesterday. He bought three nice melons for ten matches. A feed of corn for the ponies for four matches. We have just eaten one of the melons. I think the best I ever ate. I saved the seed. We will name them after the town, and call it: "The Santo Domingo Melon."

Well, indeed to be at La Junta this beautiful Sabbath morning would seem like civilization compared with this town and its surroundings.

It is situated on both sides of the Rio Grande,

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and judging from the looks of the old walls, houses, Catholic church, etc., it must be—I like to have said, "a thousand years old," but I guess 200 will do.

I hope the Lord may bless our visit here in some way for good, though the prospects are dark to me. You can hardly realize the disappointment to me of having to spend the Sabbath at such a place as this.

Pray for us.

Respectfully, from

YOUR HUSBAND.

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**How New Mexicans Return From Conference.**

Rev. Thomas Harwood writes from La Junta, New Mexico, August 12, 1871:

As we were returning from the late Colorado Conference, held at Denver, Colo., we met with a memorable accident. Rev. N. S. Buckner and lady were in company with me, on their way to their new appointment at Elizabethtown, in this Territory, and I was returning to La Junta mission. We had been on the road six days, had traveled about three hundred miles, and were within a day's travel of their destination, when, about four miles of Cimarron City, a little before sunset on August 4, we encountered a terrific thunder storm. The lightning struck our buggy and probably ran down the steel springs that held the top up, tore up two great holes in the ground right under the buggy, broke the whiffletrees, knocked the horses down, and for some time badly shocked and paralyzed all of us. Mrs. B.

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was sitting on the right side of the buggy, I on the left, and Bro. B. in the middle, driving. I remember the flash of lightning, the terrible crash of thunder, a kind of sulphuric odor, the falling of the horses, and a peculiar deathlike sensation that ran through my system, and there was a short pause of insensibility. We were all badly hurt, but the effects seemed different upon each. I was severely stunned and paralyzed, and lay on the roadside in the drenching shower several minutes unable to speak. I knew what I wanted to say, but terms and names were gone. I could not think of Bro. Buckner's name so as to speak it. Sister B. was worse hurt than any of us, and had great difficulty of not so badly hurt, but seemed for a moment to be helpless, chained to the buggy seat. Sister B. and I rolled out of the buggy somehow while he was crying to her, "hold on, and I will help you out," and could scarcely move a muscle himself. Sister B. says she had but three thoughts, "husband, home, death."

While lying on the ground so helpless, much of my life passed before me in quick review, but my mind soon settled upon three thoughts—"My Saviour, my wife, my work." He was present, she was absent, and it, the Mexican work, came before me in glorious beauty, for I knew that God could "bury His workmen and carry on His work." While Bro. B. was not hurt as badly as either of us, I think his sufferings were greater. For a few mo-



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ments his mental sufferings must have been intensely severe; for it seemed to him that she who had so recently left father and mother in Illinois to share her husband's ministerial toils and labors in this far off field, must die on the roadside. I had to weep when I saw him lay her down with a tearful kiss commending her to God, and then ran for the horses that were frantically staggering away across the prairie, for it occurred to him we must have a doctor, and would better get the horses while they were in reach. How I wanted to tell him that she would soon be better, but my power of speech was yet in a mysterious jumble. As soon as we were able to walk, we started, leaving horses and buggy, and under the blazing lightnings and almost deafening thunder, muddy, wet and barefoot, we made our way three miles to the nearest American house, and thence in wagon to Cimarron City. The horses and buggy were brought in at about midnight. But the next day we had to leave them for recovery and repairs, and took the stage for Elizabethtown, where we spent the Sabbath in our neat little church building, Bro. B. preaching in the morning and I at night, and both feeling deeply impressed with the greatness and goodness of God.

Bro. B. said that I had reported a certain number of members, and he could only find half that number. That was a fact; I reported two, and while at conference one moved away, and so only one-half of the church was left. I was pleased to see the

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business men of the place manifest so much interest. Like old stewards, they remained after church to consult as to the best mode of collecting the preacher's salary. They thought monthly payments in advance would be best, and drew their papers accordingly, saying they intended to pay their preacher. Monday morning found Bro. B. all right, except, like the rest of us, a few blisters and scars where the lightning scorched and seared the flesh. But Sister B. was quite sick; had some hemorrhage, was unable to sit up much of the time, but seemed cheerful and happy. God bless them in their new and distant field of labor. Let us not forget the Saviour's command: "Be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Thus we were pleasantly journeying along, watching the gathering storm, and indeed were discussing the peculiar nature of electricity, when, as quick as thought, the flash and crash were upon us, the horses down and we almost lifeless by the roadside. Had this been death, there was no time for prayer, for thought or for reflection.

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1871.

I see that we must begin to shorten up our book will be full almost before we get started.

At the beginning of this year I open my diary to see where I was, and how I began the year, so I will read:

La Junta, New Mexico, Enero 1, 1871.

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*Este dia ha sido bonito, clara y color.* Here I must stop and laugh at my Spanish. What I wanted to say in English was, "This has been a nice, clear, warm day." What I did say or write was, "This day has been pretty, clear, and heat." I ought to have used the word *caliente*, or *calurosa* or *caloroso*, the adjective instead of the noun. Also *Predico a La Junta en nueva escuela casa del texto*: "*Que es el hombre?*" Sal 8:6. I wanted to say that I preached at La Junta in the new school house from the text "What is Man?" I ought to have written: "*Predique en la casa nueva de la escuela del texto*, "*Que es el hombre?*" Also

*Encro 2, 1871.*

*"Yo fui en la escuela para enseñar: Tenemos cerca de cincuenta discipulos. Yo tengo los Mexicanos y la Senora Harwood los Americanos.* I was in the school to teach today. We have about fifty scholars. I have the Mexicans and Mrs. Harwood the Americans.

I think this will do for the Spanish. I still love the language and am preaching in it a little.

**My First Sermon in Spanish.**

Early in the year I prepared my first sermon in Spanish from the text Matt. 11:28, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest," etc. I had thought I would preach from, "Thou shalt not steal," but I had nearly forgotten about my saddle-bags, and the discipline (page 83) that had been stolen, and several other things. I had

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seen that many of the poor Mexican people were really a burden-bearing people, and I learned to sympathize with them very much. I had seen the Penitentes carrying their great wooden crosses on their bare shoulders, whipping themselves with cactus whips, as well as, paying large sums of money for baptisms, burials, marriages, confessions, etc., as well also as the tenth of their crops and herds and fleeces, and my heart had been touched to sympathy rather than hardened to blame, and so my first sermon was on "Bearing Burdens and finding Rest in Jesus, the World's great burden-bearer." I had already read the Spanish New Testament with Mexican readers a great deal, and felt that I could read it pretty well. I wrote this sermon myself, but had it corrected. I had it corrected about three times. I began to mistrust that one fellow would try to improve on the other, and finally I re-wrote it all and was then ready to begin to use it. At Ocate (accent on the last syllable) I stopped with a prominent politician, but a Roman Catholic. He told me that the people all said that he was a son of Padre Martinez, but I said: "How is that?" "I thought the priests never marry." He didn't know, but that is what they all say. He then brought out the father's picture and asked me if I thought he looked anything like the picture? I said, "You look very much alike." It seemed to please him. Finding that he was a pretty good Spanish scholar, I had him also look my sermon over. He pronounced it nice.

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While looking it over, we heard something like a drum or tin pan or something, and found it was a procession of men, women and children, but mostly women. They had quite a large image hoisted upon someone's shoulders. I asked, "What in the world is all that?" My friend answered "That image is *San Isidro*, the village saint. I asked, what are they going to do with the old fellows? Mr. Valdez said, "You know it is a very dry time, and *he* is their patron saint, and they have him out with their drum and tin pans calling for the rain." Well, does the rain ever come after they are out this way? "Yes," nearly always, said my friend. "Well, how is that? You don't believe in such foolishness as that, do you?" "No, *I* don't but nearly all the Mexican people do." And it wouldn't do for you to speak a word against the saint. "You may curse their God," said he, "but don't speak a word against their saint or you will be likely to get hurt, if not killed." But, "don't you think my sermon is very appropriate, especially where I speak of the burden of errors, ignorance and superstition?" "Yes, very appropriate."

*The School Again.*

The winter was rapidly passing. The school was doing well. We had quite a number of real nice young boys and girls boarding with us. A first-class man and his wife in charge of the boarding department, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdale. Mrs. Harwood had quite a number of young ladies working

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for their board. They had nearly all become religious. Sunday schools and preaching services well attended. We always opened the school with scripture reading, singing and prayer. In addition to that, we had our evening study hours and prayer. Mrs. Harwood was never happier in her work before this. The responsibilities were great, but that only made the work more elating. When I was at home that winter (and I spent the most of December, January and February at home) I taught the most of the Mexican boys in a separate room. As a rule, they were very nice. I had one big boy, however, who would fight whenever he had a chance. I had chided him often, but had not whipped him. One morning a boy smaller than this one came with two of his front teeth broken out. He had been fighting, but fought in self-defense with that other boy. The other fellow struck him in the mouth with the dinner pail. I sent for a rope. The Mexican people those early days were more afraid of a rope than they were of pistols. The rope seemed to scare him. I fixed a noose somewhat like a lariat, put it over his head and around his neck, looked up for a place to throw the rope over to draw him up. He began to cry. He said he "wouldn't fight any more." He always behaved himself after that.

**A Funeral From the School.**

We had a little American boy in school, Willie Kroenig. His father was one of the wealthiest men in the territory. He was a German boy. We called



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every one American in the territory those days who was not Mexican. His mother had died, leaving a daughter and son. The father had married again a half-breed native woman, a daughter of the Honorable S. B. Watrous, who came to New Mexico about 1835. They were raising a large family, but were trying to give the first children special advantages. The boy was unusually bright, good at home and a model little student at school. Mrs. Harwood thought the world of the little fellow. His father, Wm. Kroenic, was very skeptical. Claimed that he didn't believe the Bible or hardly anything else, a German Rationalist. The boy died. His father sent for me to preach the funeral sermon. It was embarrassing to me, the father a half a millionaire, a rank skeptic and all the large family Roman Catholics except himself and the oldest daughter, but I preached just as I would if they had all been members of my church. The father never ceased to make pleasant mention of that funeral service, and the kind things I said about his little boy, Willie. He thanked Mrs. Harwood for the beautiful hymns we sang. It was he who had opposed the reading of the Bible in the school. It was his opposition principally that had led Mrs. Harwood to say in one of our school meetings that she "Would not teach a school where she could not *read* the *Bible* when she wanted to. *Sing* when she wanted to and *pray* when she wanted to." This funeral made us life-long friends with Mr. Kroenic and his family. I never

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heard of his objecting to our reading the Bible in school after that. I was at his house a little before he died. I had prayers with him. He kneeled with me in prayer. After the prayer, he said, "Mr. Harwood, I thank you for that prayer."

**Another Funeral of a Student.**

This was a young Mexican man, a Roman Catholic, but a nice polite boy. At the close of the winter term, he wrote on his slate saying that he could not come back to school; that he would have to help his father with the spring work. He thanked Mrs. Harwood and me for our kindness to him. Promised to come to our Sunday school and church service. He said, "I am a Catholic, but that is all right, I like your school and will be back next winter." He went home, took pneumonia and died very suddenly. I went to see him, but he was dead when I reached his home. It was night, the neighbors had come in. I went into the room where he was laid out. He was on a large table, and candles burning all around him. It looked strange to me. They had made small adobes of clay, about the size of a brick. I think there were twenty-four in all, one at the head and one at the feet, a candle in each, and dimly burning. The next day I was at the grave. The boy's father asked me to say something, but the people were nearly all Mexicans, and as I could not venture to speak in Spanish, I read our Methodist Ritual in English. The father and others thanked me. It was a very pretty burial. In another

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part of the cemetery a few people were burying another Mexican man. The grave was deep, no coffin, not a board of any kind. A place was excavated for the head. Two men got down into the grave, others handed the dead man down. He was taken, laid upon the bare ground, with his head drawn up into the place excavated for it, an adobe placed over his breast, hiding his face, the men were helped up, and the dirt and heavy clods thrown down upon the body so hard I thought I could almost hear his bones break. I had never seen one buried without a coffin before except in the army, and there if there were no coffin or boards, we generally broke off branches of the trees or shrubs where there was any shrubbery near, and flowers when we could get them, and then we would let the earth down lightly upon the body until it was finally covered.

A short time after that, at Mora, I saw a woman buried in the same way, without a coffin or any religious service whatever. I could stand it to hear a dead *man's* ribs break by the falling clods, but to see a woman buried that way was too much. I asked "Why bury a woman in this cruel way?" An old Mexican put down his shovel and asked, "Porque, Senor, tenia Jesus Cristo una caja?" Why, Sir, did Jesus Christ have a coffin?"

Some time after this the Mora priest heard about the Protestant heretic going into the cemetery and reading the Methodist Ritual over the school boy. He came down in great haste to see what it meant.

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He gathered the people together with the boy's parents and relatives and went to the old broken-down cemetery and reconsecrated it. The father knew it would cost something, and that he would have to pay it, so he secured from J. B. Watrous, a merchant, and for whom the poor man often worked, quite a number of silver dollars (so said Mr. Watrous), so that he could pay the priest for his services. When it was all finished, he asked, "Father, how much do I owe?" The priest replied, "I ought to charge a hundred dollars, but as you didn't know any better, pay me nine dollars." The poor old man counted out the money and said, "Father, I can't look into your heart, nor into the heart of the other man, but he did more than you have done, and he didn't charge me anything, and you charge me nine dollars, here it is, take it." The priest wheeled on his heel and left. All the above I received from the poor boy's father, corroborated by the Roman Catholic neighbors and others.

**Commencement Exercises.**

The entire neighborhood had united on the school and were sending, making the number enrolled about seventy students. The principal patrons of the school were W. B. Tipton, W. Kroenic, G. W. Gregg, S. W. Watrous, J. B. Watrous, W. H. Moore, Enoch Tipton, James Johnson, Trinidad Lopez, Bernardo Salazar, Julian Baca, J. B. Collier, Charles Williams, William Strong, J. J. Chandler, etc., and quite a number of Mexican families

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—the Temples, Pascoes, Anderson. On the close of the Spring term, quite a number of the parents and others came to witness the examination of their children, and all seemed delighted with the school. Some of the children had come to board with us from a long distance. Some from the Rio Grande country, from Elizabethtown, Cimarron, Ocate, Taos. One young lady and her brother came on horseback over a hundred miles, camping out on the way; at a time, too, when the Indians were bad.

**Ciruelita And My First Visit There.**

This was a small town on the east side of Turkey mountains, about 20 miles from Tiptonville. There was a spring and a beautiful grove of plum trees. Early in the Spring I went over there to baptize a babe. At that time it was a kind of rendezvous for ruffians. One of the neighbors told me that if I went over there, I would better take along a chain and lock to lock my buggy wheels, and have my horses well secured. All this I did, taking the horses through the house into the back yard. The next morning the man with whom I stopped, and whose babe I baptized, said, it was well I had my buggy locked, for some one tried to pull it away. One of our neighbors had lost a buggy the year before, stolen by someone, and he never heard of it after that. All the towns out here, they say, have a patron saint. San Isidro is the farmer's patron saint, and had also been chosen for this little plum town. In my early visit to this place, the plum

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grove was beautiful, and I have seen the trees fairly loaded down with nice wild plums. But at present the trees are nearly all dead, and it is said that, "San Isidro doesn't stand as well in the estimation of the Mexican people as he used to." But you ask, in all sincerity, "Do you believe the native people believe in their saints?" That they all do, of course not, and we should always bear that in mind when we speak of the Mexican people. There are always noble exceptions, but that the great majority of the people did at that time, and many do yet, I firmly believe.

We had organized a small church at Tiptonville, and organized here at Cerruelita that same Spring. It was here I heard first of all, of Benito Garcia. His brother-in-law, Julian Mitchell, whose babe I baptized, told me about him. He was about a hundred miles away herding sheep. I wrote to him. It was my first letter in Spanish. He came over. We arranged for him to come to school. He was soon made a helper, and licensed to preach. He became one of our leading preachers among his own people, lived a faithful, consistent life.

*Vermejos, Crow Creek and Red River.*

These places were in my circuit last year, and I kept them up with an occasional visit and sermon for several years. There was a stage station at each place and a kind of headquarters for cattle men. The people always treated me well, called me "Parson," and it seemed to me that many of them seemed to take pleasure in saying, "I am a Baptist."



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and I am from Texas," and sometimes a woman would say, "I was a Reb," and another, "Yes, so was I, and I am a Reb yet." On that subject, I never allowed myself to quarrel with the women. I had enough of that during the Civil War. The subject would often come up with the men. It was not common in an early day in New Mexico to find many men who were in the Civil War for the government. I happened to remark one time, not being able to chew hard bread very well, that "I broke out several of my teeth trying to chew Uncle Sam's hard tack in the army." At which he quickly asked, "Why, were you in the army for the government?" To which I quickly replied, "Yes, sir." He still more quickly said, "I wish to G—d you had broken out every tooth in your head." He was a bigger man than I, so we changed the subject. Time is a great teacher; he teaches the foolish to be wise; time is a great leveler, he levels down error and brings up truth; time is a great ventilator, he blows away the chaff and leaves the pure grain.

In one of these neighborhoods an aged lady took me down one time. They called her "Grandma." I think she thought I was proud. I don't know but that I was a little proud. I had rode that same beautiful pony, spoken of on page 59, when I was getting ready for my first horseback trip. Up on the Vermejo, so close to the Raton mountain range, riding up and down the valley, announcing the appointment for that evening, breathing the mixture

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of the plains and mountain pure air, feeling perhaps that I was monarch of all I surveyed, as there was no other preacher for miles away, as if there was something after me, I am afraid I did appear a little too modern. The next morning at breakfast, at the home of her son and daughter-in-law, the aged lady said to me, "Do you know what I thought last evening, when I saw you galloping that pony over the hills and valleys so fast?" "No, I don't know what you thought," said I. "Well, I will tell you, I thought the time will come when we shall have out in this country, good old parsons like we had in Texas; parsons who are parsons, plain men, dressed in their Kentucky jeans with a hand like your granny's, that shows that they worked for a living, and not a little, tiny hand like yours, that shows that you never worked any."

**The Denver Conference and a Long Buggy Ride With Mrs. Harwood.**

The Colorado Annual Conference for 1871 was held at Denver, commencing July 20th. It was school vacation, and Mrs. Harwood wanted to go. I was pleased with the thought, and we started early so as to fill all my appointments on the way and have quite an outing.

Sunday, June 11th, we spent at Ocate. We were the guests of a Mr. and Mrs. Strong. He was an Episcopalian, and she a Roman Catholic. They had had one of their boys boarding with us at school, and we were more than welcome at their house. Had about twenty out to preaching. The next Fri-

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day we reached Ute Creek, and were the guests of a Mr. and Mrs. John Finan. One of their daughters had attended our school, and of course we were welcome there. On the way to Elizabethtown we made several calls or as the Discipline calls, "pastoral visits." I preached twice on Sunday at Elizabethtown. The 19th we reached Cimarron, and were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Rinehardt, who were the witnesses in the Keyes- Maxwell marriage, thence to Vermojo, thence to Crow Creek, thence to Red River, where we stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Stockton; thence to Trinidad and were the guests of our friends, the Rev. E. J. Rice and wife, and we had a real nice visit; thence to Pishapa, thence to Huerfano, and thence up to the foot of the Greenhorn mountains to attend a camp meeting. As to numbers, it was far fewer than our Wisconsin basket meetings, but we had good meetings. From the camp meeting we went to or near to Canon City and spent a few days at the home of Bro. and Sister Fowler, where we were treated nicely; thence to the city where we made the acquaintance of Rev. N. S. Buckner and wife, and stopped with them a part of the time, and preached for him; He was the pastor. July 4th, we attended a picnic and heard a fine oration from Hon. Mr. . . . . . from the South. He spoke on the

**Declaration of Independence.**

It was a fine eulogy, the speaker said it "seemed almost equal to inspiration," this Declaration of our

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Independence, and won, said he, What shall we do with it? He began to lay down some principles that looked a little like going backward, and some of us feared that as he was a Southern man, he might spoil it all. A thunder storm had been gathering, and just as he seemed to be coming to the point to answer his question, What shall we do with this wonderful declaration of our American principles? as declared by our patriotic fathers, the big drops of rain began to dash upon the audience and into the speaker's face. The people were already hoisting umbrellas, and a few starting for their buggies and covered wagons, the speaker turned quickly and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, I can't compete with this thing." This ended the speaking, but the shower was soon passed, and the picnic not spoiled. The 5th we went on our journey, and spent the night at a ranch kept by a Mr. and Mrs. Booth. They were very fine people. Mrs. Booth was a graduate, I think of Oberlin, Ohio. She and Mrs. Harwood soon became very much attached. They seemed to appreciate our work in New Mexico. We spent several days with them. As usual we insisted on paying for the accommodations, but as in almost every other case, we could not prevail upon them to receive pay. From Mr. Booth's we came to the home of Rev. Mr. Rose of the Free Methodist, thence to Colorado City, and were the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Warren. He was a member of the Conference, and thence to the house of Mr. and

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Mrs. Geo. Murray Bro Murray was Presiding Elder of the Santa Fe district, as it was called by this time, but I heard Bishop Ames tell him, "He need not go down into New Mexico," that "Bro. Harwood could take care of himself." But he made us a good visit in New Mexico, and we were pleased with him. At Canon City I preached once. We visited in the mountains, the Garden of the Gods, the Soda Springs and many places of interest. The 10th brought us to Father Dye's ranch. He had a fine lot of cows, and had a dairy. He was married by this time, and his wife was very nice. His father was yet alive, and made his home with his son. We had a real nice visit with them. I preached once for him. Father Dyer was always very witty, quick in retort, and when I became acquainted with his father, who was a very old man, I could understand how naturally Father Dyer came by his wit. While there, close by, some man got into a difficulty, and one man was killed, and the preacher was sent for to attend the funeral. When he was ready to start, his father, not hearing very well because of his age, said, "John, where are you going?" "I am going out to attend that funeral of the man who was killed," replied the son. "Why, is he dead," asked the father, to which Father Dyer replied, "If he wasn't dead, I guess we wouldn't have the funeral" And the father coolly replied, "Why, I presume not."

The 17th brought us to Denver. The Conference opened on the 20th. Bishop James presiding. He

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was a fine presiding officer. His Sunday sermon was grand. Saturday I called on the Bishop and laid before him the case of our brother, Benito Garcia. I told him it was a clear case, only he hadn't any education, but he was anxious to attend school and prepare for our Spanish work, but he has an invalid mother, and he is her only means of support. I said, "Bishop, why could we not grant him a small missionary appropriation, carry him as a helper and let him attend school, hold meetings and exhort, and as soon as he is able, preach? In that way he can support his mother and attend school. We will help him all we can—\$200 and our help will be sufficient." The Bishop thought we had no "precedents of that kind," but said, "Bro. Harwood, with your presentation of that case, we will try the experiment." The \$200 was granted. I also asked the Bishop to give us a preacher for Elizabethtown. He did so, and gave Rev. N. S. Buckner. I had met Bishop Janes before this in the Northwest Wisconsin Conference. He always impressed me as a wonderful preacher. Bishop Simpson said, "Bishop Janes was one of the most remarkable men in the history of American Methodism, with no superiors and few equals."

Mrs. Harwood and I were the guests at this Conference of Rev. T. R. Slicer, pastor of St. James Church, and a son of the Rev. Henry Slicer, D. D., who wrote a strong work on Baptism. Mrs. Harwood became acquainted with quite a number of the



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Denver Methodist ladies and wives of our preachers, whose acquaintance she always prized very highly. We also met with Dr. Dalas D. Lore, who came to New Mexico in 1855. (See his letter, page 37.) I also met Dr. S. F. Crary, whom I knew in Minnesota, and met him also when we were chaplains in the army.

The appointments were read Sunday night, and the Conference adjourned. Rev. N. S. Buckner was appointed to Elizabethtown, New Mexico, and I to La Junta.

The next day Mrs. Harwood took train for her home in Wisconsin to visit her mother and other relatives. On the same train were Dr. D. D. Lore and wife, Dr. B. F. Crary and others. That left me alone with the buggy and the span of ponies. So I offered to bring Bro. and Sister Buckner down with me. They were pleased with the thought. We came via Colorado City, Trinidad, Red River, Cimarron and on to Elizabethtown. Near Cimarron, on the 4th of August, we encountered a terrible thunder storm. The lightning struck our buggy, knocked the horses down and hurt us very badly. (See the enclosed letter, printed in the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. I reached home, La Junta, the 8th, and found all well, only very lonely.

**Peralta My First Visit There.**

Mrs. Harwood had returned from her Wisconsin trip much refreshed in health, and opened her school late in September with more scholars than a

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year ago, and entered her work with new zeal. I had heard often of the few Protestants at Peralta. October 9th, Benito Garcia and I left Tiptonville for that place. Benito had lived on the Rio Grande, and was much pleased with the thought of a visit. The first day we reached Las Vegas, and camped at the house of a Mr. Green. The night was cold so near the mountains. We took breakfast at the house of Rev. and Mrs. John Annin, Mr. Annin was the Presbyterian minister at Las Vegas. He came to Las Vegas about two weeks before we reached La Junta. He had also opened a school the year before, and was doing well. From him I received a few testaments. I gave a testament to a Mexican at Tecolote, and to others some Spanish tracts. We camped near San Jose on the Pecos river. The next day we came within about twelve miles of Santa Fe and camped. Found a Mexican there who said he believed in Protestantism. He wanted a Bible. He had no money, so I gave him a Bible. He seemed glad to get it. We reached Santa Fe early next morning and took breakfast with Dr. and Mrs. McFarland and renewed their acquaintance. We had a pleasant visit. Talked missionary work. They were glad to hear of our school work at Tiptonville. He gave me 18 English and Spanish testaments, six Spanish and about 5,000 pages of Spanish tracts. They seemed glad to have the opportunity to distribute them. This was October 12th, and at night we had gone about 20 miles to La Bajado, where

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we camped in-doors at the house of Eduardo Walsh and family, nice people who some years after that became helpers and teachers in our missionary work. It rained and snowed, and we were kept a day at La Bajado. We came on the next day, passing Santo Domingo, San Felipe and passed the Sunday at Algodones. Here we distributed quite a number of tracts and left some New Testaments. I preached and read my sermon. I had only one, and that was lasting me pretty well. I read the sermon in the house of the justice of the peace, whose name was Meliton Vigil. About 40 people were present. At one of these Pueblos, I had quite a talk with one of the oldmen of the Pueblo. I should think he was about 70. I asked him about Montezuma. He said, "We all believe he will come back." I asked him his idea about the age of the Pueblo. He said he had no idea. He said when he was a very small boy, he used to hear his grandfather talk about the Pueblos. They were old when his grandfather was a boy. This old man said he used to hear his grandfather speak about Montezuma's return. He said, "He would come from the sunrise, and when he comes, he will come in fine wagons, drawn without horses." It seemed that he had almost a prophetic view of our present day civilization. On the 18th we reached the Ranchos of Albuquerque. Stopped with Don Lorenzo Montoya. He treated us very nicely. He had barrels of wine. He thought it strange we wouldn't drink with him. I read my

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sermon to him and must have left it, as I have never seen it since. We passed through Albuquerque and reached Peralta a little after dark. This was the 17th. We passed our time at Bro. Ambrosio Gonzales. He and his father seemed almost overjoyed to see a Protestant Methodist preacher. We looked up an interpreter, and I preached and organized the work, or rather reorganized, for Dr. Lore had organized it in 1855. We had 42 members and probationers on the list. This was evidence of the fidelity of this man, Brother Ambrosio Gonzales. Dr. Lore tells us, page 38, that he organized that work in 1855, with 14 members and probationers, 7 males and 7 females, and appointed Ambrosio Gonzales class leader. Sixteen years had passed. I found them still faithful. This was a commendable gain in that length of time, when we consider the difficulties he had to encounter. Bro. Ambrosio told me all about the Bible that Dr. Nicholson left with him, and about Dr. Lore's visit. Bro. Ambrosio was encouraged in his work, was licensed to preach. We promised them an American preacher just as soon as one could be obtained and money to pay him. I was here only two days. I received a letter from Mrs. Harwood, saying that the Presiding Elder had come to Tiptonville, and wanted to see me very badly, so I at once arranged to return, and as I could go so much quicker on horseback than in the wagon, I concluded to borrow a saddle and cut across over the mountains and planes via Tijeras Canon, Canon

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Largo and Las Vegas, leaving the wagon for Bro. Benito and a son of Don Ambrosio, as he had concluded to come up to school.

Friday, the 19th day of October, I left Peralta on one of the horses, but lost my way and camped at the foot of the high mountains where there were plenty of grass, water and wood. As I had been a land surveyor, had surveyed in three states and one territory, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and New Mexico, I thought I could go anywhere; so when I found I had taken the wrong road, I didn't care much, as I thought I could come out somewhere, and so I did. I camped at the head of what the Mexicans called "Canon Inferno," or Hell Canon. It was a lonely place. The night seemed long. I kept a fire all night. Some time in the night the pony started up, ran toward the fire to the end of his lariat, snorting as if he had seen something frightful. I went out a short distance from the fire, but could see nothing, but next morning there were the fresh tracks of a bear, about the largest I had ever seen. The mountain was hard to climb, but a beautiful sight when I reached its height. The Rio Grande valley was in full sight, and a little further up, the great llanos in the east appeared with several beautiful lakes which seemed to nestle up near the foot of the mountains. They were the beautiful Manzanos or Apple mountains, in which, and over which and through which I was making my way. The lakes that I had seen that seemed so near were salt lakes probably twenty



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miles away.

At about 9 o'clock in the morning, I had reached the foot of the sloping mountain and hill-sides, and found myself close to a ranch, to which I made my way. It was a temporal where a farmer had raised quite a fine crop of corn without irrigation. He and his Mexican wife were husking corn. While I was telling my experience, how I left Peralta yesterday morning and lost my way and camped away out there at the foot of those big mountains, the lady, true to Mexican customs, disappeared, and soon came back and asked me in to breakfast. Didn't she ask you, "If you had been to breakfast?" My, no, what was the use of asking that? She knew there was not a house between their place and Peralta, and where could I have got breakfast? Sure enough, but an American woman would have asked it. Yes, probably if she thought you had come down from the moon or Mars. But how was that? I thought the Mexican women would only cook a little at a time, and eat it all up at once? Perhaps so, but it took only a few minutes to have some warm tortillas, coffee and fried mutton, and it was good enough for a king. I found that this man was a Mr. William Pool. I knew him far better after this. He has long since passed away, but his most charming wife, then in the prime of life, yet lives and makes her home at Chilili. She is still a Roman Catholic, but never fails to speak well of el Ministro Protestante, el Senor Harwood. The kind lady put



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me up a lunch for my journey at that time, or I might have perished of hunger.

Mr. Pool said: "Do you see the brow of those hills away there, and the timber; not those near ones, but those away there in the distance?" "Yes." "Well, you will have to go by those."

"Then the worst is yet to come?" How far is it? "Oh, don't know. If you have a good horse, about fifty miles; if not, about seventy. But you can make it by about 10 or 11 o'clock tonight; then by starting a little before light in the morning, you will reach water by 9 or 10 in the morning at San Diego, a little off the road." This was the 20th. I stopped a few minutes at Chilili and made the acquaintance of Captain MacFee. He had quite a family of girls. The mother was Mexican. I soon learned that they knew our brother, Don Ambrosio Gonzales. They said that he had "baptized some of their children." Of course he had no right to baptize. He was a justice of the peace much of the time, as such he could perform marriage services. I afterward called his attention to it. He said, "He knew he had no right to baptize the children," but said, "the parents would bring their children to me, and insist that I baptize them. There was no one else to baptize." "What could I do?" "Sure enough," said I. As there was no one else, and in the emergency, I am glad you did it."

I passed Cibolo Springs and took a good drink; it would be the last until I reached San Diego, the

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next day as I supposed. It was a hard ride. Reached the timber about 11 at night, made a little fire for I was afraid to sleep without it, as I had learned that bears, mountain lions, wild cats and wolves were quite plentiful over in that far out of the way region, as well as snakes, terantulas and centipedes. Too cold to sleep, not much wood, nor grass, nor water, just as I had been told. It was a hard night. I was thirsty, hungry, tired, sleepy, but couldn't sleep. I wished for the day. Before daybreak I was off on the dim road; about light struck the Old Albuquerque and Forts Sumner and Bascum road; at 10 o'clock no water; 12 oclock none; San Diego I had passed the trail to the old place and didn't see it, but knew I was on the road that would turn off for Antonchico on the Pecos river. Another night came, camped again, arose and traveled until morning came, stopped and grazed pony. Started again, so weak and tired that I couldn't travel out of a walk; head ached, back ached, lips parched; it was Sunday morning, at about 10 a. m., saw, at quite a distance, some cattle. I said to myself, "Where there is stock in this country, there is generally a herder." so I left the road and found the herder. I said, "Boy, I am almost dead for water." "No comprende. Muchacho, tengo mucha sed." The boy went with me to a spring about a half mile away. When I saw the water, the sparkling spring, I said to myself, "Salvation." Salvation under the beautiful figure of water. I had never seen so much under

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that figure before. Then after drinking a little, I said: "Tengo mucha hambre." I am very hungry. He said you stay here and drink and I will go up to my camp and fix you some dinner. Pretty soon I went to his little camp; no house, but only some pine boughs to make a shade. He soon had me some tortillas and coffee. Three years in the army we were often scarce of food. In the rear of Savannah, Ga., reduced to rice issued in the sheaf, but that was a luxury compared with conditions at this time. I laid down and rested and slept a few hours, and then the boy showed me the nearest house or town. It was down on the Pecos river between Antonchico and San Jose. This was the first house I had seen since I left Chilili, Friday, at about 10 a. m., and this was Sunday about 4 p. m. La Cuesta was the name of the town, where I passed the night. The next day I passed near the foot of Starvation Peak to Las Vegas, and on home that evening. But Bros. Murray and Miller had gone. I had made the distance, which is nearly 200 miles, in five days, notwithstanding my hard experience. The Lord be praised. When I reached home I found Mrs. Harwood getting along with the school nicely.

1872.

### THE GENERAL CONFERENCE OF 1872.

The General Conference of 1872 was held in Brooklyn. Certain reasons had convinced me that it would be better for New Mexico to be under the management of the Missionary Society at New York. Father Dyer had taken a great interest in New Mexico, had traveled over much of the Territory and spent nearly a year at Elizabethtown, and a part of a year at Santa Fe, and he had proven himself a friend and father to this writer and to New Mexico, and I had no fault to find of him, but I soon saw that what New Mexico needed was less travel and more down to hard church and school work among the people.

Such a field as this is hard enough for the man who comes and goes, but it is still harder for the

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one who settles down and stays. It is he who has the tug of war, the battles to fight.

We soon found that New Mexico was not appreciated as it ought to have been even by the conference itself. The reader will remember that New Mexico had been a presiding elder district in the Colorado Conference from 1868 to 1872.

Take the matter of appropriations for instance: The writer was not able to see why New Mexico, a purely missionary field, so remote from all necessary supplies, where all kinds of provisions were so high, with a membership of 59 persons, ten of these only Americans in 1871, have of missionary funds only \$1,400, while Colorado with a membership of 1,030 should have \$6,525. We couldn't see why a preacher's salary in Colorado should be made to average \$800 a year, while in New Mexico only \$500. The \$800 surely was not too much, nor what it ought to have been, but the \$500 was far too small.

The question of salary has never bothered me much, but at the same time I used to allow the question to come, "Why was I asked to leave our beautiful Wisconsin, where the work of the ministry was a home in Paradise compared with the work in New Mexico at that time, while I was on a salary when I left of \$700 and a nice parsonage and garden, altogether about \$1,000 a year, to come to New Mexico at \$600 the first year and no parsonage? No house in which to live only as I built it at my own expense, drawing and handling the rock for founda-

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tion, and adobes for the walls, until the blood from my worn fingers would stain the adobes? All this is true, but dear reader, think me not complaining—for what is a little blood oozing from one's fingers compared to that blood which flowed so freely from the hands and feet and side of the crucified One?

“Five bleeding wounds he bears  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me,  
“Forgive me, Oh, forgive” they cry  
Nor let a ransom sinner die.”

Suffice it to say that the General Conference cut off New Mexico from the Colorado Conference just as I asked it to do, and the Territory was made a mission known for a long time only as The New Mexico Mission, embracing the Americans and Mexicans of New Mexico.

THE SCHOOL.

The school was growing larger all the time, and the scholars were making rapid advancement. The examinations were a credit to the school and would have been a credit to any school of an academic grade anywhere. Mrs. Harwood was delighted with the school, as scholars were boarding with us from far and from near. It seemed to be an entering wedge also into the missionary work as it opened many doors to our work that otherwise would



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have been barred, the people nearly all being Roman Catholics. We badly needed more room for boarding scholars. I went to work at my own expense and erected a few extra rooms at a cost of \$1,600. The Missionary Society helped us out after awhile, but never aided the school only in the buildings while Mrs. Harwood and I had charge of it.

THE JESUITS ALARMED.

The school was growing in numbers and interest far and wide. Also the Presbyterian School at Las Vegas under the management of the Rev. John A. Annin was growing popular. Archbishop Lamy of Santa Fe, and other priests, began to get alarmed and soon an effort was made by them to erect a school building and chapel on the west side of the river, the Mora, on the opposite side of the river and valley with the promise that they would close our school in six months after theirs should be opened. The people, both Protestant and Roman Catholics, seemed so well pleased with the Protestant school that but little could be collected in the neighborhood for their school. Help was obtained however from other sources and the buildings were erected, the school was opened, a priest sent and regular services established, and sharp competition followed. But reader, hold a moment for a

LITTLE REFLECTION.

I said sharp competition commenced. So it did, but the sharp contest was only between the schools and in the schools we more than held our own, but

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not in church work. The Protestant element was so indifferent to religious things, and so divided politically, socially as well as religiously, that we could make no, or but little headway against such a strong church. We were often made to feel our weakness, almost alone, almost the only representative of our Church in the whole Territory, at different places as at Peralta for instance, where I could sometimes count 125 wagons and buggies at Church, not counting the many on foot, compared with our little handfull perhaps of fewer than a hundred; or perhaps when we could gather our people at quarterly meeting and baptize a few babes and may be receive a few persons into the Church and soon after perhaps read in the Roman Catholic papers of the bishop or archbishop of the Roman Catholic Church coming through the neighborhood of villages with numerous other Catholic clergy and confirming sometimes as many as 400 boys and girls at a single visit. But even now we are not so far removed from all that as some might suppose, for only last Sunday, Nov. 25, 1906, in Old Albuquerque, 472 were confirmed according to the papers. The Albuquerque *Evening Citizen* of the 26th has the following: "Bishop Pitaval at Confirmation of Large Class. 472 received the Sacrament last Sunday. Beautiful ceremony in Immaculate Conception Church last night, when congregation taxed capacity of the building. The Right Rev. J. B. Pitaval, D. D., on Sunday administered the Sacrament of Confirma-

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tion to three classes in the three Catholic Churches of Albuquerque with a total of 472 confirmed."

Dr. Durbin and New Mexico

"STERILE SOIL."

I think I had only had one letter from Dr. Durbin before the General Conference of 1872. That was a kind tender letter expressing the fact that I would find New Mexico a sterile soil. He refused re-election at the General Conference in 1872. He was a great man. He died in 1876. Bishop Simpson said of Dr. Durbin that, "By his administrative power, his rare tact, his great prominence and popularity, and his stirring eloquence, he aroused the church, and was eminently successful in the management of the affairs of the Society. The receipts increased from \$100,000 to near \$700,000 a year." The Dr. seemed delighted in his letter to me that I was having success in New Mexico.

DR. DURBIN'S PRAYER.

I presume the Dr. had forgotten all about his report in 1855 at about the time I was preaching my first sermon. In his report he said or seemed to express almost as a prayer that some one "might be found who would give his life to the work, and make the New Mexican Mission the great and only enterprise of his life, keeping out of all worldly schemes, and becoming an apostle to the Spanish population of that Territory. It is a work worthy of a great soul. Such a man to superintend, to preach in English and in due time to establish schools

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would leave his illuminated mark on the page of the history of the church and of the present Territory and future State of New Mexico."

Now I do not presume to be the one the great doctor prayed for as above quoted, but if I am not, the prayer is yet unanswered. A few things look a little strange. At about the same time that that expressive prayer was being made, I was just commencing to preach. Thirteen years after that Bishop Ames asked me to consent to be sent to New Mexico, giving as his reasons that Father Dyer had asked it on the ground of former acquaintance and of the experience that Mrs. Harwood and I had had in school work. The next year, 1869, Bishop Scott transferred me. Now when I call to mind Mrs. Harwood's fine education, her ability and experience as a teacher, coupled with her strong personality and her deep piety and consecrated life to missionary work, as well as my own experience as a teacher, five years in Delaware and nearly the same in Wisconsin and Minnesota, and my experience as land surveyor in Michigan, Minnesota and Wisconsin, and three years of army life as soldier and chaplain, and the further fact that we had no children to tie us down to better school privileges than we could have in New Mexico, and the great work that Mrs. Harwood did as a teacher out here I am almost inclined to indulge the hope that we were the ones prayed for. As I said before, if we were not, then the prayer has never been answered. All

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the above experience, coupled with the fact that I read the History of the Mexican War and the History of South America while teaching in the State of Delaware and boarding with a local Methodist preacher, Joel Clements, in the years 1848 and 1849, and learned much about the Mexican people, looks still more as if a kind providence was leading me along in the line of preparation for this work in all those years, although I knew not of the Doctor's prayer until a few years ago. I would rather be assured that we were the ones prayed for by the Doctor than to have discovered a gold mine and become a millionaire. As to whether I have kept aloof from worldly schemes, let others answer. I will say, however, that I have almost upbraided myself sometimes for not having picked up something that might have enriched my purse more than I have. I remember one preacher, of another denomination, who in one year took up a mine and developed it and sold it for about \$20,000. He took that money, found another mine that promised rich returns, took in a partner, bought machinery and involved himself in debts that yet remain unpaid. So I am glad after all that I have "kept clear of worldly schemes."

PENITENTES.

I have heard of "penitents" in the Roman Catholic Church, the white, the black and the blue and the gray. I had heard and read of scourging and the flagellants as they existed in the 12th and 16th centuries, but I had never heard of the Penitentes of



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New Mexico until I came out here, and then I could not believe the half I had heard until I went to see for myself, and then I said, "The half has never yet been told." So as Good Friday was approaching that year, I concluded I would go out where it was said they would be.

ALONE IN THE MORADA.

I said "alone." I mean that I was the only American in the house with the Penitentes, and I presume the only one ever permitted to enter from what I have since learned. As I rode up, one came out and waved his hand for me to keep back. I saw a Mexican in the crowd who had worked for me. I liked him and thought he liked me, so I beckoned him to come out to where I was. He came. He was a good fellow, but a Penitente, but I never knew it until that day when I saw him in the crowd. His name was Jose, accented on the last letter. It is Joseph, as every one knows, in English. I said, "Jose, go and tell your Captain that I am a friend to your people, and I would like to see what you do." Jose went and soon came back and said "Esta buena," that is "all right; come in." We reached the door. It was locked. The doorkeeper unlocked it. My heart almost failed me. 'I said, "Look here. Jose, you work for me. I like you and you seem to like me," to which he replied "Si, Senor." Yes, sir. "Will you allow me to be hurt in there?" He replied, "Nunca," that is never. I entered and the door was shut and locked.



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LO! AND BEHOLD!

The floor was dirt, no windows, one door and that was locked fast, one dim candle of mutton tallow. I had read of a place where "they need no candle, neither light of the sun." Is this it? They call it a *morado*, that is a "mansion." You will find the same word in the Spanish Bible, John 14.2: "In my Father's house are mansions, '*moradas*.'" But dark as it was and as silent as it was, I began to look around as the dim candle-light seemed to enlarge its light. In one corner of the room was a life-sized image of the Saviour on the cross, his hands and feet nailed to the wood and bleeding, at least it so seemed. Also his side was pierced and the blood in the faint light seemed real. In the other corner was a life-size picture of "La Santisima Virgin Maria," the Holy Virgin Mary. Close to my feet were the feet of two of the Penitentes lying on their faces with feet and legs firmly bound with cords, and their heads toward the images. I supposed they were both dead. At the heads of these stood two other Penitentes facing the images in the corners. These like the two on the floor were nude except their drawers. They were both whipping themselves with whips made of the cactus plants, a tough prickly plant common in all this Southwest. I went a little closer to them and saw with my own eyes that the blood had stained their drawers and had also stained the floor. They whipped themselves to time, bringing the whips first over one

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shoulder, then over the other, and the sharp ends of the whips were applied first on one side then on the other side of the small of the back just above their drawers. Except for the thud sound of the whips as they fell upon the bleeding backs of the deluded fellows, all was silent for about half a hour.

The Revelator says, "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour." So there was in this *morada*. As it seemed to me, it was just about one half hour not a sigh or groan was heard. Then the silence was broken by the singing of one of the most doleful songs to which I had ever listened; all the congregation with husky voices joined in. Nearly an other half hour passed with a little more singing and the Captain said, "Vamos." At this order to go, there seemed to be a struggle from death into life. The two men who I thought were dead, began to twitch their feet, and soon with help were on their feet too. I was so glad to get out, at the order "*Vamos*," I think I must have led the procession at least out into the yard, but stepped aside and saw the poor bleeding Penitentes come out under their heavy crosses. As I rode up out of the valley on the Mesa. I noticed, I would think, no fewer than 300 people. Many of whom had their handkerchiefs to their faces, evidently weeping. I went home with a sad heart thinking that nothing could ever be done with a people so ignorant and superstitious as they were. But after a while I took a different view of it and said: "Surely a people who will punish themselves like that in

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some way to atone for their sins, if they could only embrace the thought that it is the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ that atones for sin and not their own, they might probably be reached easier than some others. And so we found it. Some of our most earnest, tender hearted people, and preachers were once penitentes.

“Not all the blood of beasts,  
On Jewish altars slain,  
Could give the guilty conscience peace,  
Or wash away the stain.”

‘Thy *blood* for *thee* can ne’er atone  
But Jesus’ *blood* and that alones,

Many people out in this far out west don’t like Indians, but Dr. Cook’s book, if read, will compell one to like them whether he will or not, and if my book can only bring the Mexican people where their better qualities can be seen and appreciated, I shall feel that I have not written in vain.

Why should not our Civil government, the military and American civilian, love the Mexican people, at least, as well as they do the Indians? The Indian has been the white man’s foe for ten generations. He has cost our government untold thousands of precious lives; while the Mexican has been our friend, and loyal to the government, law-abiding as a rule; our friend and not our foe; and has never cost the government anything, not even his education. Why the difference? Has not the Indian

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himself answered that question a thousand times when he has had some unfortunate pale face at his mercy. "Yes you like us, you love us, because you are afraid of us, and you know that if you don't like us, we will kill you." That's it.

GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

It was this same year, 1872, the writer met General O. O. Howard at La Junta, New Mexico. This was on his return from Southern California and Arizona and Southern New Mexico, where he had been sent by President Grant with a view to establishing peace between the Indians and the whites.

When I introduced myself to the General and told him that I was the Chaplain of the 25th Wisconsin in Sherman's Army, and preached at his headquarters on his invitation in South Carolina, he seemed delighted to see me. At this writing the General is still living and active at 77, Howard the brave man, the brave soldier, the brave Christian.

THE TWO PLEASING THINGS THIS YEAR.

When favors come unsolicited and unlooked for, they ought to give pleasure. The first was from Dr. Gilliland, president of the Galesville University, Wis., saying that the "degree of A. M., Master of Arts, had been conferred upon you by the University, and that I was respectfully solicited to accept the intended honor."

The second was a letter from Bishop Simpson, which stated that I had been appointed Superintendent of New Mexico Missions. The mission at that

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time embraced the English and Spanish-speaking people of New Mexico. The writer had never asked for said position. Of course it a great pleasure to be thus highly honored, but it is a greater pleasure now to have been continued in the same position for all these year.

LETTERS 1—April 1st, 1872.

OUR WORK IN NEW MEXICO.

What is it, and what shall be done with it? These questions are the more important from the fact that the General Conference, at its approaching session, will be asked to change the south boundary of the Colorado Conference, so as to exclude therefrom the entire Territory of New Mexico, and place it under the supervision of the Missionary Society. This change will be asked in view of the increasing interests and demands of the Mexican work in said Territory, as well as the remoteness of the field and the foreign character of the work. The foreign character of the work alone, to say nothing of our vast distances, expenses, difficulties and dangers of travel to and from our Conferences, make it altogether impracticable for the Conferences to manage it.

Out of a population of about 100,000 souls, 4,000 only are Americans. Ninety-six per cent then of the people speak a foreign language. The language is Spanish, but not the pure Castilian. The work requires then, men who can speak the Spanish language. The Conference has not the men, and I fear



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they are not to be found in the Church. So far as I can learn, our Theological Seminaries have made no provisions for the study of the Spanish in their course of studies. Ought not such provisions to be made at once? Religious books and tracts must be written in the Spanish language from a Methodist standpoint, and translations made. Who is to do it?

What have we in New Mexico? We have but little it is true; but that little, like the beginning in many Missionary fields, has been too dearly bought with patient toil and sacrifice to be lost. The answer to the above question will be better understood after giving a brief history of the work.

About 17 years ago, Dr. Lore, on his return from our Missions in South America, being acquainted with the Spanish language, was sent to New Mexico to look after a little Protestant outbreak in the Rio Abaja country, about 200 miles below this place. The doctor made a little organization at Peralta, but soon returned to the States, and the work was not kept up. But it was not lost as will be seen in another part of the article. Nothing more was done by our Church, until four years ago, when the General Conference annexed New Mexico to the Colorado Conference. At the next session of the Colorado Conference, Rev. J. L. Dyer was assigned to this field as Presiding Elder. He was alone nearly two years, making his headquarters at Elizabethtown and Santa Fe. In the fall of 1869 the writer was transferred by Bishop Scott from



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West Wisconsin Conference and assigned to duty in New Mexico, and has since made his headquarters at La Junta. The balance of that year the Presiding Elder had one preacher to preside over. But at the next Conference he was removed, and the writer returned alone. This year there are three, N. S. Buckner, myself and a supply (native). Brother Dyer's labors here were abundant, traveling in two years nearly 10,000 miles, preaching wherever he could find a few Americans and often to single families, frequently camping out on the lone prairies or in the mountains, hungry, cold and lonely with no company save his faithful pony, picketed near to graze. Who can fully sympathize with such a one, but those who have experienced the same—nothing, sometimes, to break the almost painful stillness of the night save the occasional bark of a wolf, the scream of a panther or it may be the near tread of a hungry bear. Such were some of the labors and sacrifices at the commencement of our work, and such must they continue to be until we have sufficient missionary reinforcements to extend the work more generally in the Territory.

Elizabethtown is an American mining mountain village of about 600 inhabitants. We have there a neat church building, a Sunday school and a few church members. Rev. N. S. Buckner is pastor and is doing a good work. His wife, to aid them in the village school.

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La Junta.—We have our Mission day school located here. Have a good site of several acres of land, a good building for a church and school and some boarding buildings have been erected. Have a Sunday school and a few Church members. The property of this school is destined to be valuable, and the school itself will have a bright future. A little over two years ago, this school was opened in a little flat roofed, dirt floor, adobe building, with about a dozen American and Mexican children. Five could read the Scripture lessons in the opening exercises. It is encouraging now to see the children comfortably seated in our new building, and have about 50 scholars join in reading the lesson in the New Testament, some in English and some in Spanish. Our highest hopes for this country are in the school.

Ciuelita.—We have at this place a class of 11 members, all Mexicans.

Peralta.—We have here a class of 42 members. We said that Dr. Lore's work in the Rio Abaja was not lost. His little organization at Peralta had lost its name and they were simply called Protestants. It seems that a few went back to Catholicism, but in the main they have done well. God raised up one of their numbers to take the lead, and amid violent persecutions the most of them stood firm and their numbers increased. I preached for them while there and attended a prayer meeting. I could see, I thought, a good deal of the Methodist element and

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some of the Methodist fire. The Lord willing, I shall visit them again soon. A little incident occurred that I shall not soon forget: when I reached Bro. Gonzales' house, their leader, it was late at night, and his father, a very old man, said to be the first convert to Methodism in the Territory, had gone to bed. When he heard that a Methodist missionary had come, he jumped out of bed like a boy, and threw his arms around me, which, by the way, is their style of saluting. I rather enjoyed his hugging me in his arms, but the next night at a meeting the self-same salutations were repeated until it seemed to be a little too much.

Manzana.—At this place we have 11 members. It is 25 miles from Peralta.

The work accomplished for the past four years, saying nothing of the organization of Peralta in 1855, may be summed up as follows:

	Value of Church property	Church mem.	S. S. Scholars
Elizabethtown .....	\$ 2,500	6	30
La Junta .....	10,000	5	30
Cirwelita .....		11	10
Peralta .....		41	30
Manzana.....		11	10
Total .....	\$12,500	74	110

The entire cost to the Church for said work for past four years, for preacher's salaries \$4,100.00, from Church Extension Society, \$600.00, Sunday

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School Books, Tracts, etc., \$100.00, Total \$4,800. Raised for church collections, \$200.00. These figures show a gain of 165 per cent on the dollar. Now, considering the foreign character of the work, it cannot be said that we have "dug in the earth and hid our Lord's money." But this cannot all be computed in dollars and cents, neither in the increase of Church members.

Our Mission day school is gradually wielding an influence that must sooner or later be felt, not only in the vicinity in which the school is located, but out as far as the scholars have come, and some have come from a distance of more than a hundred miles. Nearly a score of young gentlemen and ladies will soon go out from school to engage in the business affairs of life. They are nearly all Catholics, but they will carry an influence. I believe that it will be favorable to our cause, and who knows but that some of them may become standard bearers of the cross. Death has lately visited our school and claimed two of our scholars, one a young Mexican boy about 22 years of age, the other 13. They were both Catholics. Their friends called upon me to perform the burial services. The priest was very mad because I went into the cemetery and helped to bury a Catholic. He came in a few days after and took the curse from the grave and put on the blessing and made the parents of one of the boys pay \$9.00. The young man had said that when he died he did not want the priest to have any thing to do

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with him.

But what shall be done with this work? The answer to this question has been anticipated by all the above facts, but we must defer a direct answer for another article.

La Junta, New Mexico.

LETTER 2—April 10, 1872.

OUR WORK IN NEW MEXICO.

What Shall Be Done With It?

In a former communication I gave a brief history of our work in this Territory and the results of the past four year's labor. Our figures showed a membership of 74; S. S. Scholars, 110; and church property to the amount of \$12,500; which value compared to the entire cost of the church stand nearly as three to one. These figures will look small to many of our brethren in the States, but considering the foreign character of the work and the means expended it will compare favorably, we believe, with other missions of the same age and character. With respect to the future ecclesiastical relations of this work it ought to, and I presume will, be put under the supervision of the Missionary Society. The character of the work is foreign in every respect, save the fact that it lies within the limits of our happy Republic, which, by the way, is one grand reason why the Church should not neglect it. Our relations with the Colorado Conference have been pleasant, and the Conference has done all that could reasonably be expected to supply this

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work with men and means. But the work being almost wholly a foreign element, it makes its management difficult. The people speak a foreign language, but few comparatively can read and write. They are extremely superstitious, and like the Jesuits everywhere have strong prejudices against any other form of religion.

In some respects, I believe it is one of the darkest corners of the world. As if the clouds of the dark ages, receding from the eastern skies of infallible Romanism growing thicker and darker in their flight, had culminated over the intellectual skies of the Mexican people and drenched their soil with the polluting floods of Jesuitical traditions, superstitions and ignorance. They are fanatically religious. The idols of earlier generations have been laid aside only to substitute others. They glory in the cross; but its the literal and not the spiritual cross. They plant it in their fields, set it in their yards, prop it against their houses, and some of them carry it on their backs until they sink beneath its weight, as the writer has painfully witnessed. They wear small ones on their necks, hang them in their houses and cut them on the rocks and trees. They glory in sufferings. I have seen several with their faces marked, stand before the great image and whip their backs until the blood ran down to the floor. Others lying on the floor, with their faces toward the image, their limbs firmly bound with cords and chains.



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Others dragging heavy chains and blocks tied to their feet and carrying a cross larger, probably, than the one on which the Saviour was crucified, their bare, bleeding feet staining the rocks over which they walked. They have their saints and images in abundance, and hold them in great esteem and adoration. They will adorn their saints but curse their God. A prominent Mexican once said to me, as a procession of these simple minded creatures were passing, carrying a great image fixed on a wash-stand, and that borne upon the shoulders of a very tall woman, all chanting to the image, and one beating a drum, imploring for rain: "Let a man," said he, "speak against that saint and he endangers his life, but you may curse their God and they will laugh." Looking over the pictures of some saints hanging around the walls of a room not long ago, what should I see but the well known face of Bishop Simpson. "What saint is this?" said I. One of the ladies said: "That is mine. That is Bishop Simpson." "Well," said I, "Do you worship him?" "No," said she, "I don't worship any of them. The others belong to my sister.' That lady has since had her child baptized and is now a member of our church.

But what shall be done with the work with respect to supplying it with men and means? Shall the missions already established be sustained or shall they be abandoned? And if sustained, shall it be those simply that have been established, or

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shall the work be extended also? These questions to us are important. To abandon the work is to retreat from the field. The order retreat might do for a weak-nerved soldier in the heat of battle, uncheered with the hope of victory or the nobleness of his cause, but to Methodist missionaries, though weary in, but not of their work, inspired with the nobleness of their cause and the hope of victory and the final reward, it will not do. To retreat would be an act of injustice to the Church; for in so doing, she would lose the time of her servants, the means expended and the work accomplished. To retreat would be an act of injustice to our dear Mexican brethren, as it would leave them still more exposed to the derision, if not the violence of their Catholic enemies. In short, there must be no retreat. A victory in New Mexico for our holy Christianity, in the name of the King of battles, must be won.

Then if the work is not to be abandoned, shall it be sustained simply, or both sustained and extended? If the Church had the men available for the work, we should rejoice to see it extended, but if we have not the men, we must do the best we can. We ought to have today a dozen new missionaries in this Territory. But to sustain this number would require at least as many thousand dollars, to say nothing of rents, church-buildings, etc. It is true this estimate is nearly double the average for the last four years, but while we have been sustained, we trust, with the Apostles' triangle of graces,

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Faith, Hope and Charity, we have been considerably detained also with a triangle of difficulties, Romanism, Infidelity and poverty, but the greatest of these is poverty. If we had the men who could enter this field and begin to preach in the Spanish language at once, we believe the expenditure would be wisely made. But we doubt the propriety of sending at present those who must spend from one to three years in preparing for the work. And then to find it difficult to so adapt themselves to the customs and ways of Mexican people as to win their confidence and do them good. If visiting from house to house among our own people is necessary to win them to Christ, it will be more necessary here. Their mode of living is very simple. The men are not good providers, the women are not good cooks. They have but few tables. Generally they spread their food on a mat of some kind down on a dirt floor.

I think I see in the providence of God a better way. I believe the natives of the country are the men for the work. They would certainly make great itinerants so far as travel is concerned. They are expert riders on horseback and exceedingly swift on foot. They have been known frequently to travel on foot 100 miles in 24 hours; so say some of the most reliable Americans. A school of a high grade is being built up in our midst from whose humble walls light is destined to go out that shall light up some of these dark corners. God is in this mission school. I believe it is one of his own selected agen-

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cies, through which he designs to prepare young men for this Mexican work. The Catholic Church, so far as I can learn, has no Mexican priests. She depends wholly upon an imported ministry, mostly from France. The Mexican people don't like it. I believe that good young men of their own nationality would be far more efficient for this country. The men could be found who would delight in educating themselves in view of this work if they were able. If we had the means to educate them, I believe in from two to four years a dozen or more would be ready to go out and do work for the church. Query: Would not this be the cheapest and best way to supply this work? While one American missionary is say from two to three years learning the language so as to preach in it, at a cost of from \$1,000.00 to \$1,500.00 a year, six Mexican men at no greater cost to the church, could prepare quite as well for the same work. This time would not be lost to the church, while that of the American missionary would be. The Lord direct in some way to supply this work with laborers. I am sure I could have no other motive in writing than the good of the work; for this is a lonely, dreary land, cut off from society, civilization, and from those Christian endearments that make the work of the ministry so pleasant at home. But the Lord is with us and that sweetens our cup of privations.

THOS. HARWOOD.

La Junta, N. M., April 10, 1872.

MA

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1873-1874.

Bishop Simpson has yet episcopal supervision. The Missionary Corresponding Secretaries were Revs. R. S. Dashiell, T. M. Eddy and J. M. Reid. Dr. J. P. Durbin had refused the nomination at the last General Conference, 1872. The thought that my correspondence with Dr. Durbin must cease and be with strangers was at first not pleasant. It is true that my correspondence had not been extensive with the great doctor, but what it was had been exceedingly pleasant.

Dr. T. M. Eddy, I knew as the able editor of the Northwestern Christian Advocate of Chicago; also Dr. Reid as the editor of the Western and Northwestern Christian Advocate, but Dr. Dashiell I had hardly ever heard of before. I soon found them full of interest for the work, to which they had been called, and it seemed to me, especially interested in our Spanish work, and our correspondence extended through many years, and was also exceedingly pleasant. I became so attached to them, after many years of pleasant correspondence, including the great Bishop, that as they passed away, one by one, I felt lonely, and that I had lost special friends of our Mission.

NEW RESPONSIBILITIES.

Up to about the beginning of 1872, I felt that I must do all I could in a general way, but now that the responsibility of the whole vast field had been placed upon me as superintendent, a position I had

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not asked for, I could but say: "Who is sufficient for these things? and rather the heavens fall than fail."

SUPERINTENDENT OF NEW MEXICO  
MISSION.

I never asked to be appointed to the Mission, much less to be its superintendent. It is true, I was appointed on the ground, after Father Dyer, but that of itself gave me no preference. Being first on the ground and having become somewhat familiar with the work, led me to be looked upon as a leader in the field, and it was natural that the Board at New York and the Bishop should look to me for all the information I could give them, but that placed the authorities under no obligation to make me the superintendent of the Mission. It may be that they expected me to say something on the question of the superintendency, but I did not. It seemed that the Bishop, himself, hesitated. It may be his hesitation was between Brother John Steele and myself, or it may be there were applicants. I never knew, I never asked. Brother John Steele would have made a good superintendent, and had he been appointed I could have worked under him with great satisfaction, for he was a well informed, neat, and safe man. It is no wonder, however, that the bishop hesitated about placing me in such a responsible position, and it has always been a wonder to me that he did it. As a preacher I was unknown beyond a small circle in my own conference.



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Before I joined the conference I had been a school teacher, land surveyor and local preacher, but what of that? When I joined the conference my appointments were all good and I always left them better than I found them, and I once heard my presiding elder say that "Brother Harwood could go anywhere in the conference," but what of that for the responsible position of superintendent of the Mission? To add to my improbabilities for such a position, when I enlisted as a soldier, I fully expected to attend the approaching session of the conference, and be received into full connection in the conference, but we were ordered to the front after the Indians in Minnesota and it was impossible to get to the conference in person or with report and my presiding elder with all his apparent love for me and my real love for him moved my discontinuance. So at the close of the war, and my return to the conference I had to join on probation and go over my studies again. I am not complaining of this action, but after an experience of thirty-seven years in the same relation to my brethren and the Church I boldly recommend kinder considerations, and I am glad to say that I have never so treated any of the many candidates for the ministry whose destiny has hung upon me as their presiding elder or superintendent.

It is true again that I had so conducted myself as a soldier in our civil war that I maintained the respect of the soldiers and officers of the regiment to

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the extent that when the vote for the chaplaincy was taken there was not a dissenting voice. But of course, none of this the bishop knew. I name the above because I know he hesitated in appointing me for he intimated it in his letter of appointment.

THE BISHOP SAID TO ME.

"You are hereby appointed Superintendent of the New Mexico Mission and it will be your duty, etc.," naming some important things. He said also, "I hesitated a little in making the appointment from the fact that I was afraid that you were not pushing the work as it ought to be. I want that work pushed vigorously."

Of course I thanked the Bishop for the appointment and promised to do the best I could with the help of the Lord. At this writing my task is nearly done and my work such as it has been, must stand out before the gaze of the Church and the world for condemnation or commendation or both as critical eyes may prefer.

LOVE AND REVERENCE FOR THE BISHOP.

I had no fear of the Bishop, of course, but I had such love and reverence for him that I did not say all that I had in my heart to say for I never could stand the insinuation of a lack of energy. I made a pleasant reply, thanking him for his frankness in letting me know what he thought.

FOURTEEN HUNDRED MILES.

It seems strange as I now think of it that I should have been expected to take such long and

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dangerous and expensive trips alone, and at my own expense. My salary at this time had been raised to a thousand dollars a year, but Bros. Steele and Matthieson received the same. I was the only man so far as I knew who traveled in those early days alone. Bishop Lamy and other Roman Catholic priests and all the military and government officials nearly always had an escort. So I thought on such a long trip I would find out when some freight outfit was going and fall in with them and be safer. I did so and went down with J. J. Chandler, who had quite a strong freighting outfit and he felt pretty well prepared to stand off Indians and highwaymen. It was a pleasant trip, just full enough of romance and danger to keep one all the time elated. This, coupled with the hope of opening up the missionary work in fields beyond made the trip a joyful one.

As to traveling expenses for these early trips I presume it was more my fault than it was the Bishop's or the Board at New York. We were furnished so much money for the entire Mission, \$400 would not have been too much a year for my travel, but that \$400 would pay two helpers and I was so anxious to see the work move I preferred to get along without it and thus have more men employed in the work. Mrs. Harwood was teaching and with a pay school there was sometimes a little surplus and she was just as anxious to see the work advance as I was. She made all her mission schools self-supporting and in all her thirty years' teaching

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would never accept missionary money. The missionary money has always come through my hands, and I presume, had I paid her \$500 or \$600 a year for her valuable services neither the Bishop nor the Board at New York would have raised objection, but she was so conscientious about missionary money that she could not have been persuaded to accept it. But some how we always got along very nicely. But, back to our journey.

J. J. CHANDLER, THE FREIGHTER.

On learning that Mr. Chandler, an old and long-experienced freighter was soon to start with quite a large freight train with freight for Silver City, I arranged to go with him.

I had to keep a team, or span of ponies and buggy, so was ready and we started Oct. 17th. In order to do a little missionary work I started a day ahead. I camped on the divide.

THE DIVIDE.

This is between Watrous and Las Vegas and simply divides the waters of the Mississippi and Rio Grande. The waters flowing eastward flow into the Mora river, thence into the Canadian, thence into Red and thence into the Mississippi. The waters flowing westward and southward flow into the La Gallina, thence the Pecos, thence the Rio Grande and thence into the Gulf of Mexico.

My first camp was on the Divide. The night was cool and clear. I was all alone, save the ponies, picketed on the rich gramma grass and nothing to

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break the silence except now and then the yelp of a coyote. I made my bed facing eastward where I could watch the stars. The constellation Aries came up led by the beautiful star Aldebaran; then Taurus with the smiling pleiades and the Orion with his bands and belts and large parallelogram and "Ell and Yard," the brightest of which Betelguese and then came Proxym, Pollox and Serius and away to the north circling around the Pole Star is the Great Dipper. I thought of Job. "Canst thou bind the sweet influence of Pleiades or loose the bands of Orion."

LAS VEGAS.

At Las Vegas the next day called to see my friend and Brother minister, the Rev. J. A. Annin. I waited there until the freighter came up with his teams. He had several wagons loaded with freight and a family wagon in which was his entire family going to Silver City to visit some friends. As the little ones have grown to manhood and womanhood and the most of them are married, settled down and prominent men and women I will name them as we called them at that time, Georgie, Clarie, Harvey, Lewie, and Lillie and Ollie, though I think Ollie and two others, Katie and Gracie were born after this. Katie became a teacher and was a fine young lady. She died two years ago. Little Gracie is blind and will probably have to live in the dark all her life. Mr. Chandler himself has passed away. He died at his home at Wagon Mound last year at



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the advanced age of 77. For 35 years he was a warm friend and neighbor to this writer.

A TARANTULA.

On the road to Santa Fe, I was a mile or so ahead of the freight teams and found a tarantula crossing the road just ahead of me. It was the largest I had or have ever seen. I got out of the buggy and with a small branch broken off of a pine was trying to hold it until the teams came up, but the thing didn't like to be held and would start off from me. I struck down in front of it a few times to stop it, but the last time it sprang at me and came near striking me in the face. It scared me worse than when the Rebs would come at us with their bayonets in the war and I struck down so hard with the brush I broke it all to pieces. Broke the tarantula, I mean. They are not hard to kill. Neither Webster, nor the Universal Dictionary does justice to the tarantula in their discription of it. The Universal Dictionary says they are about an inch long. This was much larger than that. Its legs must have been three or four inches long, and its body all of three or four, I would think. These authors say the tarantula is a native of Italy. Perhaps they are, but I don't see how they could ever have crossed the ocean to get on the American Continent. It is evident these authors had never seen our Southwest tarantula. I had slept securely out on the ground until I encountered that thing; after that I begged a bed in one of the big wagons on a



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safe and felt much safer, if the bed was a little hard.

SANTA FE.

In Santa Fe I preached in the old adobe chapel and the next day visited some of our people. I had been almost abused because I had not opened our Methodist missionary work at that place. To do so I knew would result in a denominational struggle for existence which I did not like to see, for I found the Presbyterians had a hard struggle alone to maintain this work. When Bishop Simpson came out and we held our Mission Annual meeting there in 1878, he commended me for acting wisely in that matter.

PETRIFIED FOREST.

The next day we camped out about 20 miles on the Fort Stanton road from Santa Fe. I gathered some nice specimens of petrified wood.

The next day we passed Galisteo. There was just one store there. I patronized the store to the extent of purchasing one sheet of paper, for which I paid ten cents.

STINKING SPRINGS.

The next day and nearly all night brought us to the above named springs. The water is clear, but impregnated with certain minerals that give the water a bad taste and a very disagreeable odor, not fit for man nor beast. We then pushed on to the Antelope Springs, about 65 miles from Santa Fe. Here we found good water and fine grazing for the mules and horses. We then went on to

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Pinos Wells where we camped and preached in Spanish to a few ranchmen and distributed some tracts. The next day was the Sabbath. We had to travel nearly all day in order to make the next good grazing and water. I never like to travel on the Lord's day, but of course I could not ask a freighter to lose a day when he had to reach Silver City with his freight by a certain time or pay quite a penalty, but as a kind of redemption for breaking the Sabbath I read, as the ponies jogged along with the buggy, Wesley's little book on Christian Perfection.

INDIAN SCARE.

We had learned that the Muscalero Indians were on the war-path. About 40 miles before we reached Fort Stanton we went into camp only to rest and graze the mules and lunch. While eating, a doctor who was in our company, with his medicines packed on a burro, sauntered out, and came hurrying back and said, "I think the Indians have run the mules off." At this, Mr. Chandler sprang from his lunch, grabbed his rifle and cried out, "Every man with his gun come with me. Elder, you remain here and protect the family," he said. I snatched my pistol and took my stand like a soldier and was pacing my beat back and forth with all kinds of thoughts as to what may be the outcome. One of the little boys began to cry and said to his mother, "Ma, do you think they will kill my pa?" His mother answered, "No, Georgie, I don't believe there are any Indians

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near; they would have too much sense then to be away out here so far from water." I said to myself, "That's a bright idea." Pretty soon they were all back bringing the mules and my ponies with them. We felt very much relieved, but pushed on to the Fort as fast as we could, where we remained two days. The whole tribe were threatening to go on the war-path and the command at the Fort were alarmed. They had been acting very badly and the chief's brother had been put in the lock-up and the other Indians were very angry. I preached to the soldiers on temperance. I also went down to Rio Bonito, but found no chance for services.

**MORE GUNS WERE NEEDED.**

As the whole country was alarmed over the Indians' threats we thought it best to secure, if possible, more fire-arms. I went to the Commander, but without success.

**BEFORE THE POST COMMANDER.**

When the Commander refused to loan us a few muskets, I asked him "if he had not more than once sent an escort of soldiers to escort Roman Catholic priests out of this place in times of danger?" to which he had admitted in the affirmative. I said, "Yes, I have met them in other places drawn by Uncle Sam's slick mules, while I was trudging along on horseback in the burning sunshine while they, the priests, with hats off, cigars in their mouths, in the shade, while they perhaps at one time cursing our government while I was defending

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if, for which I carry a wounded arm." When I returned and told my story the freighter said, "Well, if that be the case, we must be 20 miles on the road by sunrise tomorrow morning, for there is more danger here than there will be 20 miles away and so we were, and then pushed on as fast as we could for Las Cruces, 150 miles from Fort Stanton.

HIGHWAYMEN HID AWAY IN A RANCH HOUSE.

The next day I felt as if I was almost losing time and as we were somewhat out of danger from the Indians I pushed on ahead to find missionary work. I saw a ranch house some distance from the road and went up, thinking it was perhaps an American family. As I approached the house a colored man came to the door and suddenly went back into the house. In a minute several men appeared at the door armed. They were a hard lot and hid away to avoid detection. They thought I was an officer coming to arrest them. They seemed relieved when I told them I was a Methodist preacher and wanted to have prayer with them. I also talked awhile for which one said mil gracias—that is, a thousand thanks.

LAS CRUCES.

We pushed on as rapidly as we could via Santa Rosa, Lost River, White Sands, San Argentine to Las Cruces in the valley of the Rio Grande. Here we rested a few days and feasted on water-melons, Mission grapes, apples, pears and peaches. I made the acquaintance of Col. Bennett, editor of the

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Pioneer, Col. Jones of Mesilla, and several others.

SILVER CITY.

We then crossed the Rio Grande, went via Fort Cummins, four days' journey to Silver City, which the freighter reached on time and was much rejoiced. At Cummins we spent a day resting up the mules and made the acquaintance of quite a number of the military officials and their families, and spent some time on the hill-sides gathering agates, a beautiful pearl stone with moss setting.

We went via Mimbres, thence to Hudson Hot Springs, where we visited with Mr. and Mrs. Ramsdale who had aided in our school work at La Junta, as it was then called. At Silver City I preached twice on the Sabbath to good congregations and made life-long friends. This was the 12th of October. I found at Silver City a Mr. Ward, a Presbyterian minister in charge of the work, but he remained only a short time. I found here a Mr. Stevens and his family, a Mr. Whitehall, also a son-in-law to Mr. Stevens, with whom I had become acquainted at Elizabeth. They have all passed away except the children, who have grown up, settled down in life and are doing well. After Mr. Ward left there was no other preacher at that place until 1876, when we placed a Methodist preacher there, first, Rev. George Murray, and after that G. N. Gale.

MY BIRTHDAY.

Silver City at that time was a hard place. I

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spent two nights sleeping in the same big wagon. The big safe had been taken out so my bed was a little softer. There was a baile (dance) all night long each night, all kinds of singing, dancing, shooting, one man shot and I think he died afterwards. My birthday found me on the road for Las Cruces. On the night of the 16th, my birthday, camped with Rev. J. B. Salpoint from Tucson, Arizona. He was afterwards made Bishop and Archbishop and died a few years ago. The first Bishop after this wrote a book in which he says, When one had to make a journey in those days he would think of it for a long time before hand fearing that he might not come back to his home." The Archbishop had his servants, a spring wagon for his bedding and cooking and a buggy for himself. I was alone the most of the way back.

The 18th brought me back to Las Cruces where I was the guest of Col. Bennett, the editor, and held religious services at his house. The Colonel had once been a member of the Methodist Church at Redwing, Minnesota.

EL PASO, TEXAS.

Mr. Bennett was very kind. When he learned that I wanted to visit El Paso, he secured me a horse free of cost and I went down on horseback, leaving my ponies to rest up.

I had often heard it said that when the Indians were on the war-path it would not do to meet them unless you had enough men with you to get away



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with them, so as I was jogging along away down the road 20 or 30 miles below Las Cruces I spied a lot of Indians moving from the mountains down toward the road on which I was traveling and it looked as if their trail would reach my road in about a mile or two ahead. Of course I didn't want to go back, so I put spurs to the great gaunt, long-legged horse and thought I was gaining on the Indians, but all at once he stumbled and seemed a long time falling, but finally he reached the ground and I also considerable in advance of the awkward horse. My first thought, when I found I was not much hurt, was to be up in time to get back to him so that he wouldn't whirl and start back and leave me, but I reached him in time to get hold of the bridle reins in time to hold him. I then started again, in doubt as what I had better do, risk meeting the Indians or risk the clumsy horse. Suffice it to say I beat the Indians leaving them after a while out of sight. I found El Paso a small place at that time, not more than a few dozen houses. I preached the next day, Sunday, in the hotel parlor of Mrs. Roman to about 30 people, real good for the place. I had in the congregation two Episcopal clergymen. They assisted in the services. I then crossed the Rio Grande on the sand, for it was dry and preached at Juarez. I preached in the house of an American whose name was Wilson. He, his wife, their mother and several sons and a little daughter and a few sheep herders were present, about 15 I would

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think. So far as I know this was the first Methodist sermon ever preached in that place. The mother of Mr. Wilson was a Baptist. She said "that is the first sermon I have heard for a long time." She seemed delighted with the services. A year or so after that she died. It cost \$50.00 to bring the body from Mexico into the United States. What a privilege to preach the gospel to aged people when they are far from home and from the scenes of earlier days.

The next day Mr. Wilson accompanied me on horseback to Las Cruces. We traveled much of the way up to La Mesa in the river bed. Spent the night at La Mesa at the house of a German who treated us nicely. He had a room nearly full of water-melons, put up, he said, for winter use.

DONA ANA.

The next day, the 21st, journeyed on to Las Cruces, took dinner with my friend, the editor, Mr. Bennett. Wanted to pay for the use of the pony, but no pay would he accept. I then journeyed on to Dona Ana expecting to find some Protestants, but was frankly told that there was not a Protestant in all that town, so I journeyed on about 15 miles to Fort Selden, arriving there late at night, made the acquaintance of a few and next day went on to the edge of La Jornada del Muerto—the Journey of Death, where I found the old freighter and his family. They had finished up their visit at Silver City and were thus far on their return trip.

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The Journada del Muerto means the journey of death, so called because so many had lost their lives crossing it. It is about 90 miles across and for many years no water, but now there is, about half way across it, a fine, deep well.

MARTIN'S WELLS.

We camped at that place and became acquainted with the old soldier, Capt. Martin. He treated us nicely. Said he enjoyed himself out there if it was a lonely place. Said he had "no fears except from the Indians and no trouble except from his nearest neighbors' chickens." Said his nearest neighbor lived about 40 miles across the Rio Grande and the "Indians were always a little nearer than we want them."

PARAJE.

This is a small Mexican town at the north head of La Jornada and near the Rio Grande. Here I made the acquaintance of Lorenzo Sanches, who was at that time carrying the United States mail on horseback a long distance and dangerous, but he had a large family and that paid better at that time than anything else he could get to do so he ran the risk. I was well pleased with Don Lorenzo and his interesting family. They had never been members of the early Protestant Church, the Baptist or Methodist, but thought well of them. At that time denominationalism didn't count much. I took his name, that of his wife and all the children, as follows. A few of these were added afterwards: Lo-

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renze Sanchez, Juanita Sanchez, Leonides, Ricardo, Fidel, Daniel. Venita, Floripa, Melquesidec, Abel, Adiel, Ismael, Edita. I think some of the last named were born after that visit. I called them my little church on paper. I used to send them books.

Several years after that I found them away down the Rio Grande at old Santa Barbara. This was at one time a military post, a few miles up the Rio Grande above Hatch. It is all washed away now. It was a little late when we reached their house, but after a late supper Mrs. Juanita, Bro. Sanchez' wife, took me into a large bed-room where the boys were all soundly sleeping. She remembered the interest that I had taken in their boys and girl, passing along with the candle said, "Agui esta Deonides." Este es Richarddo, this is Richard, and so on, naming them all. When she came to one who was blind, she paused and said "Este es"—and cried, saying, "El pobresito esta ciego" that is to say, "The poor little fellow is blind." Quite a number of years after this I was at their house away over in Arizona on the Gila River. Bro. Sanchez had taken up government land over there. Some of the boys were married by this time and all had their ranches. We went out to their cemetery and held memorial services. The little blind boy had died. There were five graves in all. I led the way, putting flowers on the graves. Flowers were growing wild on many of them. Mrs. Sanchez followed. When she came to the grave of the little blind boy,

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she paused and while others wept, she put double the flowers on that.

FORT CRAIG.

Reached Fort Craig the next day. Thence on to San Marcial. There I was the guest of Don Blas Chaves. From him learned much about the early work, more particularly of the Baptists. He was a helper with the Rev. J. M. Shaw, also with Mr. Gorman. The work had all gone back. Bro. Blas came with me as far as Socorro.

At Socorro I was the guest of Rev. J. M. Shaw, one of the early Baptist preachers. At this place the District Court was in session. I there met for the first time Judge Johnson, Elkins, T. B. Catron and others.

PALOMAS.

Here I learned about Palomas and that there were some Protestants, or some whom Judge Shaw, who had also become a lawyer, thought would be Protestants if they had a chance. So I retraced my steps, leaving the buggy and one horse, borrowed a saddle and struck out for Palomas with one horse. I went via San Marcial, thence with a ranchero by the name of John Hamilton, thence to Placita. Fort McRae, thence across the Rio Grande and the Hot Springs and down about 16 miles to Palomas, where I spent the Sabbath. It was a long, hard, dangerous ride. I was the guest of Don Gregorio Chavez. I found it a pleasant family. We had a little prayer meeting Saturday night. Two per-

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sons prayed. Sunday I preached and organized a little class of eleven persons. The only hymn we could sing in Spanish was "Blow, Ye the Trumpet. Blow" "Tocad Trompeta Ya." While singing I noticed tears in the eyes of the old lady Barbarita. The names of the members were Gregorio Chavez, his wife, Sabina, his mother, Barbarita, Jose Chavez, Carpio Chavez, Carlota Apodaca de Chavez, Benigno Chavez, J. W. Ellis and wife, Victoria, Guadalupe Padilla and Filimona Chavez, all dead at this writing, except two, I think. Also organized Sunday school of 25 as given by the parents.

FORT McRAE.

On my return I passed the night at Fort McRae at the house of Capt. Farnsworth. I visited the cemetery and saw the graves of many who had been killed at different times by Indians, with the number was the grave of the wife of Capt. Phifer, killed by Indians, whose son we had with us in our Tiptonville school. None of themembers at Palomas had ever been Baptists except Mr. Gregorio's mother and Jose Chavez.

On my return I spent the night at Bro. Blas Chaves'. I found him very friendly and although he had been a helper in the early Baptist work he wanted me to organize our work at San Marcial and I did so. The members were Blas Chavez, Olimpia, his wife, Seferino Baca, Amado Telles Baca and a Sunday school of ten scholars. Seferino Baca was appointed superintendent. Bro. Blas



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Chavez wanted to be a preacher or at least a helper, but wanted too much money and we hadn't the money. These were all Baptists. It lacked adhesion or something and didn't hold out long.

SOCORRO AGAIN.

I reached Socorro again and passed my time with old Father Telles. He seemed almost overjoyed. He said he was first of all a Methodist, but when they withdrew he united with the Baptists. Now the Baptists have gone and the Methodist come back again he was going to join us and did and was made class leader and local preacher afterward by Rev. Matthieson.

I preached on the night of the 5th of November in the old Baptist chapel and organized with the following members: Santos Telles, his wife and daughter, Maria. They were all old, Father Telles almost a hundred; A. W. Hatter and wife, Diego Miranda Mr. Henry and Victoria Reed, Albina Miranda, Jose Miranda. Four of the above had been Baptists. All have passed away, Father Telles at 102.

ESCONDIDA.

At Escondida I found a few who had been Baptists. Jose Antonio Baca and wife. Also Antonio Maria and family at Cuba. These all united with us, but never lost their love for the Baptists. "Yo soy Bautista" "I am a Baptist" was a very favorite expression. Who could blame them? The recollection of their first love from Romanism to Pro-

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testantism was pleasant and it lingers long and deep with some of them as long as they lived.

PERALTA.

On the 9th I reached Peralta. Glad to meet Bro. Steele and his wife at their post. We held our quarterly meeting services with the Quarterly Conference. Had about 80 present, members of Sunday school 40, a grand time. Bro. and Sister Steele were happy in their work.

HOME.

I reached home in due time, found Mrs. Harwood and the school doing well. It had been a long, dangerous, responsible trip, but the Lord was with me all the way. While it was our intention to make the English speaking the basis of our work yet up to that time the Spanish was far more encouraging.

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## 1874

The year 1874 opened well. Rev. F. J. Tolby had reached his field from Morocco, Ind. His work is Cimarron and Elizabethtown and other adjacent places.

On my return from my long trip I found Rev. M. Matthieson at our home awaiting my arrival. I had been asking for help from my old conference, the West Wisconsin and through my Presiding Elder, Dr. Alford Brunson and recommended Bro. Matthieson.

THE BOARD AT NEW YORK.

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The Board at New York spoke of the New Mexico Mission as follows:

The field in New Mexico is a wide one and the hindrances to Christian labor are great, and yet we have favorable returns from our last report. During the year members have been received, churches have been built and dedicated and the entire field has been most fully occupied. The obstacles to be overcome, and the present conditions of the work are clearly set forth by our Superintendent, Rev. Thomas Harwood.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORT OF 1874.

We find our work is hard, and we are not making the progress we desire to make; but God is with us and we are not discouraged.

1—The great majority of our people are Mexicans and have never known of any other than the Roman Catholic religion.

2—The country has been stirred from center to circumference by the recruits to the priesthood of banished Jesuits from other countries. They come in flocks like blackbirds to a corn field, twenty-five or more can be seen in a single village.

3—The Americans are few, and as a rule they are here to make money; and to accomplish that object they must keep the good will of the country and thus secure their influence and trade. The most effectual way to do this is to court the favor of the priests and the leading Roman Catholic people. Hence commenting on one hand and snubbing on

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the other is common. So that our cause is thus often wounded in the house of its friends. Judas was not the only one who for "thirty pieces of silver" betrayed his Master with a kiss."

4—Another reason for the slowness of our work we have no railroad steam whistles to break the silence of a slumbering people. As an auxiliary to successful missionary labor our highest hopes are in the education of the children.

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NEW MEXICO CORRESPONDENCE.

It is not very pleasant to be snowed in up here in the mountains at Elizabeth City, 10,000 feet above the waters of the Atlantic. It is a grand sight, however, and makes one feel poetic to stand in the valley and look around upon the dizzy heights, hill tops and mountains that so proudly surround this mining village. But to-day these grand old hill tops are hid from our view by the whirling snow drifts, except now and then the clouds break away and we see "Old Baldy's" snow-crowned head 4,000 feet above us. I reached this place on the evening of New Year's day; and, soon after arriving, performed in our new church the beautiful ceremony of a double wedding. The generous bridegrooms, desiring to replenish an itinerant's empty pocket-book, pushed into his fingers fifty dollars. While the wedding parties were retiring the congregation remained and sang with a will "Happy Day," and then rejoined the parties for congratulations at the

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house of the parents of one of the brides, and then—well I wonder if they danced after the “marriage at Cana of Galilee.” I came via Cimarron, where I met Bro. Tolby and family, just from Morocco, Indiana. He was transferred to this field by Bishop Simpson, and will have the honor of serving the people at Cimarron, called the *gateway* in New Mexico, also at Elizabeth City and vicinity. This gateway for immigration, like the happy gates of gospel grace, stands open night and day. We expect many immigrants to enter this gateway into New Mexico during the coming season, and hope and pray for some entrance through the happy gates of gospel grace into a higher and better way of life. I am the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hollenbeck, a well-known family in this part of New Mexico, and, being of Methodist descent, know well how to entertain a Methodist minister. That is, drive ahead with business as if no one was there. How different this village from what it was four years ago. Then bustle, confusion, drunkenness, quarrelling, fighting, shooting, killing was the order of the day. Now it is as peaceable as many Eastern villages. Then meals could be had at a few little eating houses at extravagant prices, but “no room at the inn” for a weary itinerant, except a rough, cold, dirty bed on the unclean floor. But now, thanks to many friends for kind invitations to be their guest. Then life and property were unsafe. The roads were infested with thieves, robbers and

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cut-throats. The writer's life, with many others, was once threatened coming into this village, though advised not to come. Passing some of the hell holes, where the devil's best friends had gathered to drink the "beverage of hell," I heard not a few unpleasant words, which are not lawful for man to utter. That he was not molested, his thanks are due to a kind Providence and a Colt's revolver. Now all is quiet. I have recently returned from a missionary tour of 1,400 miles, in which I visited nearly all the principal places in the territory. I went via Las Vegas, Tecolote, San Jose, to Santa Fe, where I spent the Sabbath. I preached at the Presbyterian Church for the pastor, Rev. Mr. Hughes. Bro. Hughes was a sweet spirited man, but in poor health, and has since gone to his eternal rest. Leaving Santa Fe, I went to Las Cruces and Mesilla, on the Rio Grande, via Fort Stanton, preached several times on the way, once at evening tide, standing on the "house-top." Thence to Silver City, in the southwest part of the Territory, where I spent the Sabbath, and preached twice to good audiences of American people. Made the acquaintance of Bro. Ward, Presbyterian minister, and a goodly number of friends and acquaintances from this place. This is at present the largest American town in New Mexico. Returned to Las Cruces via Fort Bayard, Hot Springs and Fort Cummings, and went to El Paso in Old Mexico via Fort Fillmore and El Paso City, Texas; spent the Sabbath and preached



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at each of these places ; said to be the first Protestant sermon ever preached in Juarez. At El Paso City met with Rev. Mr. Fays, Episcopal minister of that place, and Rev. Dr. Barstow, of the same denomination, from Mesilla. They treated me kindly, and assisted me in the morning services. From El Paso returned up the Rio Grande to Las Cruces. Thence to Socorro, via Fort Selden, Paraje, Fort Craig, San Marcial, San Antonio, holding services in English and Spanish at several places on the way. From Socorro returned down the river to Palomas via Fort McRae, where I spent a pleasant Sabbath. Held three services, and organized a Mexican class of eleven persons, and a Sunday school of twenty-five scholars. Of the eleven in the society one is an American, a fine scholar, and, if faithful, will be a light to these dark, benighted people. They want an American preacher and school. Came thence back to San Marcial, and organized a class of five and a Sunday school of ten. One of the members of this class is a native of considerable promise, good education, and wants to aid us in our mission work: will be employed if the Board can furnish the means. Came to Socorro and organized a class of ten and Sunday school of fifteen. Bro. Matthieson, transferred from the West Wisconsin Conference, takes charge of this work. Having spent some years in South America, where he acquired some knowledge of the Spanish language, he will soon

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be able to preach to these people in their own dialect. I am hopeful of this work, and shall look for good results from this place through the labors of Brother and Sister M., for let it be remembered that the wives of our missionaries in this country are co-workers together with their husbands, in the co-equal work of the schools and Church. For to my mind it is just as evident as sunlight in day time that with the native of this country we must educate in order to Christianize. And let it be said to the honor of our missionaries' wives in New Mexico, laboring silently in the day schools and Sunday schools and elsewhere, unpaid and unnoticed by the Church at home, that theirs is a noble work, and well are they performing it. I came thence to Peralta, where Brother and Sister Steele have been laboring in church and school since February last. Truly their labors have not been in vain. They, with the aid of their helper, Bro. Gonzales, have added fifteen to their membership, making sixty members and probationers. All are natives. They have a Sunday school of forty scholars. The Lord was with us on the Sabbath. Upward of sixty it is thought communed; it seemed to me a time of great consecration to God. Bro. Steele is making rapid progress in the Spanish language. Sister Steele was sick and unable to be at Church. Never did I see people more attentive to the sick than these simple-hearted natives were to her. Never did I see

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a missionary and his wife more beloved than these seemed to be. Their influence upon the moral and social elements of these people, to say nothing of their success religiously, is simply wonderful. Their greatest need is a parsonage and church building. To erect houses of worship is important everywhere, but especially is it so with the natives of this country. The Catholics have a church in almost every village in the Territory. We, also, must have churches, or we shall fail to hold in the proper sense the children of our Protstant people. These people have a great reverence for church buildings. I have seen them often take off their hats when passing a house of worship. With such a people it can easily be seen that churches are an important necessity, or we fail to impress them with the superiority and permanency of Protestantism. The year 1874 opens with encouraging features. A year ago I was alone in this great field. Now we have four American missionaries, and **they** are I believe the right men in the right places. We have a few helpers, and others ready to forsake all and devote themselves to the exclusive work of the ministry. If the Church at home could see this work as we see it, and feel its importance as we feel it, the means would be furnished heartily to push the work vigorously. A year ago we had a membership of seventy, now we have one hundred and twelve, an even hundred of these are Mexicans. Then we had

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four Sunday schools with 110 scholars. Now we have seven Sunday schools with 160 scholars. We move slowly, but thank God, we move, and I believe, surely.

THOMAS HARWOOD,

Supt. N. M. Mission.

Elizabeth City, New Mexico, Jan. 2, 1874.

FROM NEW MEXICO.

BY REV. THOMAS HARWOOD.

Rayado, N. M., Jan. 10, 1874.—I am tired to-night and hungry, too; and provoked to hear the landlord say, "No supper till the stage comes," and to hear another say, "The stage won't be in till ten o'clock." I should go to bed at once, but who could sleep with all this racket! and besides that, it isn't very pleasant to go to bed without supper after a horseback ride of forty miles. To pass the time, I would write a little, but saddle-bags were stolen, and I have no way of carrying stationery; but here comes the landlord—perhaps he can furnish it. Paper, pen, and ink are furnished, and here I sit on a three-legged stool, dirt floor, back by the window, which, by the way, is my writing desk.

One of our bishops writing from St. Paul, Minn., calls it the "Tip-top of his Parish." Then making a few whirls in his ecclesiastical duties, writes again from Mexico City, calling it the "Bottom of his Parish." The writer might perhaps with some de-

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gree of propriety call the place from which he is now writing, "A Way-Side Station" of his parish. My parish is not like the Bishop's "Tip-top," all astir with swarming multitudes of American people, but quite like the Bottom of his Parish—sluggish, inactive, dead. Not like the "Tip-top" of his with respect to vastness of magnitude, but quite like the "Bottom" with respect to the character, habits and appearance of the people. His are Mexican people; so are mine. His speak the Spanish language; so do mine—perverted Spanish, but not the pure Castilian. His are Jesuistic Roman Catholics; so are mine. His are descendants of the earlier emigrants from Old Spain, blighted with Romish superstitions of the long night of the dark ages; so are mine. They had the name and brought with them the symbols of Christianity, tore down the heathen idols of the country and planted in their stead the cross, and called themselves Christian conquerors. A noble conquest indeed if their religion had had as much of the spirit and power of Christianity as it had of the form. It lacked the power and there was no development, and the Mexican people today are far in the rear of other Christian nations.

Where are their discoveries? Where are their inventions? Where is their literature? Where are their professional men? Has Mexico none of these?

Why? Her religion has fettered the intellect. O

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when will these “dry bones” of this great “valley” of spiritual death begin to shake and show signs of returning life?

This little Mexican town, Rayado, is situated on a small mountain stream of the same name. The word is from rayar, and signifies a ray, or beaming light. This definition agrees well with the light, sparkling appearance of the stream, but not to the appearance of the plazita (little town). I stopped in a little house in this town once last summer during a terrible thunder-storm. By the way, I am quite nervous in a thunder-storm, since the lightning struck my buggy two summers ago and hurt me so. The old Catholic Mexican lady, I presume, saw that I was afraid, and that seemed to scare them and she took down from the wall one of her saints, and told a little boy to hold it at the door. While it was being held, and after the thunders had ceased a little, I inquired why they held that thing at the door? The lady said it was San Isidro—and that “he would keep the lightning out of the house.” I asked whether he would keep the lightning from me? “O yes,” said she. I told her that I was a Protestant preacher. “No esta-bueno” (no good), she said; “it won’t help you unless you pay two dollars.” “Paga-me dos pesos” (pay me two dollars), said she. The bell just rang for supper. I had almost forgotten that I was hungry.

The stage has come and we have just had supper.



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I am glad I made no complaint about a late supper, for I heard the landlady say that she was "tired almost to death; that she had to do about all of her work herself; that her feet were then blistered and worn out walking." She is the only American woman in the place. Mexican women for house-help are of not much account. Many of them can't cook to suit Americans, up to the present however they have greatly improved. She, like most American women in this country, has to do her own work. I am sorry that so many of the American women in this country have to work so hard. I heard a sixty-year-old lady the other day say, that she "did her own house-work, and milked nineteen cows."

I came to Ciruelita yesterday, twenty miles from La Junta, my home. We are building a church there. Have ten Mexican members. I would like them pretty well if they would quit eating on the floor. They set my breakfast on a table. Bro. Jose. Benito and I sat at the table to eat, but the women and children sat down in the dirt on the floor, and seemed to relish their breakfast as well as we did, if they were surrounded with hungry dogs and naked children.

The little class are pleased with the idea of having a church, and subscribed very liberally, which, with three hundred dollars promised aid from the Board of Church Extension, will build them a very neat

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little church. The name of this town is from Ciruela, a plum tree—Ciruelita, a little plum-tree, or orchard. It takes its name from a beautiful little orchard of plum-trees near the town, perhaps a thousand trees in all, and ought to bear, I would think, a hundred bushels of plums. These poor deluded people have dedicated this orchard to one of their saints. They detail a man to take care of it; he is to keep the birds and people out of it, and gather and sell the fruit, and buy materials for a big feast to be made in honor of one of their great saints. But alas! for the saint no feast has been made, because no fruit has grown. Alas! for that once beautiful orchard, though watched and guarded for four years, is dying and nearly dead compared with its former beauty and thriftiness. But supper is pretty well digested and I must retire, for I have forty-two miles to ride to-morrow to reach Elizabeth City, where I preach the next day. Buenas noches (Good-night)!

Buenos dias (good morning)! I can sympathize with Bishop Haven in one of his efforts in Old Mexico to gather a congregation, where he spent the forenoon in trying to get the people to gather for worship and failed; resumed his efforts in the afternoon, and succeeded in getting a congregation of seven, including two preachers, and preached to them. That incident encouraged me. It reminded me of my first trip around my circuit in this country. I summed up and found that I had traveled

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about four hundred miles, had preached eleven times, and had at all the appointments sixty-eight hearers, which was an average of about six hearers to a sermon. Now I thought when I read the incident of the Bishop's preaching to seven persons and spending one whole day, that I could well afford to spend two weeks to preach to sixty-eight, which was nearly five per day.

It reminded me also of another incident which occurred not a great while ago, and which I sometimes call my "Sabbath-day's journey." My appointment was out. Went into the neighborhood, twenty-four miles from home, Saturday. Started early Sunday morning, informing the Mexicans, as I passed through the different country plazitas, that there will be Protestant services at the house of Mr. A, at ten o'clock to-day. Nearly all said they would go. Ten o'clock arrived. No one had come. Waited an hour, and still no one had come. By this time, however, the landlord was drunk, and was doing most of the preaching, or talking rather, and I was a most unwilling hearer. Soon dinner was called, and we were about half through eating when the old gentleman bethought himself, and must have the blessing asked. He boasted of being an Episcopalian, and his good lady a Catholic. Dinner finished, I hastened up the canon to a plazita where lived a Mexican man who had told me "he was a Protestant." I was quite uneasy, for I had thirty miles to go to reach home, and feared that my Sab-

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bath would be a lost day. I rode up in the midst of barking dogs and gaping children, went in, and there sat my Protestant man and his great, fat, squaw-looking lady. He had told me before he was Protestant, but now, before his wife, denies the faith. She soon went out, and he said, "Si señor, yo soy un Protestante" (Yes sir, I am a Protestant). I asked him why he told me he was not a Protestant. He said "he was afraid to own it before his wife;" which, by the way, is no uncommon thing. The women are wonderfully attached to their church.

Soon the lady and several of the neighbors and the children came in, numbering, I would think, twenty or twenty-five. I took out a written sermon in Spanish, and told them it was one that I had prepared, and would like to read it to them; the lady spoke up quickly and said, "No quiero, no quiero" (I don't want it, I don't want it). Said I, "Porque, senora? es buen sermon." (Why, madam, it is a good sermon). "Yo no quiero, yo no quiero," she continued.

In the course of about half an hour, and after the third effort, she said, "esta bueno" (all right). And at the close of the reading, she with several others, said, "esta bueno." I then gave each one a tract, which was received with their usual expression of thanks, "mil gracias" (a thousand thanks). A ride of thirty miles and thus ended the "Sabbath day's journey." The itinerant sat down at his own

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quiet home, and might have sung:

"Be it ever so humble,

There is no place like home."

The scenes of the day, such as oxen yoked without bowes in the yokes, the old Egyptian plows, such as Dr. Nevans describes in his Biblical Antiquities, men riding and driving burros (donkeys) laded with merchandise, little boys out herding sheep, goats, and cattle, etc., led one to wonder if he is not back in the Mosaic dispensation. I said I could sympathize with Bishop Haven. So I can; but can sympathize with Dr. Butler and others who are with him more. The Bishop made a flying trip and was soon out of it, and back into civilization, but the Doctor, Bro. Carter, and others, must "break up the fallow ground" and cultivate the sterile soil—live and perhaps *die* in that far off field. But God will be with us.

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FROM LA BAJADA, NEW MEXICO.

A few lines sketched by the wayside of a Missionary tour in this far-off field, may not be without interest to some of your many readers. It is said "there is not much in a name," but the Mexican names of the towns of our Territory are so significant that they at once suggest some striking feature of the place amounting, in some instances, to a very clear suggestion of the place. For instance, the above named place, where I am now writing, literally signifies *the go down*.

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The *name* would at once suggest to the mind of a Mexican the character of the place. An American, leaving Santa Fe, as I did yesterday, winding through narrow, crowded, filthy streets, passing on either side, tottering houses and crumbling adobe walls, crossing acequias, Santa Fe Creek, grain fields, and thence out on the plains, covered with cactus of various varieties, stunted pines and cedars, crossing arroyos (dry bed of a stream), mesas (table lands), no house for fifteen miles, and now looking down from his dizzy heights upon a valley below, naturally asks, "What place is that?" But he starts down, winding his way around points of projecting iron ore, beds of iron, mal pais, old gray sandstone, and finally reaches the foot of the hill and the little town and enquires, What place is this? and is told it is La Bajada, and means The Go-down. He will never forget it. His mile or mile and a half of downward windings along deep ravines, canons and precipices will so impress his mind that the name La Bajada will at once suggest the idea of the "go down."

I left home (La Junta) last Thursday, came via Las Vegas, Tecolote, San Jose, Old Pecos church, Apache Canon to Santa Fe, where I spent the Sabbath. From La Junta (the junction), so called because two rivers form a junction at that place, we pass over a sloping hill called the divide. It divides the waters flowing eastward into the Mississippi from those flowing westward and southward into



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the Pecos and thence into the Rio Grande. One would hardly expect to find a lake on this divide, yet such is the reversed order of things in this country that we look for lakes, marshes and streams in the Mountains and dry lands on the Plains. Why is this? Because the waters are lost by evaporation and sinkage before they reach far out on the plains. At least this is the case with many of the streams. On the sides and at the foot of the Rocky Mountains, sloping eastward on the plains, may be seen many arroyos, some of which will have considerable water during a portion of the year, but a few miles down it will entirely disappear. Even the Rio Grande, down at El Paso, was perfectly dry last October, when I was down, but higher up, at Mesilla, Socorro, and Albuquerque there was an abundance of water.

Las Vegas (the meadows) is beautifully situated on the side of the mountain that rises to the west, and on a small river called Las Gallinas (the turkeys). It claims a population of some 3,000 souls, mostly Mexicans; perhaps, however, 60 or 70 Americans. The Presbyterians have a mission and school here under the supervision of Rev. Mr. Annin. It was established some four years ago and has cost the Church already about \$16,000. Two miles from Las Vegas, on the old military road, we reach the Puertocito canon (the little door opening), where was perhaps once the outlet of some lake or river. About two miles farther, through pines and cedars,

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is another gorge where may be seen rising in horizontal strata the old red sandstone more than a thousand feet above us. A few miles brought me to Tecolote (owl). This is a small Mexican town where once was started a Protestant school, but was soon broken up by priestly threats of excommunication from the "dark-aged church" to those who send their children. Here I passed the night at the house of an Israelite, with which this country is greatly blessed, if it be a blessing to have with us the great-grandsons of those who killed Christ. But the Jew is not the only one in New Mexico who would kill the Savior. We have Americans, from under the parental roof of prayer, "who crucify the Son of God afresh and put him to an open shame."

Fifteen miles further we reach San Jose. This is a small Mexican town, situated on the Pecos river. The river was high, owing to the rapid melting of the snow in the mountains, and could only be crossed on the bridge. It was a windy day, and a fearful gale was sweeping across the bridge when I was crossing. I saw a portion of a fence lifted in the air and blown toward the bridge, which scared the horse and caused a slight stampede, and I feared for a moment that horse, buggy and driver would be blown into the river. I afterward noticed the few panels of fence floating down the river, and no harm was done save the loss of the fence and a wide gap made into a fine wheat field. On arriving in Santa Fe was told by the officer of the Signal Ser-

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vice that the velocity of the wind of said day was fifty miles per hour, bearing northeastward, and fears were expressed that great damage was done on the plains and lakes.

Reached Oskloski's Ranch and was the guest for the night of a Pole who came to this country when a boy, served many years in the U. S. army, was discharged and settled years ago in this valley near the ruins of the old Pecos Pueblo, and has around him his wife, children, flocks, herds and lands. This was once a large Indian Pueblo or town occupied by the Pecos Indians. They became reduced in numbers and were removed a few years ago to the Pueblo at Jemez, west of the Rio Grande. The old Pecos church, the only prominent relic left of this once prosperous place, and of which nearly all travelers in this country had something to say, is a great curiosity. As to its age, there may be much exaggeration, but as to its size, style and a part of its mechanism, its shattered remains speak for themselves. Its thick adobe walls, towers, galleries, cornice of curious carved wood, its ornamented beams and brackets, etc., are remarkable. The carving was probably done with knives or coarse tools made for the purpose. The work was by no means fine, but shows labor, patience and considerable skill. A few years ago the roof fell in, and the windows and doors are all out. This old relic, like the old men of the country, must soon pass away. As to the antiquity of this old building a few more

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words may not be out of order. The Catholics claim that it was built by them, and perhaps by the Franciscans, and is not much older than the Cathedral at Santa Fe. This would make the Pecos church about 300 years old. The Indians themselves, however, claim a much greater antiquity for this building than the above would make. My Poland host told me that an old Mexican recently died at the age of about 100 years. He said that when he was a boy the old church was there and looked very old. I once inquired of one of the Indians of the San Domingo Pueblo on the Rio Grande concerning this matter. He said he used to know the Indians of the Pecos Pueblo as well as he knew the fingers on his right hand. He said he was 70 years old, and when he was a small boy that house was there and looked to be very old, and that his grandfather told him that it was there when he was a boy.

What an interest clusters around the Pueblos of this country! These Pueblos or village Indians were found living in villages when the Spaniards first came up to form settlements under Juan de Onate in the year 1595. It is claimed that Santa Fe was commenced in that year, but it is believed by historians and confirmed by tradition that an Indian Pueblo existed at that place when the Spaniards first came.

But I must hurry on to Santa Fe. The wind of yesterday brought a terrible snow storm and reverses the order of the poet who says, "December's

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as pleasant as May,' and makes May as unpleasant as December. But we drive on, facing for two hours a May snowstorm that neither Wisconsin nor Minnesota could beat in Winter time, passing Pigeon Ranch, Apache Canon, but can't stop to tell of the inglorious defeat at Pigeon's Ranch in 1862 of General Sibley and his 1,600 Rebels by the 1st Colorado Regiment and a few regulars under Brig. Gen. Slough.

The snow clouds break away, and as we descend the western slopes of the mountain out from under the tall pines and cedars, we have a beautiful view of the Rio Grande Valley. Santa Fe is reached, where we spend the Sabbath. Intended to preach twice in the Old Presbyterian Church, but spent the forenoon looking for the key to unlock the door, and the afternoon looking for some other place for worship, and that left us the evening only, which we occupied in trying to preach to a congregation of sixteen persons in the army chapel. This old town, noted for age and homeliness, still squats in her filth and the people in their sins. She may have a brighter day, but it must be when the dim candle-light of her Romish altars shall be removed and the bright sun of Protestant Christianity shall arise. Just as the most of this letter has been written, and poorly written, too, by the dim light of a candle at the foot of this great hill (La Bajada), while at the same time the sun has been pouring his light upon its brow for some time, and I knew it not, so low am



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I—so this people are struggling by the faint light of Romish altars while the sun of a purer Christianity is shining above them. But as the rays of light come breaking through my window and eclipsing the faint light of my candle, and I have displaced it from my table, so will the light of the Protestant religion soon shine upon the hearts of the people of New Mexico, and the faint light of Romanism will disappear.

THOS. HARWOOD.

May 12, 1874.

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NEW MEXICO CORRESPONDENCE.

Since writing to you from La Bajada, the go down, I have visited our missions at Peralta, Socorro on the Rio Grande and thence returned, and visited Cimarron. These missions are prospering under the efficient labors of Bros. Steele, Matthieson and Tolby.

Capt. Campbell, who was with me from Santa Fe, is familiar with all this country. Came as a soldier fifteen years ago. Was a soldier and officer under Kit Carson, Gen. Canby and others, and is very familiar with incidents and facts of the war history of New Mexico, both with Indians and rebels. His knowledge of places and facts connected with them make him an interesting traveling companion.

From LaBajada we came down the fertile Rio Grande Valley passing the old Indian Pueblos of Santo Domingo, San Felipe, Sandia and Isleta;



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also via the Mexican villages of Algodones, Bernalillo, Alameda, Albuquerque, thence to Peralta, where we spent a pleasant Sabbath with Bro. Steele.

The crops, vegetables and fruits, thus far down the Rio Grande, look well. Great destruction of property was feared from the overflows of this Nile of the West, owing to the melting snows in the mountains. The farms and orchards of these Indians, in appearance, average a little better than those of their Mexican neighbors. What a history they must have, if it had only been written, but the stream has rolled too rapidly and long for historians to gather up much now of the past except from tradition and conjecture, and these are contradictory and uncertain.

We intended to cross the river at Albuquerque and go down to Socorro, spend the following Sabbath and return, via Peralta. But the high water, high winds and a drunken ferryman deterred us from attempting to cross. We hurried to the lower crossing, but the same high water and still higher winds prevented our crossing. We then hastened down the river for a certain place where we expected to stop, but missed the house; night overtook us, roads were flooded and washed out in many places, and we reined up to a place which proved to be a Mexican sheep ranch. The late supper, consisting of coffee, tortillas (a kind of Mexican cake), and mutton ribs, though not as relishable as we desired, was

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not a failure, but the sleep, on a hard bed, annoyed with hungry bedbugs within, and bleating sheep without, was a failure. The morning dawn, breaking over Manzano (apple tree) Mountains on the east and lighting up the snow-capped Sierra Zuni on the west, the Sierra Madre on the south, and the little Sandia (water-melon) on the north, scattering the darkness from the valley and revealing to us again the out-spreading waters of the Rio Grande, was a welcome visitor. Prince Edward is off for Peralta, measuring off about three miles of Rio Grande sand per hour, which makes us wish we had railroads. The river is rising, banks overflowing, roads being washed away, difficult traveling; but we reach Peralta, warmly received, and soon, with wolfish hunger, sat down to the missionary's table, spread with eatables, prepared, thank heaven, by an American lady, Mrs. Steele.

Spent three days in Peralta. Attended the wedding of Senor Don Salvador Gonzales and Senorita Flora Chaves, both Protestants. The gentleman is a son of our helper in the missionary work. Reverendo Ambrozio Gonsales. It certainly was, in many respects, a grand affair. Captain Campbell, who is a Catholic, and has witnessed many imposing wedding ceremonies in that Church, has traveled in the Northern, Southern and Western states, and in the West India Islands and in Europe, pronounces it the finest wedding he ever attended. In some respects it must have surpassed

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the late White House Wedding. The number in attendance is estimated at three hundred souls, consisting of Reverendos, alcaldes, abogados, pueblos, hombres ricos and hombres pobres (rich men and poor men.) mugeres y ninos (women and children).

Spent the whole day, had dinner and supper. Sermon and then the beautiful and impressive ceremonies in Spanish by our missionary, Brother Steele. The object seemed to be to remove the false impressions made by the priests that a Protestant marriage is a cold, infidel affair, amounting to nothing.

The following day, Sabbath, was one of the good days in the Sunday school and in the public services, and Sunday night, at family worship with our devoted missionary and his wife, Brother and Sister Steele, our friend Campbell embraced religion. He was very happy, sang, prayed and talked. On the balance of the route to Socorro and return he was ready at any time to sing, pray or speak in English or Spanish. Came up with me and united with the Church. The Lord help him to swing out clear from Romish superstitions and be a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

This Peralta Mission is doing well under the faithful labors of Brother and Sister Steele. They are greatly loved by their people. But their hands are tied for want of a suitable place for worship, Sunday schools, day schools and even a house to live in. We find it highly necessary to open a day

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school for our Protestant children in this country in all our missions except where there is already a Protestant school. We can not afford in the bright afternoon of the Nineteenth century, with the precedents of the past and the light of Europe shining upon us, to fill Catholic schools with Protestant children. Our cattle growers in this country are careful not to sell or lose their younger stock, otherwise their herds would diminish. We ought to be as wise as they. We must have our day schools, and glad are we that the wives of most of our missionaries in New Mexico are able and willing and do take charge of this very essential part of our missionary work. But here at Peralta, the number is too great for the small, inconvenient house they have, or any that they could get, unless they were furnished with means to build or buy.

The Missionary and Church Extension Societies would gladly aid them, but such have been the urgent appeals from other places, that so far it has been impossible for those strained and straining treasuries to aid them. Oh for the faith of a Muller, or the money purse of a Vanderbilt and Astor, or a Stuart. But we seem to be doomed to weak faith and moneyless purses. If our good people at home could only realize our great anxieties to do good and our inability to do it, for lack of means, they would never again break the dollar for its half or its quarter to throw into the Missionary or Church Extension collections, but they

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would throw it all in. Fives, and tens, and hundreds would take the place of quarters, halves, and ones, and our church would swell her contributions a hundred-fold.

Tuesday morning we set out for Socorro, passing Valencia, Tome to Tres Alamos where we crossed the river to Belen. The river is high, still rising, crops flooded, current rapid, and crossing dangerous. The ferrymen can't manage the large boat, and bring up the small one. The buggy is set on and the horse must swim. Prince Edward don't like the plan. He has no confidence in a Mexican boatman, rebels, submits, plunges in, strikes the current, all go dashing down, boat on the horse, breaks his rope, swims ashore. He runs and jumps, looks around to see the boat; it is dashing down the current with passengers, ferrymen and all, but he did not seem to care much, lies down and rolls, is up and galloping off toward home. The boat is brought ashore. I hasten for the horse, find him grazing with a herd of others a long way off. He sees me and comes to meet me—poor fellow. His goodness makes me like him. He comes back willingly, but trembles as he plunges again into the water. He strikes the rapid current of cold melted snow from the mountains. He swims nobly, but grunts and groans as if in the agonies of death. He recognizes my voice from any other, and seems to be calmed at my speech. How I pity him. But those lazy ferrymen, what are they about! They

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have laid down their oars to let the horse swim and draw the boat after him. But, thank God, we are safe across, and those squalid, filthy ferrymen must have double pay, because the current swept the boat down and they had to work longer to cross. But noble, faithful horse, if your master was as faithful to his Master as you have been to yours, surely he he would expect a reward in this and in the world to come. You shall have a reward of good feed and kind treatment.

Dear Reader, I have kept you too long, but must now leave you on the west bank of the Rio Grande. It is not a pleasant place to leave one, but it may suggest some profitable reflections about that great river, upon whose banks many of us have stood and bid adieu to departing friends, and into whose chilling floods we soon must enter. But amid those surging billows, the Master will speak, and happy will he be, who can recognize that voice.

THOS. HARWOOD.

La Junta, New Mexico, July 1, 1874.

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NEW MEXICO CORRESPONDENCE.

In my last I left the reader on the west bank of the Rio Grande, near Belen. If he will rejoin me at that place, we will soon finish up this laborious but interesting tour.

From Belen we passed down the Rio Grande valley, crossing wheat, oat and corn fields, passing orchards of apples, peaches and grapes, via Sa-



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final, Rio Puerco, La Joya, and Alamillo. At Alamillo we left the river in company with Gen. A. G. Smith, U. S. Revenue Colector, for the lead mines up in the Magdalena Mountains, where we spent a pleasant day and preached at night to an intelligent and appreciative American audience. Found Gen. Smith an agreeable traveling companion. He takes no strong drinks, plays no games, thinks the U. S. Government and the Protestant religion not perfect, but better than any others this side of heaven. Says his father was a Methodist preacher, in the Baltimore Conference, in the early days of Methodism. From these Mountains down to Socorro is a pleasant down grade drive of 25 miles. Spent the Sabbath at Socorro with our good missionary, Bro. Matthieson and family. They are doing a good work at this place. This is one of the most prominent towns on the river. Only a very few Americans live here. Bro. M. has a Sunday school, a day school and Church organization.

Early Monday morning we were facing homeward. Passing Escondida, Limitar, and various other Mexican River towns, looking for a place to cross. The river was higher than ever and but few ferry boats were running. Passed the night at or near Rio Puerco, where we crossed the Rio Grande next morning. From the river we came eastward, ascending a gradual slope for some 25 miles to the divide between the Manzano (apple tree) Mountains and the Organ Mountains. Here we

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make a short camp and as we will soon lose sight of this great river and valley it might be profitable to take a kind of reflective view of the surroundings. The broad, winding, overflowed Rio Grande, many miles away to the north and to the south may yet be seen. The old Spaniards called it the Rio del Norte and the Rio Grande del Norte, that is the River of the North and the Great River of the North, and also the Rio Bravo, that is the Brave or Mad River. These names are all very appropriate. The first when it is low, second when it has a moderate quantity of water and Mad River when the waters come dashing down as they do now. This river is really the Nile of America, it has quite a resemblance to the Nile of Africa. Its annual rise occurs about the last of May or first of June, and is occasioned by the melting snows in the mountains. The waters of this river are like the Nile of Africa, exceedingly turbid at high water, and it is thought by some that nearly one-fifth of its bulk is sediment. Each irrigation is consequently a good coat of manure, enriching the soil. This is the reason why lands on the Rio Grande that have been cultivated for nearly three hundred years are still rich. This river is 1,800 miles in length, has but few tributaries, and for this reason is more apt to go dry near its mouth than near its sources. The stream, like many of the people living on it, is very treacherous, often changing its bed. That little town in the curve of the river yonder, called Sa-

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final, was nearly destroyed in 1867. Near the center of the river stands the remains of the old Catholic church. Near the same point the finest residences had been reared, all of which, with orchards, gardens, wheat-fields, vineyards, etc., were swept off by the June rise. Away on the north are the Placer and Sandia (water-melon) mountains, in the west Sierra Madre and Magdalena, in the south Fra Cristobal and the Organ, and around about, above and beneath me the Manzanos. From this divide your range of vision takes in about 10,000,000 acres of land, one seventh of the entire Territory. Over a half million of this is probably irrigable land in the Rio Grande valley. Almost every acre of this ten millions is available, as farm lands, grazing and timber. Within the limits of this range live a population of some 40,000 people, mostly Mexicans.

When the railroad, the forerunner of a higher civilization, shall come, bringing American men, women and children to people this country; and when the old Egyptian farm implements and modes shall give place to modern skill and improvements, and when the debris of the dark ages shall be rolled from the minds of the people, and give place to a higher civilization, education, and a better form of religion, then shall this land "rejoice and blossom as the rose."

But we must hurry over these mountains to Abo Pueblo. We are there. Stop with a Mexican. A

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kid is killed for supper. It cried like a pitiful child. Hungry, but can't eat the innocent thing. This was an old Indian Pueblo. There stand the walls of an old Church or Hall; no one remembers when it was occupied. We passed on through pine and cedar timber of 12 miles to Chato, where we found a few Protestants and held services. Capt. Campbell did good service also in Spanish. We passed Manzano or apple village, thence on to Tajique, where we passed the night with a Mexican. The fare was tortilla and coffee for supper, and mush, made of blue cornmeal, and coffee for breakfast. A journey now of 70 miles between houses and nearly that distance between water. All day and all night we must drive over what is called the Jornada. But who can travel that distance on an empty stomach? so we must look around and find something to cook. The town is searched to find some flour, but in vain. No flour in a town of three hundred inhabitants! Why what do you live on? "Yo no se." (I don't know). At length the captain found some, and we had a few cakes baked, and some eggs boiled—paid the bill \$4, and set on our *Jornada*, (journey). Traveled all day and all night, except the camps we made for the pony to feed and rest. At about day-break in the morning the waters sparkled in the distance, which gave animation to both man and beast.

We reached home the next Saturday, and spent the Sabbath with our own dear people, and might

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have sung,

“Home, home, sweet, sweet home.”

Glad to say that all our missionaries, except one, are doing well. We have at present four American missionaries and four helpers. The Lord is with us.

THOS. HARWOOD.

Las Junta, N. M., July 16, 1874.

P. S.—After spending the second Sunday at home, I went up to Cimarron and found our good Bro. Tolby at his post like a man of God. He has a good Sunday school, and a membership of a few persons.

The Indians have just made a terrible raid near Cimarron, and in the same county. It is reported they killed upward of 20 people near there and at the Dry Cimarron ran off a vast amount of stock.

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“La Junta, N. M., July 27, 1874.

*Rev. and Dear Bro. Merritt.*—DEAR SIR: We had joyfully anticipated being at your conference; but ‘Lo, the poor Indian,’ was on the war path, and that war path was on the conference road; and as there was to be quite a party of us, men, women and children, and all to be well armed, some poor Indian might have got hurt. The disappointment is a great one, for we had thought so much of meeting with friends and our brethren in the ministry, who share with us the labors, toils and victories of the work. God’s will be done.

“The raid in this and Colfax counties resulted in

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the killing of some good men, about thirty in all, and a vast and wanton destruction of great numbers of sheep and cattle, and a large number of horses run off. The Utes have offered their services to aid in driving the plains Indians out of the territory. I was at Fort Union this morning, and witnessed the crowning of a few of the fellows with military accoutrements. They go out as scouts. When the first one was equipped with his military outfit, he spoke up in English, and said: "Big Indian." It is thought here they will do good service.

"We had here yesterday one of the most terrific thunder storms ever witnessed in New Mexico. We trembled for our lives and the church building. Right near the building four telegraph poles were struck (by lightning). Within a distance of less than half a mile, I think some eight poles were struck. The Catholic convent on the west side of the river was struck. One man at Cimarron was killed.

"I have noticed with pleasure the constant growth of Methodism in your conference. The tide of emigration has rolled that way. It has brought with it, I presume, many valuable accessions to the church. This, combined with the aggressive spirit of our ministry in Colorado, makes a fine showing for the conference. We have gained scarcely at all in New Mexico from immigration. Our brethren are at their posts, and laboring like men of God. Brother Steele, at Peralta, has a membership of



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sixty souls; all are Mexicans. He has a good day school and a Sunday school of some fifty scholars, and has just received help from the Church Extension Board to build or purchase church property. Brother Matthieson, at Socorro, is doing well; has two Sunday schools and two day schools, and quite a church membership; all are Mexicans. Brother Tolby, of Cimarron and Elizabeth City, is doing well. His people are Americans, and not very religious. He has good congregations and a Sunday school. Here at La Junta we are drawing our slow length along. Have had strong opposition from the Jesuits, who have lately erected a convent near us. But we have been greatly encouraged from the fact that they have not been able yet to draw from our school hardly a Catholic scholar even. Services in English and Spanish here are well attended; also the Sunday school. We have had six accessions to the church this spring, which is an increase of fifty per cent. since June 1, 1874. Our hearts have been made almost to bleed in consequence of the failure of our brother at Mora. He was educated in one of the best schools in Spain for the Catholic priesthood; came from that school with gilded honors and a D. D. to America, and attended a Presbyterian theological school two years, and was sent by the American Presbyterian board of missions to New Mexico. He came to us last winter, but loves wine, lacks energy, and has no adaptation to the work. We had to discontinue him. We have three help-

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ers. They are studying and will soon be able to take charge of work. The church building at Ciu-elita will soon be ready to dedicate. Our Mexican members, about one hundred in all, are not model Christians, but when we compare them with their Catholic brethren, we are not ashamed of them.

“Our work is exceedingly difficult, but God is with us, and we are moving forward, and have a glorious future. When our brethren of Colorado shall come up with the blood-washed throng on the last day, bringing their sheaves with them, we, your fellow-laborers from this part of the vineyard, hope to come, bringing in a few bundles with us. Tell my brethren of the conference to hold and hold out until we ‘each with the other greet at the dear Redeemer’s feet;’ for it will not be long until we shall hear notes sweeter than an angel’s harp, the ‘well done’ of the father.

“In Christ,

“THOS. HARWOOD.”

FROM NEW MEXICO — ROMISH SUPERSTITION.

For the following very interesting letter, written to us from La Junta, New Mexico, on the 23d of last month we are indebted to Mrs. Harwood, the wife of Rev. Thomas Harwood, formerly of this State. The facts she tells us are a warning of what would occur here, should the same baleful superstition that curses New Mexico, spread its dark wings over the whole United States.—Eds.

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Your paper is a welcome visitor in our far off home, and it is with great interest we read of the progress of our church in the field of our former labors. We like the plain dealing with the great questions of the day—temperance, Catholicism, Protestants patronizing Catholic schools, etc., which we find in your paper and hope through it, you may accomplish a great work for Christianity in Wisconsin. Reading of the extensive revivals of religion and temperance all through the States, makes us almost homesick, and long to be back in the old fields with the conquering hosts who are marching on to victory; feeling that we are almost alone here, surrounded with Catholicism, infidelity, intemperance and wickedness of all descriptions.

It does not require a great stretch of imagination to think we are back in the dark ages of Catholic Europe, instead of here in the most enlightened nation of the earth, in the nineteenth century. I believe there is no country in the world, where the Roman Catholics are more Ultramontane and more under the control of the priests than in New Mexico. There are various reasons for this. The government allows them perfect freedom in all their practices, such as processions, penance, marriage by the priests, charging exorbitant rates for baptisms, marriages, burials, etc., the priest taking one-tenth of a man's income. Another reason is, the idea they get of the Protestant religion from the Americans who call themselves Protestants but are not Christians.

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Why then so much more interest is manifested by the church for foreign missions, as Old Mexico for instance, than for the same foreign population in New Mexico, when here they are *citizens* of our own country, is strange, but "distance lends enchantment to the view" in the missionary work as in all others.

Lent is kept in New Mexico in a manner that would surprise many of your readers, and should they fully understand it, they would be convinced that it is not necessary to go out of our own country to find semi-heathens, and that there is great need of missionary labor here. Many of the Mexicans still continue the practice of punishing themselves in various ways to atone for their sin. They are called *penitentes*. They punish themselves all through Lent but the *penitente* processions commence Wednesday at midnight preceding Good Friday, and continue till midnight of Good Friday. In their processions, some of them carry huge crosses weighing from two to three hundred pounds. Their limbs are bound tightly with ropes, their shoes have stones in them and sometimes they put branches of the cactus (prickly pear) under the bands of their drawers, and with a whip in one hand they lay the lashes on their bare backs till the blood flows to the ground. The crowd following, chanting in mournful strains, and often with tears flowing for the sufferers who are, in their eyes considered as martyrs. They close up the work Friday

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night by marching to the Morada (church) and locking themselves in where the work of punishment is continued with great zeal till midnight. Two years ago, they admitted Mr. Harwood to witness their closing ceremonies, though they scarcely ever admit any who are not in sympathy with them.

Every year we hear of some who kill themselves in this way; last year two died only a few miles from here. The surviving *penitentes* believe such go straight to glory where they wear a martyr's crown. The government never interferes. As these poor creatures are the most wicked and dangerous class of Mexicans, it is the most easy mode of getting rid of them. The day following Good Friday (*Sábado de gloria*) they, having atoned for the sins of the past year, begin with renewed zeal their various kinds of wickedness—drunkenness, stealing, debauchery and so forth.

Go into some of their churches, or moradas, on Easter Sunday and you will see the blood on the walls, where it is spattered from their whippings.

E. J. HARWOOD.

La Junta, N. M., Aug. 27, 1874.

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INDIANS AND JESUITS IN NEW MEXICO.

BY MRS. E. J. HARWOOD.

Since I last wrote summer has come and gone. It has been a very unusual season in New Mexico. The heat has been greater than for years. The weather at this altitude is generally delightful all

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summer, never warm enough to be unpleasant in the shade, but during the past season it has been as warm as in Wisconsin. It has been very dry also, and water has been scarce for irrigation, so the crops are quite poor. The rainy season generally sets in here about the last of June, and continues till the autumnal equinox, but we have had only two or three rains during that time, this year. Though it has been so dry, we have had some terrible thunder-storms. In one storm there were fourteen telegraph poles struck by lightning in sight of our house. It struck all around us and very near. The convent, a short distance from us, was struck, and two holes were torn through the thick adobe walls. No one was hurt here, but at Cimarron, sixty miles north of us, a man was killed, while repairing the telegraph line, though it was perfectly clear at that place, the electricity passing along on the wire from the storm south.

The greatest excitement we have had in the territory, during the past season, was caused by the Indian raid. About forty persons were killed by the Indians and a large number of horses, mules and cattle driven off. Most of this occurred about seventy miles northeast and south of this place. Some of the persons killed were brutally tortured and their bodies terribly mutilated. One man drew thirteen arrows from his flesh and broke them before his strength failed. The Indians then tore his finger nails off, and cut out his tongue.



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But it is needless to repeat the story of their cruelties, they are the same these heartless savages have practiced upon the settlers along the frontier whenever they have the opportunity. We notice in the Eastern papers, that the blame of these outrages is laid on the white people, and the sympathy is all given to the "poor Indian." Now, in this last raid the Indians came five hundred miles from their reservation (where they ought to be compelled to stay) to murder and rob, and of course their victims could never have wronged them, and it is no excuse for the Indians if they have been cheated by some dishonest official.

The present Indian policy has proved a failure so far in preventing Indian outbreaks. This is the fifth summer we have spent in the territory and we have learned to look for trouble with the Indians as certain as summer comes. It is to be hoped they will be punished this time, and not be received back at their agency in peace, with their hands stained with the blood of innocent victims, and with their victim's scalps to testify to their bravery. This is generally the way this "peace policy" works, but peace cannot be had with the Indians till they learn they will be punished for murder.

Our missionaries in this territory are not only in danger from the *Indians*, but from the *Romanists*. Bro. Mattheison, at Socorro, has been shot at—the shot, coming from a funeral procession that was passing his house, passing near his head. At Per-

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alta an attempt was made to break up our meeting and our native helper was attacked, but one of the attacking party was knocked down and badly hurt by the son of the helper, so they were frightened out of any further attempt of disturbance. Our work is prospering as well as could be expected among Catholic people. Mr. Harwood dedicates a new church among the natives to-morrow, twenty miles from here. The services will be in Spanish.

La Junta, New Mexico, Sept. 4, 1874.

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NEW MEXICO CORRESPONDENCE.

We have just had a very pleasant, and I might say, novel church dedication service at Ciruelita, 20 miles from here.

This is our *third* church building in New Mexico. Like its feeble membership, it is small, being 22x40x16 feet. It cost a little less than a thousand dollars, and was dedicated free of debt. With \$300 aid from our noble Church Extension Society at Philadelphia, and the liberality of our scattered American people here, at La Junta and vicinity, and our helpers and Mexican brethren at Ciruelita "having a mind to work," the church went up. A prouder people of a church building I have scarcely ever seen. Well, they have a right to be glad and rejoice, for their Catholic brethren have threatened and opposed and tried in almost every way to hinder us in our work.

In making the *adobes* (brick dried in sunshine)

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they were not, like the poor Hebrews, required to "make brick without straw," but had to go miles for their straw. To make good adobes straw is indispensable. The water was also denied them in making their adobes. In this country most towns are supplied with water by means of *acequias* or ditches running from some river, creek, or spring. In this plaza the water is brought from a spring at the foot of a near mountain through these ditches into the different parts of the village. It is brought at the expense of the people, each man bearing his portion of the expense. The Protestants had, as they thought, being a little more energetic than their Catholic neighbors, borne more than their share of the expense. Yet they were denied the privilege of using the water to mix mortar for their adobes for the Church, and only gained their rights by threats of law. The Catholics had used the water for the adobes for their church the year before, and the Protestants helped to make them.

The Catholic Bishop of the Territory came up, in the meantime, and harangued his people against the Protestants. He told them the Protestants were like the people who built the Tower of Babel—they wanted to get to heaven in their own way. But God was displeased, came down and confounded their language. So He will confound these Protestants. I have no doubt his people thought they saw great force in the illustration, and have anxiously watched for our efforts in building to be

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confounded. They have threatened to tear down the building, and violence to the missionary, but thank God the missionary never fears their scoffs, nor threats, nor violent hands.

When the Bishop arrived in Ciruelita, it is said the silly people met him with their carpets, blankets, shawls, etc., and strewed them in the way for him to walk on, and bowed in reverence and kissed his hand. What wonder when he, himself, would go to Rome and kiss the Pope's toe? What wonder, when our own, much-praised American people, would make such a demonstration, as was made in Santa Fe 20 years ago on the arrival of this same dignitary from Rome?

The old Santa Fe *Gazette* of Nov. 25, 1854, gave a glowing account of his arrival and reception at Santa Fe, from which we infer that military officers, soldiers, and citizens acted as silly and sickish as did our priest-worshipping people of Ciruelita. A writer on this same affair, in the *Quarterly Review* of April, 1857, exclaimed, "What a prostitution of the American Army!" An overgrown German, a friend of mine, tells the following story. He says: "When the Bishop reached Las Vegas, on his arrival in this country, the people went out to escort him in." My friend was well dressed, and had on a long black overcoat, and the poor simple Mexicans took him to be the bishop and commenced dropping upon their knees and kissing his hand. It took the big Dutchman by surprise, and he didn't know what

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else to do but to stand still and let them kiss him, and let it pass as a joke; but when the simple souls found they had made such a mistake they were exasperated, and our Dutch friend thought it expedient to hunt safer quarters.

But back to the dedication. Our party were off bright and early Sunday morning, with four well loaded vehicles, out of the valley, over the hills, crossing the prairies, all too merry, perhaps, for the sanctity of the Sabbath. One of the school girls cried, "Stop, stop!" "What's the matter?" "Why, we've left the baby's dress." "That's so," said another, "and some one's got to go back and get it." "Yes," said another, "we girls have made a fine dress for that baby to be *baptized* in, and she's got to have it." "Oh, well," murmured one of the drivers, "who wants to go back four miles just to get a dress for a baby to be baptized in, its old dress will do just as well, she will never know the difference." "Yes, she will know the difference," said one of the girls. "How will she?" said another. "Why, when she gets big someone will tell her and she will never forgive us." "Never forgive us?" "No, for letting her be baptized in an old dress when we girls had made her such a nice one." "Girls, you are right," responded one who had listened with interest to the sharp talk, "you are right in your *theology* for encouraging the baptism of children. It was kind in you to make the dress. I have no doubt you displayed taste in making a nice one, and



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now, in justice to yourselves and the babe and the babe's friends, the dress shall be sent for. Victor, take that horse, go back and get that dress. We will go on." Across the plains, over the mountains, up hill and down hill, and we were there. The people were gathering and at 10:30 a. m., the exact hour, services were commenced, and soon we were freely perspiring in our efforts to preach the dedicatory sermon in the Spanish language. Text: "Who commanded you to build this house?" Ans. "We are the servants of the God of heaven and earth." The sermon was followed by a stirring exhortation by Rev. J. H. Roberts, a young local preacher, student and helper. He read the receipts and expenditures for the church building, showing the house to be out of debt. He reminded the people that they had received aid from the Church at home and from the American people at La Junta and elsewhere, and hoped they would appreciate it. In the dedication of the new building, hoped all would dedicate their hearts to God. The trustees then presented the house for dedication. The house was then dedicated according to the forms of our own Church, translated into Spanish. It was then announced that we would have one hour for dinner and then two sermons by two of our native helpers, some baptisms, and the Lord's Supper administered.

A few minutes and turkey and chickens, too numerous to be easily counted, with cakes and pies.



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brought over from La Junta, by the kind ladies who were thoughtful enough to know that an early breakfast, twenty miles' ride, and an hour and a half service would give an appetite, were being devoured even to the astonishment of the natives, who were eagerly looking on from the outside. They soon found, however, that we were not stingy, and their readiness to participate with us, led to the remark "that if we could increase the 'loaves and fishes,' as the Savior did, we might have more followers." But why bring our own dinners? Why not come Saturday, stay all night, and take your time for the work? Simply because there is no Bro. Smith nor Bro. Jones living there to keep a Methodist hotel. The Mexican people are very liberal, but we don't like their way of living.

Services were resumed, and we listened to two interesting sermons, by the two native students and helpers. All seemed pleased with their efforts. Then followed the baptisms, in which two children were given to God in holy baptism. As solemn as are the work and ceremonies of infant baptism, we could hardly prevent a smile when we took the babe with the new dress, about which the sharp talk occurred in the morning. Oh, that we were as careful for the interior life of ourselves and friends as we are for external appearance. Then followed the administration of the Lord's Supper. And around that newly erected altar hearts were newly pledged and more deeply consecrated to the service of God.

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Thus ended our first Sabbath in the new church, and we felt that God had recorded his name there, and that he would remember his promise to Israel: "In all places where I record my name I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." The large and attentive congregation was dismissed, and we were off for home, which was reached a little after sunset, with the reflection and query, whether 40 miles ride and all those exercises were really keeping or breaking the Fourth Commandment.

THOS. HARWOOD.

La Junta, N. M., Sept. 10, 1874.

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SCHOOLS IN NEW MEXICO.

BY MRS. THOMAS HARWOOD.

Not long since we noticed the statement in the N. W. Advocate, that there is not a public schoolhouse in all New Mexico, and that a school law passed in 1856 was soon after repealed, and nothing was said of the law that was passed in 1871, so I suppose the editor of that paper was ignorant of the fact. Some of our neighbors could not pardon the author of the mistake.

The condition of the schools in the territory is sad enough, and a disgrace to any part of the Union; but we do not want the case made any worse than it really is. As to the public schoolhouse the statement may be true; but public schools have been kept in nearly every precinct since '71 for several months of each year. Hired houses have been

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used for the purpose. The law is quite a good one, or would be among Americans. Each county has four commissioners, elected annually, who have entire supervision of the schools. They employ teachers, select text books, decide in what locality the schools shall be, etc. To show how it works, I will give our county—Mora—as a specimen. We have three Mexican (the probate judge is one *ex-officio*) commissioners, and a Catholic priest as one, so our public schools are nothing more nor less than Jesuit schools, where the priests have entire supervision, though they generally employ monks who are imported from some foreign country, and, of course, cannot teach English. The priests are opposed to the Mexican children learning the language of Protestantism. But little is taught in these schools except prayers, and the superstition of the Romish Church. “What a prostitution of the public funds,” you will say, but there seems to be no help for it, at present, as the Mexicans are so large a majority of the people.

There were last year 133 public schools in the territory and 34 private schools. There are no schools of a high grade. Our Mission school at this place (La Junta), is the most advanced of any in the territory and it might be made a great success with sufficient means to erect suitable buildings. The Mexicans go a great deal on outward show and style and until we can have fine buildings we shall not be patronized much by the wealthy. They gen-

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erally send their children to the States to be educated.

The priests leave no means untried to break up the Protestant schools. They visit from house to house and threaten those parents with excommunication who will not withdraw their children. They have succeeded in breaking up some, but ours is still prosperous, in spite of their anathemas. Our scholars are more than half children of Catholic parents, but some of them have joined our church.

They have just built a convent here and sent three Jesuit priests to oppose us, and they have had all the public money the past winter, but it does not affect our school at all. They have closed theirs for lack of funds, but ours will continue till the first of July.

With your permission, Mr. Editor, I will address a few words to the "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society."

These public schools leave the *girls* out in the cold (with very few exceptions), as the Catholics will not educate the sexes together, so there is a great work to be accomplished here for the *women*, and while you are doing so much to elevate your sisters in foreign lands, why not have a share in the honor of raising the women of New Mexico? Could you understand their degraded condition, you would see the importance of this work. The Mexican women have great influence, as the following facts will show. Enterprising, intelligent Americans come here and marry Mexican women. The woman who

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can not read and knows upon religious matters only what her priest tells her, always has her way in the education of the children and they are always brought up, Catholics, however much he may wish it to be otherwise, so in order to accomplish much for Christianity here, something must be done for the girls, and it seems to me it belongs to the ladies of our churches to do it. Orphanages in connection with our Missions here would be of great service, where girls could be trained to go out as Christian workers among their own sisters. If you can not aid us in New Mexico, under your constitution could you not have it changed so as to include New Mexico? The natives here are *foreign* in respect to language, customs and everything which pertains to American civilization as the people of any foreign country, except they have learned from Americans.

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THE WORK IN NEW MEXICO.

BY JOHN STEELE.

Methodism has, at last, a local habitation in Central New Mexico. The finest property in Peralta, fronting two hundred and ten feet on the plaza, large house, and over two acres of ground, was recently secured by deed of warranty to the Church Extension Society. That noble right arm of the mission cause gave us five hundred dollars. Providence provided the opportunity. There has been added to the original five hundred dollars nearly



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seven hundred dollars, making the entire investment about twelve hundred dollars. By necessary repairs and modifications, now going on, we will soon have ample accommodations for church, school and parsonage. And in justice it should be stated, that without the aid of the Church Extension Society we could not have taken the first step in this enterprise.

Our people are jubilant over the acquisition. It has, certainly, greatly increased their faith, energy, and self-respect. The idea of a great Christian society, not only in prayerful sympathy with them, but extending material aid, gave courage to those who had been intimidated, and inspired all with a mind to work. Accordingly, the people came forward with their offerings, and soon we were able to send six heavy wagons, each with its long train of oxen or mules attached, to a saw-mill some forty miles distant in the mountains, for lumber to make the necessary repairs, etc., upon the church property.

The next morning Bro. Ambrosio Gonzales and I followed on mules, intending to visit the various mountain villages, preach where we could find opportunity, do all the pastoral work possible, and be present at the purchase and selection of the lumber. A few miles from Peralta we met the oxen on their way home. The men who had been detailed to guard them during the night, had fallen asleep, and the oxen, having no special interest in the enterprise, took advantage of the calm, bright



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moonlight, to wend their way back. Collecting them into the trail, we hurried them toward the camp, but it was past noon before the wagons were again under way. Hurrying on, in advance of the train, we soon reached the village of Tijeras. Our mission work had led us here before, and we were glad to find the leaven of gospel truth still at work, notwithstanding the terrible threatenings of Rome.

Here we met with an old lady, recently converted, and quite demonstrative in her faith. For fifty years she had lived in the most devout subjection to the Church of Rome, kneeling daily before a wooden image of her patron saint (San Felipi), and imploring his intercession. Some time since, while visiting some friends in Peralta, she heard the Scriptures read, and the way of salvation explained, and, under the power of God's Word, her life-long prejudice gave way, and she was converted to Christ. Her husband and family were all devout Romanists, and their horror and disgust may be imagined, when they saw her, on her return home, instead of kneeling piously before the wooden image, deliberately put it into the fire; and neither persuasion nor threats could again bring her under the bondage of Rome. Firmly resolved to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made her free, her family began to respect her religion, and she also to realize the truth, as expressed by St. Paul—"Love never faileth." Fifteen miles further brought us to San Antonito, in the heart of the mountains, and near

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the summit of the divide between the valleys of the Rio Grande and Rio Pecos. Many parts of this mountain chain are well adapted to agriculture—no better soil in the world for wheat, while the summer rains generally relieved the labor of irrigation. They also abound in mineral wealth. Millions of gold have been taken from these mines, while copper, iron, and coal seem to exist in inexhaustible quantities; but as yet this vast wealth remains undeveloped. Gold and copper mining receive some attention, but the beds of coal and iron are not disturbed. As it was dark when we reached San Antonito, and receiving a cordial welcome from an intelligent Mexican, we spent the night at his house. We had visited this place some weeks before; had conversed with this man and his family, and although professed Romanists, they had become interested, and desired to know more of the Bible and Protestantism. He evidently struck a key-note when he asked, “Why is it that the great body of the Roman Catholic people are ignorant and poor, while the great body of the Protestants are educated and prosperous?”

Late at night the cracking of whips and clamor of dogs announced the arrival of our train, and with the dawn we were away for the mill, which we found on a beautiful pine-clad slope, near the hamlet of Madera. A little after dark we finished loading the wagons, and as it was Saturday night, the teams were driven into a mountain gorge, where

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grass was abundant, that they might rest during the Sabbath. The Sabbath was calm and bright, and our quiet camp, beneath the tall pines, was soon transformed into a camp-meeting. At first the people thought it strange we did not travel, and were inclined to sympathize with us, thinking we had lost our teams. Some evidently were not aware that it was the Sabbath, and all seemed to think it a strange Protestant doctrine, when we told them that the Lord of the Sabbath had commanded to do no work therein. The day was devoted to preaching, singing and prayer, and although our congregation was small, it was attentive, some indicating the deepest interest. One man, who said he was the father of a family of twelve, lingered with us until a late hour, talking of the Bible and practical religion. He was evidently convinced of the truth, but feared the vengeance of Rome should he leave that church; said he was not afraid of what his neighbors would do, if his wife and family were not against him. On Monday morning our herdsmen reported twenty of the oxen missing. Thinking that they had probably taken the road home, I started with my mule to overtake them, while the others continued to search in the ravines. Vainly exploring the glens on either side of the road until near noon, I abandoned the search (they were found within an hour after I left camp), and pushed on for Peralta, reaching home in the early part of the night. We found Mrs. Steele with a few anxious

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friends gathered at the death-bed of Bro. Juan Chaves, one of our most exemplary members. He was among the first in Peralta to break from the bondage of Rome; and through all the years of persecution, he lived a firm, quiet, consistent Christian life; poor in this world's goods, but rich in faith—a joint heir with Christ. With a few friends, and his sorrowing family, we knelt around his humble couch, and, in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, commemorated the dying Savior's love. Fully realizing the approach of death, he conversed with and prayed for his family, earnestly commending them to the God of the widow and the fatherless, and his work was done. The triumph over death was perfect. His reply to one of my questions told it all. "My soul has perfect peace." His physical sufferings were intense, and Mrs. S. remarked, "How I wish you had a good physician." Looking at her earnestly, and pointing upward, he replied, "My Physician is in heaven." The morning was to him the dawn of eternity; with its first beams the Good Shepherd took our brother home. Shortly after our good brother's decease, his sister-in-law, a member of the Roman Catholic Church, with the sympathy which characterizes the Mexican people, came to visit her bereaved sister. After a few moments' conversation she repeated with horror, "Oh, I have broken my oath! I have broken my oath!" When sufficiently composed, she related the fact that last spring she had attended Protestant service,

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and for this offense, before her confessor would grant her absolution, he compelled her to bind her soul with a solemn oath that she would never again speak to any of her Protestant friends; but in her grief, upon hearing of her sister's bereavement, she had forgotten it. What penitential sufferings or other vows she will find it necessary to assume, in order to be absolved of her broken obligation, I suppose remains to be determined by her confessor; but may we not ask, Is it the church of Christ which binds upon its members such intolerable burdens?

Our lumber train did not reach Peralta until Saturday; a terrible hail-storm and broken wagon causing the delay. But now, by the blessing of heaven, we expect to carry forward the work until we have a pleasant church, where all will feel that they are welcomed to the worship of God, a cheerful school-room, with suitable apparatus and furniture, and a parsonage which in neatness and convenience will be a suggestive missionary among our neighbors; for next to the knowledge of Christ, the Mexican people need a correct idea of home.

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## 1875

In my Annual Report to New York for 1875 I wrote as follows:

The work has been hard, but full of interest. As we advance new responsibilities arise and the interest deepens.



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We are opposed on every hand, but if God be for us, who can be against us? Seeing that our forms of religion make the people wiser, better and happier than they were under the long worn forms and ceremonies of Romanism we shall continue to shout along our feeble lines the inspiring order, forward!

Our progress is slow for we are not laboring among a people where a nation is born in a day. But when we call to mind that our membership has increased nearly 40 per cent, during the past year, the church property about the same and that our ministerial strength is six, all save one can preach in Spanish, we feel encouraged.

But in the midst of our rejoicing, death, by an assassin's hand, has cut down a fellow laborer and our rejoicing is checked.

REV. F. J. TOLBY DEAD.

Our dearly beloved Brother F. J. Tolby, whom you sent from the Northwest Indiana conference two years ago is dead. He was shot and killed on the 14th day of September, 1875, while returning from one of his appointments at Elizabethtown. He had labored nearly two years at Cimarron and Elizabethtown and did the church good service. He was a rising man, bold and fearless in the pulpit and out of it. He made many friends on his circuit and in the territory and was hopeful for the future of his work and the territory; but in the midst of his hopes and labors, in the noonday of his life



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he was cut down, but, like a warrior, fell from his saddle in the midst of the strife.

A VISIT HOME.

This year, 1875, early in the Spring, I began to plan for a visit to my old home in Delaware and Maryland. I had not been back since I left in 1852. The thought of a visit to my childhood home was thrilling.

CAMPMEETING.

I went via Cimarron, where we had a good visit with Bro. Tolby and family. Mrs. Harwood and her sister, now Mrs. Elizabeth Tipton were with me as far as Trinidad. I then went on to Denver to attend the Colorado conference; thence via Cheyenne, Omaha, Chicago, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Dover, Delaware, where my brother was buried, thence out to my brother, James', place and a campmeeting was being held right near his place. What a pleasure to meet so many of my relatives and friends after 23 years' absence.

WHAT CHANGES!

What changes had taken place! Twenty-three years cut out of the springtime of life makes a wonderful gap. I did not at first know my own brother. When I left home he was a beardless boy, now a man with a large family and he himself beginning to show age. But what a campmeeting. Several thousand people there on Sunday and a large number of preachers. There was only one I knew and that was Ignatius Cooper, D.D., of Camden, Del. When

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a boy he was my ideal preacher. When he rose to take his text I said to myself, "This will be the happiest occasion of my life." His text was Rom. 5; 6-8, "For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly., for scarcely for a righteous man will one die; yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die. But God commandeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." It was a good sermon, but fell far short of my expectation.

The program for the day had been fixed, but nothing would do but that I must preach and the time was fixed at 4 p. m. I started in by saying that I have caught cold in this low altitude, my voice seemed weak, but what I lack in voice I hope will be made up (just then Dr. Cooper whispered to another "in ability"). I said, "No, but in your most prayerful attention." Text: Act. 20, 28, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Outline—*Almost persuaded, almost a Christian. Fully persuaded, fully a Christian.*

I soon found myself beyond any particular dread except from one of my early school teachers. He sat in front, close to the pulpit. I soon saw a tear in his eye and dreaded him no longer. I am never afraid of the criticisms of one who weeps. I once preached at General Howard's headquarters just after the battle at the Salikahatchic Swamps in South Carolina. For a few minutes I dreaded the General, but soon saw a tear in his eye, as I was

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talking from the text: "Thou God se est me," and dreaded him no longer.

TENDER AND LASTING IMPRESSIONS.

What lasting impressions that camp-meeting made upon my mind. It was almost 32 years ago. The tented grove, where in my boyhood days I used to play with those who have long since passed away. The assembled multitudes from far and near. The wonderful sermons; the stirring exhortations; the grand singing; the penitents' plea for mercy at the altar; and the shouts of praise have come before me in panoramic beauty thousands of times. One scene especially yet lovingly lingers in my mind. It was my own brother, James, with an aged brother standing on a bench late at night singing with such apparent joy, "I Am So Glad That Jesus Loves Me." These have both long since passed away. After the camp-meeting I visited the house in which I was born, sauntered over the fields, among the trees, along the ditches in which we used to fish, and wade and swim, and where mother was afraid we would fall into deep water and be drowned, and I wondered what had become of the big ditch and the deep water. All was so changed. Everything looked so small to what it did in early boyhood days. I visited the old school, churches, cemeteries and stood by the graves of my mother, father, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, grandparents and friends. My oldest sister who died in 1844 rests in the old family cemetery in the

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edge of the Eastern shores of Maryland. Her last words to me were, "I am going home, meet me in heaven." My mother who passed away in 1850. rests in Wesley Chapel Cemetery at Dover, Del. Her last words were, "Oh, that I had breath to tell you what I see, but I haven't, but meet me there." But duty calls and I must go. So with little Tommy, the gift of my brother James I left for my work in New Mexico.

At Chicago I visited our Book Concern, the office of the Northwestern Christian Advocate and learned of the assassination of our dear brother, Tolby. I hurried home as fast I could and found the country in great excitement. Mrs. Tolby and her three children were literally crushed.

THEORIES OF THE ASSASSINATION.

All the territorial papers were full of the probable causes which led to his assassination and utterances against the perpetrators of such a dastardly deed.

A TRIP TO TAOS.

We had heard that a certain Mexican from Taos had said, on his return to Taos from the Elizabethtown country where the murder took place "That a Protestant heretic had been killed." This being before it was known in his own neighborhood led us to believe that he must know something about it and hence the trip over to his place. So I had one of our boys at school go over with me. We went via Cimarron, Elizabethtown, spent a few days at Taos, but couldn't find the man who had spread the

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news. The man was afterwards found, tried and before anything definite could be learned he was shot in the dark as he was being taken from the court room at Cimarron to the jail. The fact is the excitement was so great that hardly any one was safe. Quite a number of supposed innocent parties were suspected, some left the country in the excitement and several others lost their lives. Even some of the members of the courts were suspected, lives threatened and such was the excitement that it was thought unsafe to hold the courts next approaching and they were moved from Cimarron, Colfax county over to Taos. Two other suspected men, Mexicans also, had been killed. The excitement and danger were greatly intensified by the unwise efforts upon the part of the Rev. O. P. McMains who spent much time in trying to ferret out the case and bring the guilty parties to arrest.

If there were others mixed up in the case other than the three who lost their lives as heretofore given, I have always thought the unwise methods of Mr. McMains served to cover up the tracks of evidence and they have never been found.

MY OWN THEORY.

With many other theories as to the assassination of Mr. Tolby I give my own which to me has always been the most reasonable. I reason it this way: Murder is a terrible thing. No sane man will take the life of another without some motive. These motives generall hinge on one or two or three things:



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malice, gain, or some political intrigue. In the murder of Mr. Tolby none of these could hardly be the cause. He was a man loved by all so far as we could possibly learn. As to gain he had nothing except his horse and that was not taken. The murder occurred about 8 miles below Elizabethtown and the horse was led up into a near canon and tied and left. As to political tricks and intrigues that could hardly be named, as he was not a politician. But there is

A FOURTH MOTIVE.

which is often resorted to in this country and that will appear in a moment further along.

The reader will remember that I spent a Sabbath with Mr. Tolby on my way East. He told me at that time about a pistol fight he had witnessed in which a Mexican had shot an American. The American fell. "The Mexican rushed upon him and would have killed him likely if I had not stopped him," said Mr. Tolby. Mr. Tolby seemed wonderfully wrought up over this case and said: "I intend to go before the grand jury at the next court and have that fellow indicted if I possibly can," He did so. Mr. Tolby was the only witness. Now this Mexican, knowing that Mr. Tolby, the Protestant heretic, as we were commonly called those days and still are, was the only one who could appear as a witness against him, how natural it was he should try to get that witness out of the way. To kill Mr. Tolby or get him killed



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was the only way to destroy that evidence. This man was a captain of a band of Penitentes. He had a friend, I think a nephew, carrying the horseback mail between Cimarron and Elizabethtown on the same road that Mr. Tolby had to take in his appointment. How natural that he should arrange with this friend of his to do the deed. But it is said that a Mexican must always have an accomplice to aid him in any bad deed. This suggests the idea of the Taos man who was known to have been over from Taos at about that time.

Suffice it to say that the three men named above lost their lives. I said "named above." I remember well their names, but as the most of their present friends are doing well, so far as I know, and there is such an odium connected with murder I have avoided using their names myself.

I will here drop this painful and mysterious affair so far as my own pen is concerned and let others who wrote at the time finish it.

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THE MURDER CHARGED TO McMAINS.

BY S. B. AXTELL.

*To the Editor of the Optic.*

Santa Fe, January 31.—The debate in the U. S. senate over the resolution offered by Senator Chandler to inquire into the maltreatment of Henry J. Franz, at Aberdeen, in the state of Mississippi, recalls to my mind an incident in our own Territorial history. Some fifteen years ago, McMains, whose

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name has acquired such a forlorn notoriety, was a Methodist preacher in good standing. His zeal to discover the murderers of another Methodist preacher by the name of Tolby, caused him to take part in a most brutal and treacherous murder. He suspected a poor Mexican of knowing something about the murder of Tolby. He decoyed this man out of the settlement. He called a band of desperadoes to assist him, and then commenced an examination by torture. They dragged the witness by the neck; they hung him up and let him down; they beat him with revolvers; they shot him and left him hanging dead to a telegraph pole. McMains was not only a part of the band who did it, but he planned and instigated the whole affair. Of course, his excuse was that his intentions were good, and he did not think it would go so far. McMains was finally, after much trouble, indicted, and put upon his trial for murder, and then arose such a yell all along the Methodist line! McMains was a martyr! McMains was persecuted! A Methodist bishop went from St. Louis to Washington to invoke the aid of the government to save poor, persecuted, innocent, saintly, sanctified McMains. The powers at Washington were hot, and the attorney general of the United States was directed to take measures for the immediate release of the afflicted Mc. Now commences a pleasant little study that will give some senators a headache in this Aberdeen business. The attorney general of the United States at once tele-

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graphed to the United States attorney for the district of New Mexico, to stay all proceedings in the case of McMains till further advised from this department.

The said United States attorney for the said district of New Mexico aforesaid, replied that he had the honor to inform the department of justice that he had no connection whatever with the case; that McMains had been indicted under the Territorial laws of New Mexico, and the case against him was being prosecuted by the attorney general of New Mexico, and he had the honor to be, etc. The attorney general of the United States then immediately telegraphed the same orders, to suspend proceedings, etc., to the attorney general of New Mexico. The reply, in this case, was very brief, but directly to the point. It was to the effect that the attorney general of New Mexico exercised his duties by virtue of the laws of New Mexico, and held his appointment from the governor of said Territory, and with all due respect, etc., he could not legally receive any instructions from the attorney general of the United States. The attorney general of the most-all powerful administration could not clearly discern any light, but he could grope, so he telegraphed to the governor of the Territory to suspend all legal proceedings in the case of McMains. The then governor was perhaps the mildest mannered man who ever, etc., and he replied to the attorney general of the United States that the aforesaid Mc-

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Mains had been indicted by a grand jury for the crime of murder, and that he was then actually on his trial for said crime; that the trial was presided over by his honor, the chief justice of the Territory, an upright and conscientious judge, and that he, the said mild mannered governor aforesaid, did not see his way clear to stop the trial. And at this point the correspondence between the Territorial officials and the attorney general of the United States ended, and the law was allowed to take its course.

S. B. AXTELL.

AN ANSWER TO JUDGE AXTELL.

BY THOS. HARWOOD.

*To the Editor of the Optic.*

Socorro, N. M., February 6th, 1890.—I cannot but feel that Judge S. B. Axtell, in his article in a recent issue of the *Optic*, is too severe on poor, unfortunate McMains.

It would, however, better become some of the friends of McMains to come to his defense than for me, one against whom he formerly said so many hard things. But these count nothing when the truth is at stake. I have waited to see what his friends would say in reply to the Judge's article, but no one speaks, and so I come, not so much in his defense, however, as in the defense of the truth in the case. But the truth, as it was brought to light in his trial, would greatly mitigate the severity of the judge's statement in the article referred to, if we had the space to do it. I do not mean to insinuate

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that the judge has intentionally misrepresented the case, for I presume he has presented it just as he understands it and as it was talked and believed at the time, near fifteen years ago, and the courts failed to make out as clear a case as the article now makes.

McMains was tried for murder in the first degree. The case was before an impartial judge. The case was presented by a state prosecuting attorney, and before a well-selected jury. Plenty of time was given for the hearing of the case. Right here, let it be remembered that an American was on trial for his life, not only an American, but a Protestant minister—a Protestant heretic. And that Protestant heretic was on trial, charged with the brutal lynching of a Mexican Roman Catholic. That trial was before a jury of nine Mexican Romanists and three Americans, not one of whom was a member of McMains' church. And yet that jury, the best it could do for the state, was a verdict of "defendant guilty of murder in the fifth degree," and the penalty affixed was the payment of \$300. To many who heard the evidence, the above was thought to be unreasonably severe. But in the verdict, the word murder was in some way left out, and it read, "guilty in the fifth degree," and as it did not state what the defendant was guilty of, it was claimed to be no verdict at all and a continuance of the case was asked, which was granted.

Mr. McMains was present at the next term of court to meet the case. His attorneys asked for a



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change of venue from Mora county to Colfax, which was granted, and at the approaching session at Cimarron, in Colfax county the case was thrown out of court by judge, now Governor L. Bradford Prince. Thus ended the long and vexed affair.

Surely if McMains had been guilty of such a crime as the judge says he was, the courts acted strangely to throw the case out.

The judge says McMains decoyed this man (Cruz Vega) out of the settlement, what he called a band of desperadoes to assist him and then commenced an examination by torture. "They dragged the witness by the neck; they hung him up and let him down; they beat him with revolvers; they shot him and left him hanging dead to a telegraph pole." He says McMains was not only a part of the band who did it, but he planned and instigated the whole affair. I say again the courts failed to prove that Mr. McMains aided in the above named brutality, but, on the other hand, he tried and did all he could to save the man from injury, but was powerless in the hands of the men who were present. Of course it was a mistake to intrust the interviewing of a man in the hands of men whom he could not control. But believing as he did for good reasons that this man, Cruz Vega must have known something about the murder of Mr. Tolby, and as the whole country, including the courts, were anxious to find a clue to the dark, mysterious affair, he risked more perhaps than he otherwise would have done. Had he been



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successful in finding a link in the mysterious chain of evidence without injury to the man, as he hoped to do, the courts and the country would have praised him.

Let us let the case rest where the courts left it. And as to the "yell all along the Methodist line," that "McMains was a martyr" and that a "Methodist Bishop went from St. Louis to Washington to invoke the aid of the government to save poor, persecuted, innocent, saintly, sanctified McMains," I think is altogether too strong. Bishop Bowman was the only Methodist Bishop residing in St. Louis at that time. I remember he went east to meet the board of Bishops to arrange for their summer and fall conferences, and it is possible he went via Washington, but, to "invoke the aid of government," I never heard of it before.

THOS. HARWOOD.

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## 1876

This is the Centennial of our country, the One Hundredth Anniversary of our Republic. We celebrated the occasion on the 4th of July. The people came from far and near. It was the only celebration, so far as I know, in the territory. We didn't know that there were so many American people in the territory. Hon. W. D. Lee, late from LaFayette, Indiana, and now from Vermejo, Colfax County, this territory, made the principle address. All were delighted with it. Hon. A. J. Calhoun, from

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Cimarron, late in the territorial legislature, presided. Mrs. Harwood, with her assistant teachers and students from our Tiptonville school rendered an interesting program of school exercises. One young man spoke an original piece, which was well received. The president pronounced it the finest piece he had ever heard. When he found out who composed it he had no more to say. Miss Lizzie Duncan, now Mrs. Doctor Tipton, Mrs. Harwood's sister, presided at the organ. The celebration was on the Sápello River near where Watrous now is.

This being the first celebration of the kind ever held in New Mexico, so far as we know, would naturally excite considerable attention, hence people came from Las Vegas, Fort Union, Ocate, Cimarron, Rayado. It is wonderful how few of the people who attended that celebration are living today, at least in the same neighborhood.

OUR FIRST ANNUAL MEETING.

The First Annual Meeting of the Mission was held at Peralta, Valencia County, about 20 miles south of Albuquerque, on the Rio Grande, Nov. 20, 1876. The superintendent called the meeting and presided at the same. Rev. George Murray was secretary of the English and Rev. John Steele of the Spanish.

The meeting was opened by reading 1 Cor., 13 chapter in English by the superintendent and Spanish by Rev. Ambrosio Ganzaes and prayer in Spanish by Bro. Ambrosio.

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The following named were present:

Thos Harwood, Superintendent of the Mission.

John Steele, of Peralta.

Ambrosio Gonzales, assistant at Peralta.

Benito Garcia, at Ciruelita.

George Murray, Cimarron.

George Murray was elected secretary in English and John Steele in Spanish.

The superintendent read and translated into Spanish, paragraphs 259 and 260 of the Discipline, under which the work of the Conference was brought. The Conference selected Peralta as the place for the next annual meeting and the Bishop having Episcopal supervision of the Mission, was invited to visit us at our next meeting.

The following were the appointments:

Superintendent of the Mission—Thos Harwood  
Cimarron and Elizabethtown—to be supplied.

Ciruelita—Benito Garcia.

Socorro—M. Matthieson. M Barela, assistant.

Valverde—Blas Gutierrez.

Silver City—Geo. Murray.

Las Cruces—J. H. Roberts.

Bro. Roberts had his team stolen and could not attend the Conference.

VISITS.

I have visited during the year, Cimarron, Elizabethtown, Vermejo and Red River, Ocate, and Fort Union several times; Las Vegas, Santa Fe, Albuquerque, Peralta, Socorro, Manzano, Valverde, Las

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Cruces, Silver City, only once each place. At Ocorro we dedicated Bro. Matthieson's chapel. Also Bro. Steele's Church at Peralta. We named the Church Kynett Chapel, in honor of Dr. Kynett, the very able Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Church Extension, who resided at 1026 Arch street, Philadelphia. The Board aided for the purchase of property \$800, and on the building \$1,000. The pastor did much of the work with his own hands, amounting to over \$1,500. It was while working at the bench at this place he was shot at from the outside of the building, the bullet lodging in the door casing.

The bell at Peralta was a donation of the Spring Garden M. E. Sunday School, Philadelphia, and sounded out its first peals on the 4th day of July, and hence it is called "The Centennial Bell."

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CENTENNIAL AT LA JUNTA.

LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

The Fourth was observed in the Valley yesterday with an interest we have never witnessed before. The people seemed to realize that it was the first Centennial they had ever celebrated, and as it might be their last, were disposed to make the best of it they could. Since days "should speak and a multitude of years should teach wisdom," and, as the wheels of time had glided swiftly and safely along the track of the nation's life, until the moss-covered mile stone of a hundred years rose up before us,

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bidding us pause in our flight, it is but natural that we take the latitude and longitude of our whereabouts, and listen to the voices that are echoing after us. What a volume the century past is speaking. A thousand thunders cannot equal its voice. Of all the centuries since creation, the one just past is the most important. What momentous issues. What startling events have transpired during the past century, and what a multitude of lessons to be studied from the past. Dr. Young has well said

“We take no note of time but by its loss:

To give it then a tongue is wise in man.”

A beautiful grove on the banks of the Sapello, near Gregg's Hotel, had been selected. The same place where we celebrated a year ago. The trees trimmed, the grove seated, stand erected, and full preparations had been made, including tents, cannon and some martial music from Fort Union.

At 11 a. m., almost every man, woman and child from the neighborhood were on the ground, with numerous visitors from Fort Union, Ocate, Las Vegas, Rayado and elsewhere, making an assemblage of probably six or seven hundred people. A salute was fired, one gun for each state in the Union, and one for each territory. The president of the day, Hon. A. J. Calhoun, called the audience to order, and the hymn commencing, “Great God of Nations,” was sung, Miss Lizzie Duncan presiding at the organ. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Thos. Harwood.

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An original poem was then spoken by Master Clarence Chandler. The Declaration of American Independence was then read by S. H. Wells, Esq., Mr. Wells prefaced the reading with a few very appropriate remarks.

An oration was then delivered by Hon. W. D. Lee, late of Indiana, but now a resident of Vermejo, in Colfax county. The Star Spangled Banner was then sung, and the audience adjourned for dinner.

A table 100 feet by 4, richly laden with well-cooked turkeys, chickens, hams, bread, cakes, pies, etc., almost *ad infinitum*. Well, we never could do justice in such a case with a *pen*.

The exercises in the afternoon were opened with the playing and singing of a Centennial Hymn.

Then was read an able and well pre-pared historical sketch of Mora County by George W. Gregg, Esq.

Then was sung an original Centennial Hymn. Then followed a spicy essay by Dr. Gardner, of Fort Union. A few appropriate remarks were made by Mr. Koogler, editor of the *Las Vegas Gazette*. Also by Hon. A. J. Calhoun and others.

Too much could not be well said in praise of Hon. Judge Lee's oration.

After all that has been said in favor of the occasion, the social character of the celebration was one of its most excelent characteristics. All were happy.



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NEW MEXICO CORRESPONDENCE.

BY REV. THOMAS HARWOOD.

When I wrote you at Las Cruces, I thought I could send you a few jottings from different places along the line of my missionary travel. But laborious traveling, camping, visiting and preaching have taken up the time. From Silver City we returned to Las Cruces, and then traveled to Fort Stanton, via San Augustine, White Water, Tularosa, Apache, Indian Agency, and Dowlin's Mills. Then on to Lincoln, back to Fort Stanton, thence to this place, via Las Patos and Jicarilla; making a distance of 475 miles, since I wrote you last.

But why write from this miserable place? This place of two houses and two Mexican families and a few stables and a well of stinking alkali water? This place, 40 miles from the nearest house and 80 miles from a live spring, or running brook? This place, from which if you were to stretch a cord 75 miles in length and strike a circle you would not take in a dozen houses, nor a stream of water? You would, however, take into the circle thousands of acres of fine nutritious grass and some timber. But why write at all?

I dreamed night before last that I met with the dear old Central, and after feasting awhile upon its refreshing contents, as I always do with the Advocates, after a long absence, my eye fell upon my own article written at Las Cruces, and I was so disappointed with it I thought, in my dream, I would

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never write again. A camp in a cold mixture of a foggy, drizzly, rainy snow storm is a good place for unpleasant dreams, provided one can sleep enough to dream at all. But dreams are sometimes contrary to the facts, and hoping it may be so in this one, I venture to write again.

But why write from this place, so far from any town or house, except a few miserable huts where water is kept on sale to travelers. They draw this water in barrels sometimes a distance of 20 miles. At one of these places they told me that the birds, in summer time, would come regularly every day to get water from the barrels and dishes that contained the water drawn. But does not the map show, and have you not spoken of several places on your line of travel such as San Augustine, White Water, Tularosa, Jicarilla, Pedreinal, etc.? Yes, but these are all small places. San Augustine is 20 miles east of the Rio Grande, and at the east base of the Organ Mountains. It is a beautiful place—fine spring, has a nice garden, a few houses, a store and two families. It is a number one cattle ranch. White Water, 30 miles further along, is the next watering place. There is not a house, and of course no one lives there. This road is much traveled by immigrants and freighters. There is less sand on it than there is on the Rio Grande. It is called White Water because of the whitish appearance of the water in the well, and perhaps because of the vast deposit or accumulation of gypsum near it. The

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thousands of acres of this white material appear from a distance like great snow drifts. About 15 miles further on is Lost River. This is a beautiful little under-ground stream, which breaks out just at this place and flows about a dozen steps and sinks again. The next place is Tularosa, about 10 miles further on. This is quite a nice little Mexican town, situated on the Tularosa brook, a beautiful stream, which flows down from the mountains, forming a small valley between La Sierra Blanca on the north, and the Sacramento mountains on the south. There is considerable farming down in this valley, the first we have seen since we left Las Cruces, 70 miles back, except a garden at San Augustine Springs, and indeed the only farming that could be done for want of water to irrigate with. I don't like this stream much for the following reasons: First, it has no trout nor fish of any kind in it; and second, it reminds me so much of some dashing fellows I have known, it comes splashing over the rocks and sparkling in the sunlight; and you would think the whole valley would be watered and cultivated, but all at once, just below the little town, it sinks and you hear of it no more, leaving thousands of acres in barrenness.

On the same river, about 20 miles farther up, is the Mescalero Apache-Indian Agency. These Indians seem to be improving. They are not the terror they once were. Major Godfrey, their present agent, seems to be doing well for them. Mrs. God-

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irey, her daughter and niece, manifest much interest in this work of instructing these Red men of the forest. This valley is nearly all in this Indian Reservation, but the lands are occupied and cultivated by Americans mostly. The Government would do well to purchase these improvements for the Indians and encourage them to cultivate more land.

But we must hurry over these mountains. The snow-crown head of Sierra Blanca has been visible for 80 miles, but is now only seen occasionally, owing to the intervening hills and gathering clouds. At its foot rises the Rio Bonito, and after winding along its base flows out by Fort Stanton, Lincoln, and through quite a settlement, thence down into the Rio Pecos.

We preached at Lincoln to fourteen Mexicans and ten Americans. There are in this little town, the county seat of Lincoln County, a few good American families. I met with four men who were supposed to belong to a band of desperadoes who have infested this lower country to the terror of the inhabitants and travelers. At Silver City, about ten days before I was there, the Indians had broken out, and near there had killed fifteen persons. This band of desperadoes had also been on the road. They had stopped the stage, stolen horses, and for a while seemed to be almost running the country. If I were disposed to admit that I am afraid of anything, I should hardly know which to dread most, this class of men or the Indians. I was right on their fresh

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tracks for 200 miles, and fearing much of the time I would run across them—and did, Sunday after meeting, stand face to face with four of these fellows, but they had been arrested and lodged in jail. But we hurry back to Stanton for the evening appointment. We preached to two white civilians and about thirty colored soldiers; but where are your officers? “I guess de’s play’n billiards.” Two days of dark, cloudy, foggy weather brought us to this place. This reminds us again of our question, at the commencement of this article—Why write from this place? The condition of the weather early this morning made us dread starting over a bleak prairie of 70 miles and through the timber 40 miles with not a house and no certainty of water—but it is 10 o’clock and the clouds are breaking away and we must go.

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1877.

From my Diary of January 1, 1877: We held Watch-night services last night here at Tiptonville. House comfortably filled. We commenced at 9. Text: “Watchman, what of the night?” I had plenty of time so preached an hour and a half, and was surprised to have an irreligious man tell me that he didn’t get tired and another, a member of the church, wished the sermon had been longer.

Jan. 18.—Mrs. Harwood and I went up to Fort Union to call on the new Chaplain and family, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Simpson. We had a good visit. I

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often preach at the Fort and hold temperance meetings.

Jan. 18.—Today received a kind letter from Rev. Benjamin St. James Fry, D.D, Editor of the Central Christian Advocate, expressing appreciation of my articles to his paper. I appreciate the letter more highly from the fact that we were Chaplains together in the same brigade in Sherman's Army.

May 20.—Have expected Bishop Bowman to arrive on the stage to accompany us to Peralta to hold our Annual Missionary Meeting. Bro. George Murray is with us. Preached last night. We took Missionary Collection which amounted to \$34—a good collection, we think, for a membership of ten persons.

May 29.—Today we learn that the Bishop will go direct to Santa Fe and so our party of eight in all in two light wagons start for Santa Fe. Bro. George Murray and wife, two lady teachers, a lady student from our school, myself, Rev. Benito Garcia and N. H. Gale. We camped on the way, but indoors when we could reach houses. At Las Vegas Bro. Murray preached in the Presbyterian Mission Chapel.

June 1.—Reached Santa Fe. Bro. Murray preached again at night in the Presbyterian Chapel.

The next morning I went to the hotel and found the Bishop. We had never met before, but recognized each other in a moment. I explained to him the program for the day, which was no preaching in



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the forenoon as it was Corpus Cristi day and all would want to witness the Roman Catholic procession. So it was arranged that we have only a prayer meeting with general remarks in the forenoon and the Bishop preach at night. The Bishop seemed pleased with the arrangements. I cared but little about it myself, but I wanted the Bishop to see something of what we have to cope with out in this country.

At 10:30 we were assembled in the Presbyterian Chapel that was built and dedicated by the Baptists in 1854. After a few prayers had been offered, a few made short speeches, with these a gentleman arose and said: "Gentlemen, I have traveled considerable in other places and in a few counties of this territory, and judging from what I have observed in New Mexico Christianity in this country is a failure." "They tell me," this man went on to say, "that New Mexico has been under the rule and sway of Christianity for 300 years." "If so, it is a failure," said he, "and I call for the proof. I challenge Rev. Mr. Harwood to reply," said he. I at once beckoned to Rev. Mr. Murray. He shook his head. I then signalled to the Bishop. He shook his head, so I felt compelled to answer.

I said, "there may be much truth in what the gentleman has said, but after all how can he say that 'Christianity has been a failure,' even here in New Mexico, when he doesn't know what this country would be without Christianity. Unless he can tell

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us what New Mexico would be without Christianity he surely cannot truthfully assert, however, it may seem here, that Christianity is a failure, and even if he could prove that Christianity has been a failure in New Mexico that does not prove that it has been a failure everywhere or even anywhere else. And so it seems to me the gentleman has stated more than he can prove, but I wish the Bishop would help on this question. The Bishop then made a very beautiful and forceful reply in favor of Christianity, at which the gentleman who made the attack arose and said, "I take it all back."

THE PROCESSION.

It was announced that the procession was coming. There must have been 3,000 or more in the procession and all was very orderly. The Bishop was polite. Stood with his hat off. That was one of the largest processions I have seen in the territory. I think that all kinds of Roman Catholic processions are waning in numbers to what they were in those early days.

The Bishop preached a beautiful sermon at night to a crowded house. Text: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek," 'Rom. 1-16. The people all seemed delighted with the sermon and visit. Hon. T. B. Catron to this day pronounces it the finest sermon he has ever heard in New Mexico.

PERALTA CONFERENCE, JUNE 7-10.

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Monday, the 4th, we left for Peralta. I took the Bishop with me in my wagon. He also rode a part of the time with Brother and Sister Murray.

We took our lunch and camped in houses as there were no hotels. The first night we camped at La Bajada. The next night at San Felipe Indian Pueblo. The Indians gave us two nice, clean rooms and were very kind. In the morning they didn't seem to want to accept compensation, but we forced \$2.00 I think it was for the rooms and corral for the horses. The Pueblos and the Mexican people are very hospitable. Many Americans travel among them without any cost, but that is not right. We ought not to abuse their hospitality. It has always been my custom, unless in special cases or among our own Protestant people to pay whatever I thought was right.

We reached Peralta so as to open the Conference Thursday morning. The people were delighted to see a bishop among them. We were the guests of Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Steele. The forenoons were spent in regular conference work and the afternoons in our essays, etc. The Bishop took a very active part in all the essays as well as in the regular work of the Mission.

The Bishop preached a fine sermon. Hon Teofolo Chavez was interpreter. Text: Mat. 6-33: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." Especially the first part of the verse, "Seek

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ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Spanish "Buscad primeramente el reino de Dios." About Sixty persons communed on Sunday. This was the grandest day up to that time that Peralta had ever had. Bro. Ambrosio Gonzalez often referred to it while he was living.

MIDNIGHT.

We left Peralta Monday morning for my home, Tiptonville, as it was by this time called. We travel all night to get to the proper water and camp. It was a hard night ride, but the Bishop was as cheerful all night as any of us. At about midnight we stopped to feed and rest the ponies and have lunch. It was in the foothills of the mountain among the pines. The Bishop built up a big fire, he and the lady teacher who was with us returning to the east. It fairly lit up the heavens. The distance from Peralta to Tiptonville via San Miguel and Las Vegas was about 160 miles. We reached it in time for the Bishop to take the stage for the end of the railroad and then on east, by Thursday. The Bishop visited Mrs. Harwood's school, talked to the scholars and preached a beautiful sermon and interested us very much. He wrote me a beautiful letter when Mrs. Harwood died. See Life of Mrs. Emily J. Harwood, page 198.

We close the year with 10 preachers, 5 English speaking and 5 Mexicans, 5 church buildings, 5 parsonages, probable value \$52,000, and 197 members, 55 probationers and 178 S. S. scholars

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THE BISHOP'S LETTER.

PERALTA, NEW MEXICO, DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

BY BISHOP THOMAS BOWMAN.

June 20, 1877.—Our route from Santa Fe to Peralta, where the District Conference for New Mexico was to be held, lay, in the main, along the valley of the Rio Grande del Norte. This river drains a large area nearly in the center of the Territory running from North to South. Large portions of the valley are under cultivation, the river furnishing water for irrigation. Much more land could be improved, and that now in use might be made more productive if there were more intelligence and industry here. Little villages containing populations from 150 to 1,500, are scattered all along the river, and differ from one another only in size.

There are few public inns in the territory, and here travelers have to stop wherever they can find a place. Most families will entertain strangers as best they can, frequently giving up all the room but the kitchen, the household huddling together in this. Travelers usually take their provisions with them and other things needful for camping out. If a house is found they do their own cooking, and take care of themselves, paying whatever they think right for the use of the house, bed, and fire. We spent one night in one of the oldest Indian Pueblos, Sandia. It would have amused your readers as it



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did us to witness the greeting we received. Men, women, children and dogs everywhere hailed us. They came from the streets and from the ovens, were at the doors and on the house tops, and what was lacking in the chatter of the people and the yelping of the dogs, was made up by the braying of the donkeys meeting us at every corner. We bore our honors finely, and after a pleasant night's rest and some religious services, both night and morning, went on our way rejoicing. These Pueblo Indians are, as they always have been, quiet, honest, and somewhat industrious. They will compare favorably with the mass of the other population. After we had become settled in the village we felt as safe and comfortable as we would have felt in any Mexican town. But of this more hereafter.

Peralta is 100 miles nearly south of Santa Fe, and on the east side of the Rio Grande. It is in most respects like all the other Mexican towns, though prettier than most we have passed, because of more taste in the houses and quite a supply of trees in the plaza and along the streets. The larger portion of the people are Protestants, and over seventy of these are members of our Church. They are by far the most cultivated of the town. Their superiority is seen in their general appearance, in their home comforts, and in their evident intelligence. Books and papers are seen in every one of their houses. Bro. Ambrosio Gonzales became a Methodist in 1852, through the instrumentality of a



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preacher by the name of Nickerson, who spent a short time in this region. In 1856 Dr. Lore came here and organized a small class, appointing Bro. Gonzales leader. The people, especially the older ones, remember Dr. Lore with great affection. This little band of Christians have suffered all manner of persecution, and came well nigh being destroyed. Four years ago, Rev. J. Steele was sent here, and by his hard and faithful labor, aided by his devoted wife, has succeeded in building up a good school, and a society of over seventy good, faithful members.

The district conference composed of all the ministers and their native helpers, met on Thursday, June 7; all were on hand and in good spirits. The usual business was attended to promptly and in good order. Every one had an essay in Spanish or English, or in both, and the services throughout were interesting and profitable to the people. The brethren in Peralta think the effects of the session will be lastingly good. The religious services were exceedingly pleasant. On Sabbath the love feast and the sacramental services were very much like an old-fashioned quarterly meeting. I was much pleased with the apparent spirituality and devotion of the people. For the sermon, of course, I had to have an interpreter, and for the first time in my life had to preach through another. Notwithstanding this drawback, we had a good time. The people were hungry for the truth, and gave the most marked attention for a full hour. Preachers and

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people seemed to enjoy the occasion, and I am sure I never preached with more interest to any congregation. In the evening we had an address in Spanish on Temperance. And although this is a wine-growing region, the address was thoroughly against the use of all that can intoxicate, and the congregation was almost without an exception in sympathy with the speaker. Drunkenness has here, as in many other places, become alarmingly common. Priests and people often drink and get drunk. Hence I was surprised, as well as pleased, to see such an interest manifested in the question of temperance. At the close of the address a pledge was prepared and circulated, and many signed apparently with good pleasure. During the general discussion of the subject, one lady arose and asked permission to speak. She said: "I have a large vineyard, and have made and sold much wine. I never saw the wrong before. I will cut down my grape vines and never make any more wine, the Lord helping me." All this is simply wonderful when we think of the history of these people, their habits and teachings for generations past. There is a better day coming for this oppressed and priest-ridden country.

Preachers in the old conferences hardly appreciate the circumstances of the brethren in this Territory. Their condition differs but little from that of missionaries in foreign lands. But rarely do they see any one from the States, or enjoy the comforts familiar to us at home. The language of the people,

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and all their habits and manners are foreign. It is very difficult to get the little conveniences for the house that are so common to us. Several of the brethren have been compelled to make their own chairs, tables, etc., or do without them. Even the school furniture has been made, in most cases, by the preachers themselves. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks, the brethren are cheerful and work with a will. On Monday morning, amidst many thanksgivings, mingled with tears, we left the good people of Peralta and started by a new route for home. Thursday, we spent looking at the well-managed school at La Junta, under the care of sister Harwood, and in preaching to a good congregation in the evening. Friday we devoted to the case of Bro. McMains at Cimarron. We found him in good spirits, and quite confident of his ultimate triumph. With anything like a fair trial I have no doubt of his success. Sunday was given to Trinidad, where we enjoyed the hospitality of the pastor's home, and preached twice to very respectable congregations, and in the Sunday school baptized Bro. Rickard's little boy, Homer Craig. Then we started on Monday for home, and after having traveled 2,000 miles by rail and 600 by stages and private carriage, we reached St. Louis, on Thursday morning, without an accident or an hour's delay.

Allow me, before closing, again to commend to those going west, the route by the Missouri Pacific, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe, and the Denver

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& Rio Grande Railroads.

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## 1878

Our Annual Meeting for 1878 was held at Santa Fe by Bishop Mathew Simpson, D.D., Oct. 7, 1878.

It had been appointed to be held at Socorro, but as that was a long way from the end of the railroad, the Bishop changed the place to Santa Fe.

The preachers had not all heard of the change and consequently only a few reached the place. Bros. Blas Gutierrez and Marcos Barela came up from Valverde and San Marcial and were ordained deacons. I met the Bishop at Cimarron, heard him preach a fine sermon in which he showed that Jesus "died of a broken heart." The sermon was extremely touching. I brought the Bishop down to La Junta. On our way we passed the night at Ocate, thence reached Ciruelita and had services including communion. I interpreted the Bishop's sermon. We then came via Collier's Ranch, Fort Union and thence to our place. The Bishop preached a very interesting sermon. Many came out to hear the great Bishop even if it was on a week night. Bro. Benito Garcia was our preacher at Ciruelita. He and all his people were pleased with the Bishop's visit to Ciruelita.

### SANTA FE.

We only had three days in which to get to Santa Fe, so we had to get ready in a hurry. Mrs. Har-

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wood went with us. The Bishop's son was along and soon informed us that his mother had given strict orders not to let the Bishop work too hard or risk too much with the Indians.

It was an interesting ride, the right time of the year for pleasant camping. We had our lunches and camped in houses. The first night we camped at Tocolote with an Israelite named David, who treated us well. Here at Tocolote we saw the little herder boys drive in their sheep and goats for milking. This reminded the Bishop of the Old World, Egypt and Palestine, where he had visited. We often passed piles of stones and crosses set up indicating that some one had been killed at that place, also perhaps that in carrying a corpse the people had paused there to rest.

PIGEON'S RANCH.

We spent the second night at Pigeon's Ranch. It was near this place that General or Governor Armijo came out from Santa Fe with 4,000 men, and six pieces of artillery, in August, 1846, to check General Kearny's army and to hurl back the invading foe. But he made no stand and Kearny marched on into Santa Fe. It is the place, also, or near where, March 2, 1862, that General Sibley with 1,600 Confederates was ingloriously defeated by Brigadier General Slough with only two companies of the first Colorado regiment and a few regulars. It was a hard fight, lasting nearly all day and the battle was gained by our men scaling the



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mountain and coming down in the rear of the Confederates. and burning their supply wagons.

The next morning we visited the old Pecos Pueblo church and ruins.

THE CONFERENCE.

We reached Santa Fe on the fifth and held the Conference the next day. The Bishop ordained to Deacon's orders Blas Gutierrez and Marcos Barela. He preached a grand sermon on Sunday in the old adobe chapel. (That has been removed and the Presbyterians have a fine brick building in place of the adobe.) Subject: "The Christian Victory." Text: 2 John 5, 4, "This is the victory that overcometh the world even our faith."

At the close of the night services many of the leading men of the place being present came forward and expressed great pleasure with the sermon. With them were the pastor, Rev. Mr. Smith, and General and Governor Lew Wallace. The governor said "Bishop, I am delighted with this service. I shall have something new to write home to Mrs. Wallace." General G. A. Smith, United States Revenue Collector, at whose house the Bishop was a guest, also Mrs. Harwood and I, expressed himself as delighted with the sermon and the services. The pastor of the Church told me the next day that that was the grandest sermon he had ever heard.

The next morning the Bishop and his son took stage for Antonito to take the train for Denver.



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Mrs. Harwood and I returned to our home at Tiptonville. She never forgot that romantic trip and her first visit to Santa Fe.

REV. O. P. McMains.

I thought when I finished page 273 that I would have no occasion to refer to the murder of Rev. Mr. Tolby, and to Rev. Mr. McMains any more, but Bishop Simpson and also Bishop Bowman as well as myself were in deep sympathy with him. I did not justify him in his unwise and dangerous method of trying to ferret out the assassins. My advice was for us to go right on in our missionary work as if nothing had occurred, but at the same time keep our eyes and ears open for all we could see and hear and as "murder will out," I thought we would be more apt to get on the track of the murderers in that way than in any other. Mr. McMains' plan was to quit everything else and hunt down the assassins. And when his constant declaration was that he knew who the murderers were it was but natural that the prosecuting attorney was so anxious himself to find out who they were that he should cite Mr. McMains to appear before the grand jury to state what he knew. His refusal to state what he had said he knew on the ground that it might involve himself was what led to his indictment by the grand jury of murder in the first degree and for that he was tried, but not convicted.

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It is wonderful how high the excitement ran. In order to make it appear that certain parties were guilty of the murder of Mr. Tolby even dreams of an old lady and seances of an aged gentleman were brought to bear in the private arguments. The lady's dream was a strange one, but dreams should weigh nothing when human life is at stake. The seance was also a strange thing. Before Mr. Roberts and I had returned from our trip over to Taos, soon after the murder had occurred, to try to find out what a Mexican had said about the assassination of the Protestant heretic, (as we were nearly all called in these early days) the spiritualist claimed to have seen in a seance that a party had come from Taos up to the Taos canon to waylay us. This word being told in our neighborhood, while Mrs. Harwood didn't believe at all in spiritism still she couldn't help feeling uneasy about us. Mr. Roberts was a young student and preacher at school. He had been ordained a deacon at Cincinnati on our way home from the east in 1875.

The facts of the scare were as follows: As we were going down the Taos Creek out of the mountains Mr. Roberts said, "I saw some Mexicans hiding in the bushes, and he seemed quite excited. He caught up his rifle at once. I said, "Don't shoot until I tell you." The horses were trotting pretty fast down grade and all at once as we turned another turn in the road a Mexican almost turned a somersault out of the bushes into the road. They

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were fishing for trout with hook and line and one fellow had caught one and sprang out to take the fish off the hook. That's all there was of it. We stopped and had quite a chat with them. We inquired for the man we were after, but they knew nothing of the man nor the murder of Mr. Tolby.

EXTRACTS FROM MY REPORT TO THE MISSIONARY  
SOCIETY FOR 1878, CIMARRON AND  
ELIZABETHTOWN.

"Rev. O. P. McMains succeeded F. J. Tolby at Cimarron and Elizabethtown. Mr. McMains had been unwise in his methods of the investigation of the murder of Mr. Tolby. I was just as anxious to assist in the investigation as Mr. McMains was or any one else could have been, but we differed widely in our methods.

I am quite sure that I was the first to make any special effort to find the murderers or to pay out a dollar, as in my dangerous trip to Taos, as spoken of heretofore. The country was thrown into a fearful condition and at times it seemed with the light of a match it might set the whole country ablaze. People on the stage coming into the country were afraid to come through Cimarron, headquarters of the excitement.

Mr. Swope, the stage agent came to see me and have me, if possible, stop Mr. McMains' foolish efforts to ferret out the murderers. But after he was arrested and imprisoned I was with him at Taos (for the courts had been changed from

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Cimarron to Taos for judicial purposes) and succeeded in getting a change of venue from Taos to Mora, and when he was imprisoned in Santa Fe without the privilege of bail I went down to Santa Fe, 100 miles, at my own expense and plead with the judge and prosecuting attorney and secured the privilege of bail and he was released under \$20,000 bonds.

Suffice it to say that he met all the charges manfully and after appearing before the courts at Taos, Santa Fe and Mora and Colfax the case was discontinued under Judge Bradford L. Prince.

Thus the grave charge against a minister of the gospel for murder in the first degree, confined in prison first without the privilege of bail; second, admitted to bail of \$20,000; third, brought before the courts of three counties, and kept under cloud for nearly two years; simmered down simply to imprudence. And, of course it was imprudence, rash and unjustifiable. Had he listened to my advice his trouble might have been avoided, some lives probably saved and the law had its proper course.

Mr. McMains had many friends and while in prison he was well cared for, and I was censured because I refused to pay him his missionary salary while he was under indictment for murder. How could I, as that would have been contempt of court? Both Bishops Bowman and Simpson approved my course and said I had acted wisely in the case. Before Bishop Simpson left Santa Fe he said, "I don't

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like to appoint Bro. McMains to Cimarron and Elizabethtown, but I wish you would." I did so, knowing that a strong petition had gone up to the Missionary Society asking that it be done. Mr. McMains' case had by this time been thrown out of court. Some time after this he rode down 50 miles to have me perform his marriage ceremony.

DISTRICT CONFERENCE AT SOCORRO.

As but very few could reach Santa Fe in time to hold the conference with the Bishop, we called the District Conference at Socorro. This was well attended. The following named brethren were present:

Benito Garcia, Ciruelita.

John Steele, Peralta.

Juan Garcia, Manzano.

M. Matthieson, Socorro.

Blas Gutierrez, Valverde.

M. Barela, Las Cruces.

N. H. Gale, Silver City.

The above named were all present and gave good reports of their work.

O. P. McMains, Cimarron and Elizabethtown, not present.

J. M. Brown and Pablo Salazar, La Junta, not present.

George Murray and J. H. Roberts had left us.

Ambrosio Gonzales, Peralta, Jose S. Telles, Socorro and Pablo Trujillo of San Marcial were local preachers.

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1879

The Fourth Annual Mission meeting was held at Tiptonville, commencing Aug. 14, 1879, with Bishop Merrill presiding.

The meeting was opened in the usual way, scripture lesson, singing and prayer. Rev. D. W. Calfee was elected secretary. Thos. Harwood, interpreter.

The following answered to roll call:

Thos. Harwood, Ambrosio Gonzales, Blas Gutierrez, Marcos Barela, Juan Garcia, Benito Garcia, D. W. Calfee and Pablo Salazar.

The forenoons were spent in the work of the conference and the afternoons in reading essays.

The Bishop made a fine impression. Preached a grand sermon Sunday morning, ordained to deacons's orders Ambrosio Gonzales and Pablo Salazar.

In the afternoon the Bishop and I went to Las Vegas. The Bishop preached a grand sermon in the Presbyterian Mission chapel at night. We stopped at one of the principal hotels. The landlord, as usual, was under the influence of liquor next morning and was quite lively. When I asked for the bill the landlord said in quite a lively tone, "I oughtn't to charge you fellows as much as I do others, ought I? If I should die I guess you would bury me, wouldn't you?" At which the Bishop said, "With great pleasure." The boys at the card



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table threw down their cards and had a hearty laugh at the landlord's expense.

Rev. Mr. Annin, the Presbyterian pastor, and all his people and a few of ours who had united with them were highly pleased with the sermon and the Bishop's visit.

The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad had just reached Las Vegas and people were coming in quite rapidly. We were about selecting a site for our church building, and the Bishop went out into an oat field where we had selected the site. He expressed himself as well pleased with our choice.

EXTRACTS FROM MY ANNUAL REPORT:

"Under date of Sept. 16, 1879, Brother Harwood writes, "Said the Missionary Secretary at New York," and says:

"Our work all along the line, almost without an exception, is looking up. The railroads are giving new life to the country, not only through which they are passing, but more or less all over the territory. They are bringing quite an immigration of American people and with them are quite a number of Methodist people. As evidence of this we have just organized a church at Las Vegas with fifteen members, the present terminus of the A. T. & S. F. railway system.

The Presbyterians have had a church organization here for some time. A few of our Methodist people joined that church at Mrs. Harwood's and my suggestion, as we had no organization there.

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We secured the use of the Presbyterian Mission Chapel for services in Old Las Vegas, and are using a hotel known as the American house for our services, near the depot.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Presbyterians had promised to let us have our people back whenever we might think it best to organize our own work, yet when the time came they seemed to hesitate. And really it was not until I had concluded that unless they would divide their Chapel with us at least once a month we would send off for a big tent and put it up on the plaza about the middle of the Old Town; at that they consented.

The fact that they didn't want to give us back our own members, we took more as a compliment than otherwise, for it was good proof that ours were good people, the Presbyterians liked them. One was Mrs. Mary E. Teats, now of world-wide reputation as the National Purity Evangelist of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Lecturer for the National Purity Association. Mrs. Teats has just written a strong work, "The Way of God in Marriage," published by the Physical Culture Publishing Co., Physical Culture City, Spotswood P. O., N. Y. Also a Mr. and Mrs. Allison. Also a Dr. and Mrs. Sutton and Bro. and Sister Janes and others. The next year the new church, Methodist Episcopal, went up and was dedicated by Dr. Earl Cranston, now Bishop and our church at that place has been growing ever since.

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“It may seem a little strange that I give space in this report for reference to the railroad, but we have been hoping for it and looking for it so long that now it has come we want to announce its coming as a part of our Missionary annual report.

We know, of course, that it would bring into the territory more bad whiskey, more bad men, more bad women, more gambling, more Sabbath breaking and for a while the country will go wild, but with all this we wanted to see the railroad.

One of our Mexican preachers from the Rio Grande went up to Las Vegas on business. When told on his return that the Methodists had a church at that place he expressed great surprise, for he didn't see anything but wickedness when he was there. When he went home he told his people to “look out for the railroad for it was bringing whiskey, gamblers, horse racers—and the country would go wild.” But said he, “I tell them, perhaps it will be like a new ditch, when you first let the water into it, it is muddy and gathers a great deal of filth, and when it has run awhile the water gets clearer.” So perhaps it will be with the railroad. After it has been running a while it may be it will bring a better class of people.”

A FEW INCIDENTS OF 1879.

During the year I made quite an extended trip down the country. My nephew, T. M. Harwood, was with me. He was then a small boy, about 13 or 14, but was good company and could help me

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look after the ponies. We went via Las Vegas, San Miguel, Peralta, Socorro, San Marcial, La Joya and Manzano. About a day's journey from San Miguel, while in camp one night there came up a fearful thunderstorm. We were camped in an arroyo where there was very good grass for June. The horses were picketed near us and we were asleep in the ambulance, or at least I was trying to sleep. The lightning would flash and with it the crash of the thunder was alarming. I had serious reflections. The thought came to me, "Suppose this should be my last, as it came near being in 1871, near Cimmarron, when returning from a conference in Colorado. It was then, while meditating on the thought that there should be nothing between our Heavenly Father and ourselves that a hymn was outlined with the chorus as follows:

We journey through a vale of tears,  
A world so sad and dreary;  
We're oft beset with doubts and fears,  
But let us not grow weary.

Chorus:

"Let nothing come between us, Lord,  
Between Thy smiling face and me,  
And me, and me,  
Between thyself and me."

The tempter's vile alluring hand,  
Would blight our hopes forever,  
But in Thy strength, dear Lord, we'll stand,  
And from Thee ne'r would sever.

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Amid the beating storms of life,  
Oh may I never grieve Thee!  
All through the weary walks of life  
Dear Saviour, never leave me.

Dangers on every hand may stand,  
And storm-clouds gather round me;  
But Jesus holds my trembling hand,  
And whispers 'nought shall harm thee.'

"Then let the lurid lightnings blaze,  
The thunders crash in terror;  
My Father holds them, He can save,  
I'll fear no more forever."

Tune, "Gates Ajar." See my own little Hymn book of a hundred English and Spanish hymns.

But the above calm and peaceful condition of mind was soon broken in upon when after a half hour or so after the heavy thunders had ceased I heard something away up in the arroyo like distant but continuous thunder. It seemed to come nearer. It had not rained enough to produce any alarm, so far as we thought, but there had been a cloudburst in the mountains and the water was coming, but still I had not thought of a cloudburst until the water was quite near. I shook and called my nephew and sprang out of the buggy just in time to pull the buggy and other things out of the water, and thus save ourselves from a water baptism, if not a watery grave.

As I said before, the railroads had come and

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everything took on new life and I was full of hope for our missionary work and we were on a kind of round up, using a figure of the spring round-up of stock and so a hymn seemed to shape itself in my mind and was finally like the other put into singable shape. I called it the

“SHEPHERD’S ROUND-UP.”

We are out on the round-up,  
We are looking for our own;  
Our own, our own dear wandering flocks;  
Some are scattered all around us,  
And some are far from home,  
And some we fear have perished on the rocks.

Chorus:

Come home, come home,  
Our own dear sheep, come home;  
Come home, come home,  
Your Shepherd’s own.

Some are out in the mountains,  
In the mountains wild and drear,  
And some are on the craggy rocks and hills  
They have left the cleansing fountains,  
The fountains cool and clear  
The sparkling brooks, the rivulets and rills.

Some are out on the llanos,  
On the llanos bleak and bare,  
And some are in the valleys poor and weak;  
They have left the growing pastures,



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The pastures rich and fair,  
We'll go, our own dear wand'ring sheep to seek.  
Some have died of cold and hunger,  
Some have gone so far away,  
They know no more their shepherd's tender voice,  
Some are rent and torn asunder.  
By the prowling wolves of prey,  
We fear they now forevermore are lost,  
The good shepherd now is calling,  
His tender voice I hear.  
He's calling for his own dear scattered sheep;  
Oh will they heed the calling?  
Oh will they gather near?  
Their loving shepherd graciously to greet?  
Oh, yes, I know they'll heed it,  
I see them coming now;  
From mountains, plain and valley, see them come;  
Oh, glory hallelujah!  
It fills my soul with joy,  
To see our own dear flocks a coming home.

Last Chorus:

Stay home, stay home,  
Our own dear sheep, stay home,  
Stay home, stay home,  
Your Shepherd's own.

As I have never posed as a poet I thought I

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would submit the above hymns to Bishop Merrill, reading them to him carefully when he was out here with us, but his criticisms were cold and rather severe. "Oh, yes," he said, "you have a striking and very suggestive figure." "I can see in it the cattle and sheep as they are being driven up and hear the cattle bellowing and the sheep bleating, and doesn't that spoil the figure?" At first I thought so, too, and rather thought I would never sing it again. But not long after that it was called for and I stood on the platform at Socorro in our Mission Chapel and sang it all alone. I noticed tears in the eyes of several persons and I said to myself, "So long as this hymn makes people weep and brings them back home, I will continue to sing it."

NOTE:—We are sorry to say that Bishop Merrill is dead. The Bishop died Nov. 12, 1906, in his 80th year. His widow also soon passed away, it is said, as the result of grief over the death of the Bishop. He was a great man. The editor and publisher of this book saw him first in the General Conference at Chicago in 1868. I heard his wonderful address on Lay Delegation which probably led to his election to the editorship of the Western Christian Advocate and at the next General Conference in 1872 was elected Bishop. The Bishop was fatherly in his administration in our conference and ever after was a warm friend to our Spanish work

## THE THIRD DECADE—1880 TO 1890.

1880-1884.

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The last decade from 1870 to 1880 began with two preachers, Father Dyer and myself, and he was removed at the Pueblo Conference in June, 1870, and I left alone in all this vast field. At the beginning of the decade, in 1870, we had in the entire mission only 15 members and probationers and not a dollars' worth of church property.

This, the third decade, 1880, begins with 13 preachers, 364 members and probationers, 11 church buildings, 5 parsonages; estimated value of church property \$45,000; Sunday schools 16, number of scholars and teachers 500, day schools 3, and scholars 180; collections for 1880 \$360.00. Self support \$900; church erections \$4,700.00.

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THE ANNUAL MISSION.

The Annual Mission was held this year, 1880, at Peralta. There being no bishop with us this year the Superintendent presided.

The conference convened March 12, was opened by prayer and scripture reading in Spanish.

The secretary of the last conference called the roll and the following named answered to their names :

Thos. Harwood, Superintendent; Mathias Mathieson, Socorro; Benito Garcia, Ciruelita; Juan Garcia, Manzano; Blas Gutierrez, Valverde; Marcos Barela, Las Cruces; J. Pablo Salazar, Gallinas; N. H. Gale, Albuquerque; D. W. Calfee, Las Vegas; Ambrosio Goznelles, Peralta; Santiago Chavez, Peralta Circuit; R. G. Gallegos, La Joya; L. Frampton, Coyote; E. H. Brooks, Silver City.

L. Frampton was elected interpreter; D. W. Calfee, secretary.

The forenoons were devoted to the Conference work and the afternoons to the reading of essays, criticisms, etc., and the nights to preaching, exhorting and revival services.

Miss Hilton had taught an interesting day school at Peralta and took part in the literary exercises and was quite a help. She seemed always full of the Holy Spirit and at one time during the Spanish services, she almost electrified the American part of the audience who didn't understand Spanish by singing with a will, "All hail the power

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of Jesus Name.”

The matter of publishing a paper in English and Spanish as the organ of the church was freely discussed in this conference and the superintendent was elected editor with instructions to prepare and have published one issue of a paper to be known as *El Abogado Cristiano* in English and Spanish, and send it out to each of the preachers and others. Each preacher was to be an agent for the paper. If they did not like the paper they would each bear his burden of the expense of the first issue and that would close the experiment, and if they liked it, they were to so inform the editor and give instructions as to the future of the paper.

THE NEW MEXICO CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

A few extracts from our first issue, May, 1880:

The first thing named in the paper was the dedication of the church at Las Vegas, by Dr. Earl Cranston now Bishop Cranston. He preached from the text: “Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined.” It was a fine sermon. One of the leading trustees, A. M. Janes, presented the financial condition of the church, showing that the church had cost \$2,400. The Board of Church Extension in Philadelphia had aided to the amount of \$500; that the people at Las Vegas and elsewhere had paid \$1,300 and a debt of \$600 remained yet to be paid. The doctor soon had the amount pledged and the church was dedicated free

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of debt, except to the Board of Church Extension and the people were delighted. The doctor was assisted in the dedication by A. J. Annin, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, D. W. Calfee, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church at Las Vegas, a Rev. Mr. Burlingame and the superintendent of the Mission.

DEDICATION AT LA GALLINA.

This second dedication took place at La Gallina, Mora county, N. Mex., Feb. 22, 1880. It was a neat little chapel in the Spanish work. It was aided by the Board of Church Extension at Philadelphia, \$250. It was dedicated by the superintendent of the Mission free of debt, assisted by Rev. Benito Garcia. We further extract from the paper of the first issue:

"This is a neat little chapel, for Spanish work, has board floor, a board roof and two windows on a side. The people who worship in this little chapel seem to have new faith, new spiritual power to which they were unknown in their former Roman Catholic dogma and doctrines. They are Bible students. The Bible is no longer a sealed book. The most of the children attend our day school and are learning well.

DEDICATION AT SILVER CITY.

From the paper:

"April 4, 1880, the day on which we dedicated the church at Silver City was a lovely day. No India or Italian sky ever seemed clearer than did



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the skies above us at Silver City on that day." Surely never were the "spicy breezes over southern lands or ocean isles more lovely and refreshing than the zepthers in Southwest New Mexico, so near the divide between the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific ocean, at Silver City, on that memorable day of the dedication of our beautiful church at that place. The house was full and it was dedicated by the writer of this book, assisted by the Rev. Emory L. Brooks, fresh from Greencastle and the new pastor of our church at Silver City; also by Rev. E. L. Green, Episcopal clergyman.

Rev. N. H. Gale had been our pastor at Silver City. His wife and little boy had died while he was in the midst of his church building. They were both buried at Silver City, but Bro. Gale felt that he had to go east and this left the work in bad shape. When I visited the work in February, prior to the dedication in April, I found a debt of \$1,800 and those who held the accounts were restless and threatening litigations and some recommended and even advocated turning the house over to the public school officials and let the town finish it up for public school. I felt very much discouraged. Didn't know what to do. I sat down in the store of a merchant whom I had known in Elizabethtown. In the conversation he said, "Mr. Harwood, if you could spend a week or so here and take hold of this work as you did the church at Elizabethtown you could bring it out and finish it up." It is wonderful

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how such expressed confidence will sometimes lift one out of himself. He went on to say, "I have subscribed at my store \$150, but I haven't paid it because I haven't thought the house would be finished, but if you will remain and take hold of it I will pay my subscription." I said, "Mr. Crawford, I thank you very much for all you have said, but I have examined the subscriptions and find that we have only about half enough on paper if all can be collected to finish the church." He then said, "If you will stay I will double my subscription and make it \$300 and give you a check whenever you want it." I answered, "All right, the church will be finished." From that moment my courage never failed me. I remained about a week or ten days, collected money enough to satisfy the pressing claims, arranged with Mrs. Robert Black whose husband was the contractor, but was then at Santa Fe, a member of the legislature, to have the house finished. I preached several times to good congregations and in my last meeting I announced that a kind Providence permitting I would be back, probably with a new preacher and on the first Sunday in April we will dedicate the church. A doctor, a special friend, not knowing all that had been going on, said, "Mr. Harwood must be crazy." The Board of Church Extension had promised an extra donation of \$250. The Ladies' Aid Society held a festival which netted \$275. True to my promise, I returned with a new preacher, the Rev.

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Emory H. Brooks, and the church was dedicated at the promised time free of debt. We raised the last \$600 on dedication day. This was a grand success, hardly equaled anywhere in so small a place and with such a small membership, in the Mission.

I said the church was dedicated free of debt. It was except about \$20. I thought I would pay that myself and did. The next morning just before I was ready to start Bro. Brooks said, "Bro. Harwood, the saloon men of this town are getting off too easy. They were not at church yesterday and didn't help to pay that \$600 debt. I have a great mind to take that subscription and go after those fellows and make them pay that \$20." "All right," I said, "go for them and I will wait for you." I didn't have to wait long, but when he came back with the money he was excited and said, "The people say that you must not start on your journey, that the Indians are on the war path," but when he saw that I was determined to go he became very much excited and finally said, "Harwood, a man is a fool to start on a journey when the Indians are on the war path, committing depredations as they now are," but I had learned that it is always safer after the depredations are committed than before, and I also promised to be back to Valverde to dedicate our church at that place the next Sabbath. I also knew that the soldiers expected to reach "a certain point on the road that I was to take and if I could

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make the first twenty or twenty-five miles safely I could then fall in and tramp a day or so with the soldiers and that would likely bring me out of danger, so I left alone with my buggy and ponies and got out of the danger all right.

DEDICATION AT VALVERDE.

From the first issue of our paper:

"We expected to dedicate our church at Valverde on our way down to Silver City. Bro. Brooks was with me. Also the pastor from Socorro, Bro. Matthieson and wife and little girl, Maggie, but the house was not ready so I promised to come that way and dedicate it on my return from Silver City, which would be the 11th of April, according to my plans. I remember I expressed some fears that it might not be ready by that time. Bro. Matthieson said, "Yes, sir, it will be ready. When this Dutchman promises a thing it will be done." This was always a characteristic of Bro. Matthieson, while he was with us. But the Indians were on the war-path crossing and re-crossing the roads for 200 miles a little more or less and notwithstanding traveling all one night we failed to make it, but reached Valverde Monday, but Bro. Matthieson had dedicated the church and left for Socorro, for which I was glad, as the journey was such a hard one.

THE SECOND ISSUE OF THE PAPER.

The write-up of four church dedications in the

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first issue with many other things seemed to please the brethren and they wrote to go on with the paper. I give the following only to show the interest the brethren took in the paper at the beginning, twenty-seven years ago:

Bro. Brooks, from Silver City, wrote: "I like the paper," and sent twenty-six subscribers.

Marcos Barela, of Las Cruces, wrote: "My people are pleased with the paper," and sent twelve subscribers.

L. Frampton, of Peralta, says: "The paper will do much good, but my Mexican people want more Spanish."

Miss A. E. Hilton, our Mission teacher at Peralta, "Says the paper ought to be published, but ought to be more religious." But Peralta gave us 22 subscriptions.

H. H. Hall, our preacher in the English work at Santa Fe likes the paper and says, "It ought by all means to be published, and thinks Santa Fe will give us 50 subscribers."

D. W. Calfee, of Las Vegas, English work, says, "Go ahead with the paper. Las Vegas will do her part," and sent us 25 names and about \$50 in ads.

Miss Mary E. Brown, our Missionary teacher at Tiptonville, says, "Publish the paper," and sent us 15 names.

Benito Garcia, Spanish work, at Ceruelita, writes, "This paper is the key which will unlock the door into the Mexican work and lock the door to much



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opposition to our work." He sends us 12 names.

Our Bible reader at Coyote likes the paper and sends us 8 names.

Rev. Inez Perea of the Presbyterian church at Los Corrales is "well pleased with the paper," and sends one dollar for one year's subscription.

Rev. M. Matthieson, our preacher at Socorro, writes, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still," and sends no subscribers.

In the June issue, 1880, we wrote the following, which may indicate that we anticipated some rough seas for our little craft.

"We realize the fact that this little craft must encounter high winds, rough seas, cross currents, rocks and shoals, but our prayer shall be that she may ride above the shoals of ignorance, split the high winds of opposition, turn the currents of wickedness and cause the rough seas of clamor and persecution to "be still;" then hoist her sails like angels' wings and fan the breezes of many a voyage for many years." Suffice it to say that El Abogado still sails on and is now in its 27th year.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

The General Conference in 1880 was held in Cincinnati. It was a great privilege to attend such a conference and see the great men of the church, bishops, editors, missionary corresponding secretaries and fraternal delegates from foreign lands. I had before this attended about 24 annual confer-



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ences, one in Minnesota, 8 in Wisconsin, 10 in Colorado and 5 in New Mexico, but all of these were not equal to a general conference.

LOOSE ON THE MISSION.

Bishop Merrill had said at the August Conference at Tiptonville in 1880 that "he had turned Brother Harwood loose on the Mission." Mrs. Harwood's health was failing owing to her long and responsible school work and it was thought a visit to our beautiful Wisconsin would help her. So we had arranged to turn the school over to Bro. and Sister D. W. Calfee. We closed up housekeeping and Mrs. Harwood went east with the understanding that we would meet, the next May, at the General Conference at Cincinnati.

I had already traveled as per my count; 30,000 miles on horseback, in stage, but mostly with my own conveyance, buggy and ponies, but up to the present I always had home to look forward to and after a long journey of six or eight and sometimes ten or twelve weeks at a time; to get home and find all well, the school, Sunday schools, and everything moving along nicely, and sit down to a well prepared evening meal, often in beautiful contrast with what I had had in camping or with the brothers as the case might be, and often at family worship the favorite song, "Sweet, Sweet Home, be it ever so humble, there is no place like home," to say I felt lonely in Mrs. Harwood's absence is putting it far

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too tame.

FROM THE LIFE OF MRS. HARWOOD.

Mrs. Kellogg says, "Any one familiar with mission work will perceive how much dependence the missionaries place upon each other. This was particularly noticeable in regard to our missionaries in question. The poet sings of the "lonely shore where only solitude intrudes." But the silence in the Rocky Mountains is sometimes appalling, singing birds are few, the sighing of the pines is mournful, and the silence of the eternal hills is seldom broken, save by the piercing cry of the mountain lion, the scream of the panther, or the yelp of the coyote or the reverberating thunders that cleave the mountain summits or in those earlier days the war-whoop of the dreaded Apache. But it is possible to feel a loneliness keener than this even among our own fellow men. This is especially true when we are with those of another language, and other customs or another faith or perhaps no faith."

"When Mrs. Harwood finally started on her Wisconsin trip her husband sat in the lonely study at Tiptonville, whose adobe walls shut out the still greater loneliness intending to write the simple statement of her departure, but out of the fullness of his heart it developed into a prayer as follows: "How lonely tonight. Mrs. Harwood gone. She is happy in the thought of visiting friends and relatives in our lovely Wisconsin. This will be her third visit since we came to New Mexico. Our

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Heavenly Father, thou hast guided, guarded and protected her thus far. She is worn out in thy work, school, mission and home work. Grant, Oh Father, that she may regain her health. The Lord bless and protect her on the journey and permit her to return in due time and in good health and permit us to resume our long loved labors in New Mexico, through Jesus Christ Our Lord we ask it. Amen.

As per former arrangement we met at Cincinnati at the General Conference early in the following May.

As Bishops Bowman, Simpson and Merrill had visited our work in New Mexico and had been guests at our house, and each had traveled with me in my own conveyance over the country, it was but natural that they should take special interest in Mrs. Harwood and me and so they did, which was a great help in helping us to get acquainted with the leading men and women of the church. Through them and others with whom I had met we were introduced to many whom we otherwise would not have met. At this conference Mrs. Harwood met with Miss Frances Willard. She was in the first years of her matchless public career. We admired her speeches very much.

THOUGHTS ON THE GENERAL CONFERENCE.

In the second issue of *El Abogado Cristiano* for 1880 we wrote up some impressions of the conference, what it was, what it did, what it did not do.

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and what it ought to have done.

The General Conference is the legislative body of the Methodist Episcopal church, the law-making body. At this conference there were 397 delegates. Ninety-six annual conferences were represented, including the conferences in Europe, Africa, India and China.

WHAT THE CONFERENCE DID.

It spent 24 days in actual session, and in committee work. It elected four Bishops, Warren, Foss, Hurst and Haven. It elected Dr. J. M. Reid and Dr. Charles H. Fowler Missionary Corresponding Secretaries. It elected Dr. A. J. Kynett Corresponding Secretary Board of Church Extension, and appointed Chaplain McCabe assistant. Dr. Rust was elected Corresponding Secretary of Freeman's Aid Society, Dr. J. M. Buckley was elected Editor of the Christian Advocate. Dr. Whedon was elected for the seventh time Editor of the Methodist Quarterly Review, Dr. F. S. Hoyt editor of the Western Christian Advocate, Dr. Edwards editor of the Northwestern, Dr. Fry of the Central, Dr. Warren of the Northern, Dr. Nast of the Christian Apologist, Dr. Fuller of the Atlantic Methodist, Dr. Hartzel of the Southwestern, Dr. Crary of the California and other general offices.

WHAT IT DID NOT DO.

It did not elect a colored bishop.

It did not provide for the ordination of women.

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It did not provide for the publication of Methodist literature in Spanish. In behalf of the sixty millions of Spanish speaking people at that time, and the opening doors into the Spanish countries this writer recommended that the church open a Spanish department in our publications. With twelve millions of Spanish-speaking people as our next door neighbors, with a goodly number lapping over into our own republic and the millions in South America, here on our own continent and the Cuba, Porto Rico and other West India Spanish-speaking peoples, I thought at that time we ought to be preparing to enter these Spanish-speaking fields. I said then, and still say, that the Millenium can never come until Rome is converted. Since that General Conference the Methodist Episcopal Church South has opened her publications for the Spanish and is doing a heroic work at Nashville, Tennessee. And now that Porto Rico and the Philippines are open to us who does not see that our suggestion a quarter of a century ago was wise?

We are speaking of some things the Cincinnati General Conference did not do. It did not finish its work. This is always to be regretted. When it costs the church so much for its delegates to reach and return from the conference as well as while at the place of the session it seems like a waste of finances not to finish its work when only a few more days would finish all up nicely.

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HOW IT DID ITS WORK.

It seemed to us that there was far too much worldly spirit manifested in the debates, too much confusion, too much of a worldly spirit, too little of the spirit of the Master. An intelligent lady looking on from the lobby was heard to say, "Why, they don't act like preachers, they act like men." But after all there was much to admire. We owe much to those keen eyed and keen eared delegates who sat at the toll gate and let no unwise measures pass the bar of the conference without a close sifting.

SOCORRO.

As the railroads were bringing in many American people and as Bro. Matthieson was preparing to go into the Bible Agency for New Mexico and Arizona and as Tiptonville, our old home was provided for, Mrs. Harwood and I on our return from the General Conference moved down to Socorro and made our home and headquarters there for the next year. We reached Socorro quite a distance ahead of the railroad.

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1884

At the last conference at Las Vegas I called Bishop Andrews' attention to the thought of dividing the New Mexico Mission into the English-speaking and Spanish-speaking. At first he thought it hardly the thing to do, but before he left us he



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said he believed I was right in my thought about the division of the Mission. The two had run smoothly together in the main, but it was evident to my mind that it might not continue to do so much longer.

The Mexican members outnumbered the Americans. The appropriations, places to hold the conferences and many other things were likely to cause friction.

I think time has proven that the division which was made at the General Conference of 1884 was timely and wisely done.

Besides the above the work was becoming heavy. The English - speaking people was important. The new Americans, many at least, seemed exacting, and some of the preachers seemed to feel their superiority and could hardly look for much from an old ante-deluvian, fifteen years in New Mexico, and fifty years old. New fields had to be opened, foundations laid, new conditions met, new preachers selected, all of which, to me at that time, carried so much responsibility that I was unwilling to carry the responsible burden longer, and hence urged the division and it was granted.

.....

We are a little ahead of time in this 1884, and find we are not yet out of 1881.

.....

## 1881

The beginning of 1881 finds us at Socorro. We moved from Tiptonville down to Socorro on our return from the Cincinnati General Conference.

I had often visited Socorro and thought I understood Mexican character pretty well, but found, after I came down and lived with the people that they were quite different here in middle and lower New Mexico than they were up in the north part of the territory. The Mexican people down here seem much more independent and apparently overbearing than in the north. They had not associated with the American people down here as they had in the north, neither did they understand us as well. I think much of the indoor instruction had been, "Never let an American 'get away with you.'" Especially did this seem to be the case with the older people.

At the laying of the corner stone at one of our school properties at Socorro I had the following encounter with one of the old early Baptist members: He had a way of abruptly putting one off who did not agree with him by saying, "O, vd es de ayer que sabes tu?" "Oh, you are of yesterday, what do you know?" I think it is a corrupted translation from Job where Bildad said to Job, "For we are but of yesterday, and know nothing." It is quite a weapon in the hands of an old man to make a young fellow feel his weakness. I freely confess I had never heard

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it used just that way in English. Well, this old gentleman had gotten off this sarcastic expression to young Brother Benito Garcia, a student from our Tiptonville school. It made Bro. Benito feel very bad and he was too young a man to seem to be impolite with an old man. The fact is, the customs of the country were against anything of that kind.

When I heard about this aged man, for he was a man of ability, being so sarcastic with our young Mexican preacher, I said, "Well, he better not speak to me that way." never dreaming that he would do it. It may be that some one told him what I said. At any rate, that same afternoon he and I were talking and he said, "O vd es de ayer, que sabe vd?" He was a little more polite with me than he was with the younger man, for "Que sabe tu" would apply to inferior while "Que sabe vd?" would imply equality. And so I said, "Bro. ——— it may be that some of the younger people who have had better school advantages than some of the older and know some things that the older people don't know," to which he quickly replied, "Si vd, cree que yo no soy hombre sabia, preguntame, preguntame." "If you think I am not a wise man, question me, question me." This challenge seemed to please the bystanders and they had us lock horns at once. It almost scared me, for I had heard the people say that he was a very learned old man. So the people fixed him a chair on one side of the house and one for me on the other.

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After some little parlying it was agreed that I should ask the first question.

My question—How old is the world?

Answer—“*Dame la Biblia.*” Give me the Bible.

He searched a long time and pushed the Bible on the table and said “*Quien sabe?*” That is, who knows?

The next question was his: When did Hernando Costez capture the City of Mexico? I happened to remember and answered, 1521.

That seemed to please the old man. His next was “Where was the Holy Virgin Mary buried? I answered, “I do not know.”

This pleased him very much and he said “*Vd no sabe nada.*” I asked “Where was she buried?” He answered “In Bethlehem of Judea, near Jerusalem.” I said “That is Roman Catholic tradition, and if we take the tradition of the Romanists they will beat us out every time.” To that he answered, “*Quien sabe?*” Who knows?

The next was mine: “Brother Baca, how would you go from here to Jerusalem, near where you said that Mary was buried?” He replied very humbly, “*Hermano yo no se.*” Then I said, “Now that is just what I was trying to tell you.” The fact is that young people are taught in schools many things that were not taught when you were in school or even when I attended school. I think Mrs. Harwood has several scholars who would answer that question very readily. They would probably say,

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"We would go first to the end of the railroad, via Denver or Kansas City and Chicago to New York; then take ship and cross the Atlantic ocean into the Mediterranean sea, thence on eastward to the west coast of Palestine probably to Jappa and thence a short distance overland to Jerusalem." At which the old gentleman arose, came to me and said "My brother, perdoname, pardname," "pardon me, pardon me," "It was very impolite in me to say what I said to you."

I name the above case only to illustrate some of the difficulties which we had to contend with in an early day out here. If all this from one who could boast of having been "Bautisto" (Baptist) for twenty-five years what could we not expect from one who had always been a Roman Catholic? The above little episode took place in 1880 as well as the following:

CHRISTMAS TREE AT SOCORRO.

This was December 24, 1880. The Presbyterians had come in, a few of them—and Rev. S. D. Fulton was their pastor. We all held services together in our chapel. All was very harmonious. Mrs. Harwood taught the principal and only school in the place at that time. It was a union Christmas tree held in our Church. Mrs. Harwood had charge of it. It was well attended. A new thing for the place and as the school would have many Mexican children special pains were taken to have something on for each child, and for fear that some one might be

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overlooked a barrel of apples was brought in. The program was beautifully rendered. It is not unlikely that some of the Mexicans felt bad to see the American children surpass the Mexican children in their recitations, however, all seemed to do remarkably well. It is possible also that a little envy or ill will might have been engendered growing out of dress. However, all the children were well attired.

MR. A. M. CONKLING KILLED.

From the files of New Mexico Christian Advocate, January, 1881. "A Pleasant Visit."

In the afternoon of December 21st, 1880, it was our privilege (Mrs. Harwood and I) to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Conkling of Socorro. They had for some time desired to have all the preachers of Socorro and their wives make them a visit. Accordingly the time was fixed and the following named persons were present and spent the afternoon of the above named day: Rev. Mr. Fulton and wife, Rev. N. H. Gale and wife from Albuquerque, Rev. M. Mathieson and wife and this writer and Mrs. Harwood. The afternoon was pleasantly spent with profitable conversation, avoiding the too frequent neighborhood gossip. At six o'clock supper was served. It was a well spread table. All formalities were forgotten, and the occasion rounded up into an old fashioned farm-like, social and joyous visit. I had never seen Mr. Conkling so cheerful. How little did we think of the sad fate that would soon befall him,



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Mysterious fate, that night that bade us part,  
But left his memory sacred to our heart;  
Oh tell us, can this world a hopeful thought bestow  
To friends now weeping at the couch of woe?

Oh, no; but hope soothes the last adieu,  
And sorrowing one, hope speaks to you,  
"Weep not," she says, though death in terror comes,  
'Twas but the gate to his eternal home.

No more of sorrow here, no more of pain,  
Our brother's death, though sad to us, to him is  
gain;

In heaven we'll meet no more to sever,  
Where friendship sweetly glow forever.

How quickly our joys that Christmas eve were turned to deepest sorrow. The meeting was almost out. As we said before a barrel of apples had been brought in. At or near the close Mrs. Harwood asked that the apples might be distributed. She then requested me to ask—"has every one in the house had an apple?" I did so; no one said he had not. Mr. Conkling was standing near the door with a large apple in his hand about half eaten. I asked, Mr. Conkling, have you had an apple? At which he held up the half-eaten apple and a ripple or laughter passed over the congregation. A few parting words, the doxology and benediction and Christmas greeting and nearly all were gone except Mr. and Mrs. Conkling and a few of their friends. I

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had noticed a little disturbance in the congregation a little before this and stepped back to the door and asked him what it was. He told me briefly what it was. As soon as he stepped out he was attacked.

I was with him trying to stop the trouble. It is the greatest wonder that I was not shot as it was in the dark after the first pistol shot and the lamps went out. I eased Mr. Conkling down, otherwise he would have fallen heavy as he was a large man. I heard him say distinctly, "God have mercy on my soul." His wife told me after that that they had prayer together just before coming to the Christmas tree services.

The funeral was largely attended, assisted by several preachers.

The Sixth Mission Conference was held this year, 1881, at Socorro, June 30th to July 4, Bishop Thos. Bowman, D. D., in the chair.

Rev. N. H. Gale was elected English secretary and L. Frampton Spanish secretary.

The following named answered to roll call, character passed and at the proper time were appointed as follows: Thos. Harwood, superintendent, residence Santa Fe; N. H. Gale, Albuquerque; L. Frampton, Coyote; M. Matthieson, who had been our Bible agent the past year, was appointed to Peralta; E. L. Allen, Silver City; D. W. Calfee went into the Bible work in Arizona; H. H. Hall, Santa Fe; W. R. Kistler, Las Vegas. He could not come out and D. M. Brown from North Indiana Confer-

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ence was appointed; J. A. Callen, Raton; J. Pablo Salazar, Gallina; Benito Garcia, Socorro; D. W. Potter, Socorro, English work; Blas Gutierrez, Valverde; Marcos Barela, Las Cruces; Juan Garcia, Palomas.

The secretary says in the minutes that the "conference was one of unusual interest and good Christian feeling."

The Bishop seemed happy and attended all the sessions and all the afternoon and evening meetings, frequently taking part in the discussion of the essays.

J. A. Callen, M. D., was recommended to the traveling connection in the Colorado Conference and for Deacons' orders.

The name of Rafael G. Gallegos, who was at the Claverack College, N. Y., was called and character passed. D. W. Potter was called, character passed, examination satisfactory, and his license renewed.

Albuquerque was selected as the place for the next conference.

The Sabbath was one of unusual interest. The Bishop preached with great power and his fatherly counsels, Christian spirit and amiable bearing endeared him to us as probably no one else could have done.

The minutes were read and approved and the conference adjourned.

In my annual report that year to the Board at

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New York I called attention to a few special things in the mission.

The material prospects of the territory grow now with each year, though the increase of population is not yet rapid. The Southern Pacific Railroad, now opened, and the advancing Mexican railroads must soon tell effectively upon this country. The people are progressing in the matter of self-support for Church work. "The orphanages which were established as an experiment a few years ago, constitute a work possessing much interest, especially for the superintendents and teachers engaged in them," so said the corresponding secretary in New York, yet said he "in view of all the circumstances, the Board has thought it best to discontinue them."

SANTA FE.

Santa Fe, the City of the Holy Faith, is the stronghold of Romanism in New Mexico. Here reside the archbishop, the vicar-general and several Roman Catholic priests. The Catholic brothers have a college, the Sisters a convent and when Bro. Hall left Rev. H. M. Hackney of the West Wisconsin conference was appointed. Bro. Hall did a grand work. Some time after this he became a chaplain in the regular United States service and it is said made grand success. Rev. H. M. Hackney was a fine preacher, put his whole soul into the work and could he and his wife have stood the altitude he would have done a grand work.

Rev. D. W. Potter came to Socorro for his wife's

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health and took missionary work. He was in charge of the English work.

Mrs. Harwood and I then moved to Santa Fe, and found it a very pleasant place in which to live.

OBITUARY.

A. M. Conklin, editor of the *Socorro Sun*, was brutally assassinated by some Mexican men, on the eve of Christmas, December 24, 1880, while attending a Christmas tree entertainment at the Methodist Episcopal church at Socorro, New Mexico.

The Presbyterian and Methodist Sunday schools had united in a Christmas tree entertainment. They had done all they could to make the occasion one of interest, and especially to have a present for each of the Mexican Sunday and day school scholars.

Judge J. A. Shaw and A. M. Conklin had been selected as ushers. The house was crowded. Many could not be seated. In the programme, English and Spanish Scripture reading and singing, prayer, speeches in English and Spanish, and declamations by two little girls had all passed off nicely. Then followed the distribution of presents from the tree, and the meeting closed up as pleasantly as we had ever witnessed on any occasion of the kind before.

We had noticed, however, a little disturbance prior to the distribution of the presents, between Mr. Conklin and a young Mexican man. The trouble was hardly noticeable, and the writer probably would not have noticed it, if he had not been in

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charge of the meeting. Just before Mr. and Mrs. C. left the house to go home, I stepped across to where they were standing, near the door, and asked what the trouble was. Mr. C. said he "had a little trouble with one of the Mexican boys," but he thought it did not amount to much. He said: "The young man had his foot on a bench, and my attention was called to it, and I told him to take his foot down. I told him twice. He said he wouldn't do it. I then put it down for him and went on, and soon returned, and his foot was on the bench again. I told him again to put his foot down, but he didn't do it, and I put it down for him, and told him that if he didn't behave himself I would put him out doors." This seems to have been all there was of it. The young man arose and beckoned to his brother, who sat near him, and they both went out, followed by two of their uncles. They tried to get Mr. C. to go out with them, but of course he declined to do so.

At the close of Mr. C.'s explanation of the difficulty with the Mexican, I told him that if he thought there was any danger, I would see that he had a guard; at which he said, "Oh, no, the boys," meaning his printers, "will be along." It seems a pistol had been exhibited by the cowardly felons, but of this I knew nothing at the time, and I think Mr. C. knew nothing of it.

Mr. Conklin started out, with Mrs. C. on one arm, and Dr. Munger on the other, and two others



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just behind them, with a few others as an escort. Mrs. C. has since said that she never felt more secure in her life. I stepped back toward the pulpit to extinguish some of the lights, as the people were all about to leave. I heard a little noise at the door, and hurried back just in time to see Mr. C. lay hold of one of the men who had attacked him. It seems that just as he stepped out of the door two Mexicans laid hold upon him, one hold of each arm. R. E. McFarland and George W. McFarland were just behind Mr. C., and several others were just ahead. Some were near Mr. C., who told the Mexicans in English to let go of him, and said to some one, "Tell them in Spanish to let go of me, or I'll make them." At this juncture Mr. C. laid hold of one of the Mexicans and began to push him back, and showed superior strength to his assailant. Just at this time I reached the door, and just as I stepped out the first pistol shot was fired. This caused, as shooting is apt to do, a stampede. Judge McCutcheon cried: "Stop that! stop that!" The writer cried: "No shooting! no shooting!" repeating it several times in English, and tried to speak it in Spanish. The Mexican who fired the pistol, with another, ran around the corner of the house. Mr. C. had by this time pushed his assailant back against the church wall, and was probably trying to hold the Mexican's hands, to keep him from shooting, or perhaps was trying to wrench the pocket pistol from him, and, it is likely, succeeded, as there was a

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pocket pistol found near Mr. C.'s feet when he fell, and was no doubt the same pistol that some one testified to having seen the same Mexican have in the house. But just as Mr. C. likely succeeded in getting the pistol in his own hand, a Mexican sprang from around the corner of the house and fired the second shot, without effect. At this moment Mr. C. whirled as if to defend himself against this second shot, when the third shot from the same large pistol was fired, passing through the heart, and lodging near the spine. Mr. Conklin fell upon his face, crying, as he fell, "God have mercy on my soul!" and expired almost instantly. Thus fell, brutally murdered, one of New Mexico's best friends, one of Socorro's best citizens, and a bold, outspoken Christian journalist.

But the reader asks, What were you all doing all this time, to permit these dastardly cowards to pull a man from the arms of his wife, and shoot him dead at a church door, and they make their escape? We answer, Mrs. Conklin, and other women who were with him, were kept away, which was all right. Judge McCutcheon's lamp went out at the first shot, and he hurried in the house to light it. It was all done very quickly, much quicker, I presume, than the reader will be reading the account of it. And as we said before, shooting generally is very exciting, and not an American was armed, and this may account for the fact that so many of the men ran into the house, and slammed the door shut. We

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are glad to say, however, that there was one man that stayed by Mr. Conklin, and did all he could to prevent the shooting, and though he risked his own life in so doing, yet there is a sweetness in the thought that he tried to save his friend. Judge McCutcheon was soon out with his lamp, and, with Drs. Sowers and Munger, and others, saw our fellow citizen, neighbor, friend and Christian brother breathe his last. Mrs. Conklin was wild with grief, and heart-broken, and had to be taken into the house.

Mr. Conklin was born in Ohio in the year 1841. He leaves a wife, three sons and a mother. He came to New Mexico in 1879, and assisted in the Gazette office in Las Vegas. He went to Albuquerque and started a paper in the spring of 1880, thence to Socorro, where he started the Socorro Sun, and was fast building up his paper, when he met his tragic end. Mrs. C., assisted in the editorials by Rev. S. D. Fulton, will continue the paper. May her many friends assist her sad and responsible work.—*New Mexico Christian Advocate*, January, 1881.

1881.

We did not quite finish up this year, 1881. Bro. Juan Garcia had been appointed to Palomas. He did not go to his appointment. I felt that as the appropriation was made for Palomas and he did not and would not go I refused to pay him. This gave rise to the cry of persecution and that I was keep-

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ing his money. Strange as it may seem he soon had sympathizing friends, Mexicans who espoused his cause without learning from me the reasons why the appropriation was not paid to him. I soon had letters from the board at New York calling my attention to the fact.

Bro. Garcia had given us his reasons for not going to Palomas as follows:

1st. Didn't know that he was appointed there.

2nd. His wife was not very well and he was afraid she could not have good health at Palomas.

3rd. The Indians were nearly always on the war path down there and he was afraid.

I think the reader will see at a glance that the first reason given would have been sufficient without any other, if it had been true.

The Bishop also called my attention to the erection of two churches. I explained that I had received from the Board of Church Extension \$250 on each. I told him that we had built them the best we could, that they were very good churches for the kind, board floors, windows, doors and board roof, that in order to get through with them that I had paid out of my own money \$25 on each. He then showed me an anonymous letter, I knew the handwriting and told the Bishop who wrote it. The Bishop asked how much did *he* give on said churches? I answered "not a penny that I have ever heard of."

This led me to say to the Bishop that I have

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paid not less than \$25 on each of our seven churches and hope to be able to keep it up and have in most of the English work and all of the Spanish except one small church that cost only about \$200—but very few others have done that. I have up to date dedicated 50 churches and schools.

At the Socorro conference I called the Bishop's attention to rumors about administering the missionary money, asked him to appoint a committee to examine my account running back to 1872, when I was made superintendent of the Mission. He did so, I turned over the books, receipts, etc. The committee brought in its report saying, "We have made a thorough examination of Bro. Harwood's accounts and find them correct except sixty cents against himself and we let that go."

W. R. KISTLER, Sec.

The Board had appropriated that year \$2,000 conditional to purchase a school site in the Mesilla Valley. I made my report to the Conference stating that "I had spent several days looking up a site, but not knowing where the railroad would come and the depot be and still not all satisfactory I had declined to recommend to the Board the purchase." At which one of the American preachers rose up and screamed out like a panther, "Two thousand dollars gone!" The Bishop came nobly to my aid, saying, "Why the \$2,000 are not lost. The money has never come into Brother Harwood's

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hands at all. It is still in the treasury in New York."

I have named the above, not that they are worth a place in a book, but simply to show that the sailing has not all been on calm seas.

This year, 1881, I took a trip back to my old home, Delaware and Maryland. My brother, James A. Harwood, had passed away. When I visited him in 1875 I found him quite out of health and felt that the New Mexico climate might restore him to health. In 1878 he came out, but seemed restless and returned in the next October, but was somewhat improved. His son, Thomas M., and daughter, Susie, were with us and Bro. James seemed at first quite contented. He died while I was on the road. He became religious at an early period in life, united with the Methodist Episcopal church and remained a faithful member of the same until released from the church militant to join the church triumphant. He loved the doctrines and policy of the church at whose altars he found pardon. This writer had been separated from his brother James from the time he (James) was a beardless boy until he returned home to visit his friends in 1875. Brother James married in the meantime and reared a large family. I could hardly realize that he was the once beardless boy, so fair, so beautiful and tender, now a heavy beard growing white with age. What a visit it was, living over again our boyhood days, visiting old friends



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and once familiar faces and once familiar places. We talked, we sang, we prayed. How I missed him in that last visit. It was pleasant, however, to visit his family and friends and to hear them speak so kindly of one I had so long loved, and one with whom I stood, thirty years before, at the bedside of our dying mother with other brothers and sisters and received her parting blessing. Only two of that then sorrowing group of sixty years ago yet live; Mrs. Elizabeth Richardson, Carrollton, Mo., at the age of 70. A little before my brother passed away his friends were singing "I am clinging to the cross" Brother said, "I used to sing it that way, 'I am clinging to the cross,' but I now sing it 'I am resting at the cross.'"

## 1882

This year, 1882, Bishop Bowman held our annual meeting again. This year it was held at Albuquerque.

Before the session was called I had a private talk with the Bishop and told him that "I am a loyal man, and not to consider me at all in the way of making any change in the superintendency or any of the appointments and put me anywhere in the Mission he might see fit to do, that I would go wherever he said." The Bishop was very deliberate about it. He said to me, "You have already been superintendent of this Mission longer, he thought, than any other man had ever been of any mis-

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tion." That was twenty-five years ago. When the appointments were read the Bishop announced as Superintendent, Thomas Harwood.

The following named were called, and character passed :

Thos. Harwood, Superintendent, in charge also at Tiptonville; W. R. Kistler, Albuquerque; J. A. Calen, Raton; D. M. Brown, Las Vegas; J. M. Davidson, Santa Fe; D. W. Potter, Socorro; E. L. Allen, Silver City; Deming and Georgetown to be supplied; Hills boro and Lake Valley to be supplied; Benito Garcia, Circulita; J. Pablo Salazar, Gallina; Juan Garcia, Antonchico; Blas Gutierrez, Valverde; Marcos Barela, Las Cruces; Rafael C. Gallegos, Peralta and Socorro; L. Frampton, Coyote.

The superintendent gave into the hands of the Auditing Committee his accounts, receipts and vouchers, for the past ten years and the committee brought in its report that the accounts are correct.

The following is a list of studies approved by the Bishop, for admission into the Traveling Connection:

1st. Following the Disciplinary Course as far as the books have been translated into the Spanish language, Arithmetic, Geography, Spanish grammar, Bible doctrine, Methodist Catechism and Book of Discipline.

First Year. Doctrina de la Biblia; Compendio Tesologia; Historia de la Iglesia por el Obispo

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Hurst; Vida de Wesley and Sermon escrito.

Second Year. Historia de la Reformacion; Historia de los Estados Unidos Vida de Carvoso; Evidencias del Cristianismo.

Third Year. Telogia Natural por Paley; La Vida de Hester Anna Rogers; La Salvacion por el Obispo Merrill; Que es menester hacer para ser Salvo por Obispo Peck; Sermones de Wesley; Catismo de la Iglesia Metodista Episcopal; Sermon Escrito.

Fourth Year. Una Revista de todos los libros de los tres anos primeras; Con tales obros libros buenos traducidos por este tiempo.

The Bishop's late visit to the Old World, and his near approach to the Celestial City in his late serious illness, only endeared him to us as never before and his lectures on the Old World, stirring address, wise counsels and fatherly bearing won all hearts.

On the Sabbath he preached in English in Lead Avenue M. E. Church a fine sermon and also at night through an interpreter. L. Frampton interpreted. The next conference was fixed to be held at Las Vegas.

The missionary work is divided into English-speaking, Spanish-speaking and mixed and school work.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We are glad to report that the Woman's Home

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Missionary Society, organized in 1880, has made an appropriation to New Mexico and desires to come to our aid in the school work. The field is full of hope, and through these doors the cry goes out from many a poor, homeless child "Come over and help us," "Come with your schools," "Come with your homes and give us a home."

ORPHAN SCHOOLS.

We still believe, and desire to emphasize the fact, that in order to prepare to do our part as a church to evangelize the fifty millions of Spanish-speaking people in the world, there is no cheaper or more effectual way than to establish orphan schools and train up from childhood on their own ground the future forces for these fields. The Missionary Society made an experiment with such schools, but for too short a time. Said school was suspended last year.

TERRITORIAL INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

The closing of our orphan schools, one at Tip-tonville and one at Peralta, was an occasion of sorrow to the Superintendent, teachers and others. It was sad to bid our little fellows goodbye, as we supposed, for the last time from their pleasant home. But He who watches the sparrows when they fall, and numbers the hairs of our heads, and listens to the orphan's cry, remembered us and scarcely had the tears been brushed from our eyes

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when we were invited to call at the governor's office. We did so and the governor explained about the territorial appropriation made by the last legislature for the care of indigent children. He said he "supposed it was expected that the Catholic School would get it all to educate their poor children, but I don't intend that they shall have it all," said the governor "provided I can find some Protestant schools who will take some of these children as cheap as the Catholic Sisters will." I asked, "What will be paid for each boy or girl?" The governor said, "We don't know yet," and asked me to "figure out and let him know." I did so and the price was fixed at \$150 a year for each including board, tuition, clothing, washing and everything even transportation to and from the school."

This was cheaper than the governor expected, so this became the price for whoever took any of them. So here we are, back at Toptonville, with sixteen boys and girls. The Roman Catholics have the most of the twenty-five orphan and indigent children. The Presbyterians, I think, have a few. We have always avoided using public schools funds, or public funds of any kind, in our Mission school work. When one of the Roman Catholic priests was at the head of the public school board of our county, he offered us fifty cents a month of school funds for each boy or girl taught in our school, but we declined accepting it on the ground that ours was a denominational school and we have no right,

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neither have you, to use public funds for denominational school, but the Catholics were doing that all the time. But this orphanage fund was different but even that was kept separate from our Mission school. At this time there was and had been much discussion in the public print about the Romanists using public funds for their schools.

NEW MEXICO IN A STATE OF TRANSITION.

From 1872 until about 1880 and still later New Mexico was in a state of transition especially in the matter of schools. It might be well said that the public school has come up out of great tribulation. We can't say exactly as the Bible has it, that they "washed their robes in the blood of Lamb," but we can say that they were baptized in hot discussions in the legislature, in the press, in the neighborhoods, in the families and in the pulpits and in a few instances in assaults, in violence and in blood. Those were the days of "tract stealing," "boycotting" and "Bible burning." If any one wishes to deny that Bibles were burned in New Mexico up to within a short time passed I wish he would do it before I pass away.

# 1883

The Eighth Annual Mission Meeting was held at Las Vegas, December 27-30, by Bishop Edward G. Andrews.

The proceedings were published as our first pub-



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lished minutes of the Mission.

A reception was given to the Bishop which was full of interest and well attended; and at which the following resolutions were passed:

Resolved, That we welcome and hail with delight, the coming of Bishop Andrews to the land of Montezuma, the City of Las Vegas and our beloved church.

Bishop Andrews heartily responded to the above.

The Bishop preached a fine sermon at 11 p. m. Text: "Have Faith in God." At night: "Create in me a clean heart O, God, and renew a right Spirit within me."

Taken from my annual report to the Board at New York, 1883, as follows:

"The year has been one of trials, hardships and perplexities. It has on the other hand been a year of joys, based on the fact that hard work for the Master brings peace of mind and joy of heart.

I have traveled this year as per my diary, 11,200 mile by rail, 1,450 by stage and other ways, by night and by day, in heat and cold, amid calm and storm and sometimes, night and cold and storm in my own soul; but so much more have been the calm, the light, the joy within, I count the former simply as flitting clouds across the summer sky of "the joy of my soul."

Thanking the church for the confidence manifested in me, in so long intrusting this responsible work to my care, and my brethren for their coun-

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sel, their sympathy and forbearance, and last, but not least, the substantial evidence of their regard, and by kind Heavenly Father for His continued loving care, I submit this my twelfth annual report of our growing work, praying that the work, so full of promise, may continue to grow until this whole land shall become a part of the Kingdom of Our Lord and His Christ.

The Bishop read the appointments

Just before reading the appointments he remarked:

"By the way, brothers, before I proceed further there is a little matter to regulate, and then talked very nicely about something that I didn't understand and soon turned and said:

"Brother Harwood, in behalf of the Mission and the high esteem in which you are held by your brothers of the Mission and others, I present you this watch." At once I was on my feet and said, "I would like to say something, but this is so unlooked for by me that I don't know what to say."

The Bishop said, "Sit down then." That helped a little and I said, "I am in the habit of obeying my superiors in office, but I don't believe I will obey the Bishop just yet." I tried to thank the brethren, but it was such up-hill business I gave it up, much to the delight of all present.

Suffice it to say that it was a beautiful new gold watch which I have carried with great pleasure and high appreciation of the donors for almost twenty-

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four years:

Appointments:—

Thos. Harwood, Superintendent, Tiptonville.

English Work:—

Albuquerque—W. R. Kistler.

Deming, Lake Valley and Hillsboro, to be supplied.

Las Vegas—D. M. Brown.

Raton and Blossburg—E. L. Latham.

Santa Fe, to be supplied.

Socorro and San Marcial—D. W. Potter.

Silver City—J. A. Callen.

Springer and Tiptonville—A. J. Drury.

White Oaks, to be supplied.

Spanish Work:—

Albuquerque, to be supplied.

Antochico—Juan Garcia.

Coyote, Mora and Red River—Lachomus Framp-ton.

Costilla and Taos, to be supplied by Albert Ja-cobs.

Dona Ana—Pamphilo Gonzales.

La Gallina and Cerulita—Juan Sandoval.

Peralta—N. W. Chase.

Peralta Circuit—Ambrosio Gonzales.

Taos, to be supplied by T. M. Harwood.

Tiptonville—Epifanio Flores.

Valverde and Socorro—Blas Gutierrez.

Wagon Mound and Cimarron—Benito Garcia.

Las Cruces and Palomas—Marcos Barela.

EDWARD G. ANDREWS, Pres.

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THE CONFERENCE OF 1884.

The conference of 1884 was held at Socorro, by Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, D.D. The conference was opened in the usual way, the Lord's Supper was administered by the Bishop, assisted by the Superintendent and others.

The members were nearly all present, and answered to their names at the calling of the roll.

The Rev. Ambrosio Gonzales had died. He passed quietly from labor to reward, Oct. 7, 1884, at his home at Peralta, New Mexico. This was the first death of any of the members of the Mission since its organization and the Spanish churches mourned for a brother beloved. He was the first Protestant among the Mexican people in New Mexico so far as we can learn. He died at the age of 72 as given by his family.

At this conference Bro. R. W. Kistler was elected Secretary; Bro. Frampton, interpreter.

As this was the first conference whose minutes were published we give the following report:

Cost of publishing Minutes.....	\$68.00
Collected from Advertising.....	\$51.00
Sale of Minutes .....	21.00

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Total, .....\$72.00

So there was a balance of \$4.00.

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SPECIAL REPORTS.

First. The remoteness of this field of labor from the base of all temporal supplies from the east or west makes this the extreme of high prices.

Second. The native people, so recently breaking away from Romanism, still in the midst of their Roman Catholic enemies and persecutors and very poor, could not be expected to do much toward self-support.

Third. The American people who have come among us up to the present time, as a rule, may be found in the following five classes: Speculators, health-seekers, military or government officials, retired or otherwise, and not a few to evade the law. They were not here to get religion or to build up church institutions, but after all many of them did their part pretty well even in this particular, except they seemed hard to move on spiritual lines.

EFFORTS MADE ON SELF-SUPPORT.

The Superintendent has tried hard to work up the subject of self-support in the quarterly conferences, public congregations and in not a few instances has circulated subscription papers himself for his preachers and we have often published articles in *El Abogado* on the importance of the people helping themselves. We are glad that some progress has been made, but not as satisfactory as we had hoped.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Memorial services were held for the Rev. Am-

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Lrosio Gonzales who died Oct. 7, 1884, at Peralta, aged 72. The Rev. Santos Teiles, who died March 3, 1885, aged 102.

Miss May E. Brown, a Mission teacher, who taught at Tiptonville, Las Vegas and Socorro, a fine teacher and a noble specimen of Christian character. She died on the train with her brother, Rev. D. W. Brown on her way home from Socorro to her brother's home in Las Vegas. Also

Miss Emma A. Sinnock, a daughter of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Sinnock of Raton. Bro. Sinnock is a member of the Illinois conference. She said as she was dying, "It pays to be ready." "Jesus is precious."

Also Mrs. Ana Maria Rael Garcia died at Tiptonville, March 8, 1884, aged 78. She was mother of our Brother Benito Garcia, our first ordained Mexican preacher. La Senora Garcia was converted and united with the Baptist church, with her husband in about 1854. She was a grand woman, long a patient worker. She was grandmother to Bro. Ernesto B. Garcia of our Mission student in the Southern California Conference University.

ENGLISH AND SPANISH.

For seven years I have given my reports in both languages so that it could be seen at a glance just how the work stands.



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HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

At our annual conference a year ago a committee was appointed to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the Historical Society. Since this was done we were glad to notice that the General Conference has prepared for the General Historical Society, and recommends that each conference have an Historical Society.

It was a pleasure to have been in New Mexico before the railroads came; so it is a pleasure also to have gotten ahead of the General Conference in the matter of an Historical Society.

The committee reported in part as follows:

"We regard the introduction and growth of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this territory of the United States a realm over which Roman Catholicism has held independent sway, and the continued survival of many of the workmen whose labors have been in this field, co-temporaneous with the growth of our church, prolific sources now accessible of great advantages to historic gatherings.

D. M. BROWN,

THOS. HARWOOD,

W. R. KISTLER.

Special report:

"In view of the scarcity of books in the Spanish language suitable for our Conference Studies and for the Spanish-speaking people; Therefore

Resolved; That the Methodist Episcopal Publishing House be requested to print such books as

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are needed in the course of study and the propagation of the gospel of Christ among the Spanish-speaking people."

Twenty-three years have passed since the above was passed by our mission. The Methodist Episcopal Church South has since seen the importance of such publications and has prepared for it. Do we not now see that said advice was wise and timely?

THE MIGRATORY CHARACTER OF OUR WORK.

Our work is somewhat like the summer birds, at least in places. The birds come and go and sometimes they seem to go more than they come. This last statement is too true with some of our work, so that in a few instances the flock is not without a Shepherd, but a shepherd without a flock.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

In this field there is a tough undergrowth. In the early settlement of the Eastern states our fathers found a heavy growth of timber and a tough undergrowth that had to be cleared away before the soil could be tilled and crops raised. It was not so with many of their sons in settling much of the West. Hence the Western farmer had the advantage. He could plow the western prairies and plant the seed and reap an early harvest. There is not that difference in our work in other fields. We find here the heavy growth of a Spanish priesthood and a tough undergrowth of Romish ideas woven and interwoven into the minds of the people. The fal-

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low ground is hard to break up.

It could not be expected that we make the progress here on this steril soil that we could were it a different soil. But the Lord helping us we will break up this sterile soil, sow the gospel seed, watch the growing crop, the reaping time will come and some one will gather the ripened harvest.

Dear brethren, if we shall fall ere the fields are ready for the harvest, and others shall gather of our toil in breaking up and sowing, we shall not lose our reward. The Master said, "One soweth and another reapeth, so let us not be weary in well doing, for in due time we shall reap if we faint not."

THE TWO MISSIONS, ENGLISH-SPEAKING AND THE  
SPANISH.

The General Conference at my own solicitation and petition had arranged for the two Missions, one to be known as the "New Mexico English," and the other as the "New Mexico Spanish."

This was a nice time for a little speculation as to who would be appointed superintendent of the English and who would superintend the Spanish. As I had never asked to be sent to New Mexico as a missionary, and when the New Mexico Mission had been formed in 1872 I had not asked to be made its superintendent, I thought I would not break the record of which I was justly proud, I concluded I would not do so now, and would leave the Bishops free to make such appointments as they

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saw fit to make. Some things were said, however, at the Fall General Missionary meeting that were not as palatable as might have been desired, and not only did the toiling, struggling superintendent in the two languages, and in this rough undergrowth of Romanism feel it but many of his friends felt it and spoke of it with much indignation. "The New Mexico Mission is a grand field." All right. We out at this end of the line know it. "It must be sustained with larger appropriations." All right. We were glad to hear it. "We *must* have strong men to superintend that work out there, and to get strong men we must pay them." Yes, "that country is filling up rapidly and other denominations are going in and it will take strong men to man that work. and we must increase the appropriations." "Yes, we can't expect a man, a competent man, to go down into a country like that, unless we pay him well, and hence I move \$. . . .," which was over the former appropriation. It was not long before some one said, "Well, Brother Harwood, they are going to send a strong man down here next year. Yes, Brother Harwood, and it just provoked us to read where those men talked that way, but I suppose," said the lady, "they never stopped to think how it was casting a reflection upon the man who has borne the burden down here for all these years, doing the work that you have done." Perhaps I would make no reference to such things as these only as a lesson for the future, so that such reflec-

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tions may not be repeated. I know of no other business or profession in which such reflections are indulged in except the ministry.

Suppose some night in our Civil War, after I had stood all night on picket amid a raging storm and danger that the commander next day had said "We must have a brave man to send out on the picket line tonight?" I presume I would have felt like turning my musket the other way.

A SPECIAL COMMITTEE.

As there had been some criticisms on my management the year before and on the expenditure of missionary funds, at the last Socorro Conference I asked the Bishop to appoint a special committee to examine my accounts. "I think I am an honest man," said, I "and if I am not, I want the committee to find it out and let me know."

The committee was appointed. I turned my books and receipts over into their hands. They, after a day or two, brought in their report which stated that the "accounts were all correct except sixty cents and that was against himself and we let it go."

At the next conference at Santa Fe there was something said about the former criticisms in the presence of Bishop Fowler. The secretary of the conference, Rev. W. R. Kistler, told me that "the Bishop said he didn't believe there was a mission whose funds had been administered more judici-

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ously and honestly than this New Mexico Mission."

Up to this time about \$90,000 had come through my hands and much of it while Bishop Fowler was one of the corresponding secretaries and to have Bishop Fowler make such a remark was quite complimentary and I appreciated it very much.

COMPARISONS.

It occasionally came to me that the New Mexico Mission was receiving more money than it ought to have. I would hear it occasionally in the Colorado Conference of which I and all our Mexican preachers were members until we were organized into a Mission Conference. Also at some of the General Missionary meetings of the society remarks were sometimes made that made us out in New Mexico feel that the feeling was growing in the church that the New Mexico Mission was receiving more money than it ought to have, so that in 1888, having the reports of the Missionary Society all in my library I concluded I would figure it out and see for myself how the comparison might stand. It was surely with no invidious spirit I made the comparisons for from my youth up I have been pleased to see the progress made in all our Mission fields, and especially among the Latin races, since I began our Spanish work in New Mexico in 1869. I was highly delighted when Dr. William Butler was sent down into Mexico in 1872. I remembered well when he went to India in 1850, and the Sepoy Rebellion was quite



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familiar to me and I felt a special interest in the opening of the work in Mexico as well as that in South America.

Counting the cost of Mission funds from 1872 to 1888, less the value of church property acquired during this time, also less the benevolent collections returned to their respective boards, the ratios stand as follows per cost of each member and probationer. The New Mexico Spanish one. The New Mexico English, *three*; Mexico, six; South America six and a half. That is to say, to hold the American members and converts in New Mexico in the same field with the Spanish work has cost the mission funds of the church three times as much as each member in the spanish work. Let it be remembered here also that the most of the American membership has come to New Mexico while the entire membership in the Spanish work has been converted on the ground and our ministry developed here. Now when we call to mind that we have had a foreign language to learn, and foreign customs and deep-seated prejudices to overcome, the progress is certainly marvelous.

A FINAL FAREWELL TO THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING  
AND PROBABLY TO THE SPANISH.

In this my last report to the English and probably to the Spanish I offered a few closing remarks in which in part, I said:

“You will all ever have a warm place in my

affections. I can never forget your kindness, how warmly you have sympathized with me in all my trials, how kindly you have treated me at all your quarterly meetings, camp meetings and what respect you have always shown me at your homes and how kindly I have always been treated by your families. But of course I realize that it was not for me only that you have shown such respect, but as it ought to be, it has been a manifestation for the interest in the cause I represent.

“With all the trials, responsibilities and hardships of this work no period of my life comes before me with such beauty and interest as the past fifteen years of my life from 1869 to 1884, of mission work in this eventful field.

“During my sojourn with you I have seen governors, judges and other civil officers come into New Mexico, serve their terms, go out of office and some out of the country.”

“I have seen ministers of other denominations come into New Mexico also, serve their time, or at least I suppose until they were tired of it and go out; preachers of our own church have also come and gone quite a number, but for some reason your superintendent has been left to fill one of the most responsible positions in the church for all these long and eventful years; and even now no church authority has said that I must be removed, neither has any one in our Mission intimated that I ought to close my work or that there ought to be a change.

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For all this I am thankful, but my own judgment tells me that there ought to be a change, at least in the English-speaking work and as to the Spanish work I shall willingly submit to the powers that be.

“And now, dear brethren, commending you to God, and to the word of his grace, I bid you an affectionate farewell.”

APPOINTMENTS AS MADE BY BISHOP FOSS, 1884,

Superintendent, Thos. Harwood.

English-speaking:

Albuquerque, W. R. Kistler.

Hillsboro and Lake Valley, J. A. Hardinbrook.

Las Vegas, to be supplied.

Raton and Blossburg, J. W. Sinnock.

Santa Fe, D. M. Brown.

Socorro, N. W. Chase.

Silver City, D. W. Potter.

Tiptonville, to be supplied.

Spanish work:

Albuquerque, Benito Garcia.

Albuquerque circuit, Juan Garcia.

Antochico, T. F. Chavez.

Costilla and Taos, Albert Jacobs.

Dona Ana, Silvestre Garcia.

Coyote, Mora and Red River, Lachoneos Framp-  
ton.

Espanola, sub. by F. E. Montoya.

Las Cruces, Marcos Barela.

Palomas circuit, to be supplied.

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Peralta, T. M. Harwood.

Santa Fe, J. Pablo Salazar.

Socorro and La Joya, Cristobal Salazar.

Taos Circuit, Lauriano Vargas.

Tiptonville and Gallina, supplied by Epifanio Flores.

Valverde, Blas Gutierrez.

Wagon Mound, Juan Sandoval.  
ica.

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## 1885

The reader will see that I am still in the work. The work was divided by the General Conference of 1884. Rev S. W. Thornton was appointed Superintendent of the English speaking Mission and Thos. Harwood of the Spanish. Bishop Fowler met these Missions as follows: The Spanish at Peralta, Sept., 24-28 and the English Oct., 1-5, in Santa Fé 1885.

In S. W. Thornton's first report to the Missionary Society he says: "Your superintendent was appointed December 22, 1884 and came at once to the work. We find eight charges occupied, with five churches and three parsonages. All this has grown up under that faithful missionary Rev. Thos. Harwood. These eight missions are planted in the center of the population along the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway, for a distance

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of 521 miles, etc....Our congregations are good and growing, our Sunday schools flourishing. We report 183 members and with special gladness do we report that we have raised seventy five cents per member for missions on the "million dollar call."

The charges were as follows:

Albuquerque, W. R. Kistler.

Hillsboro, Lake Valley and Kingston, J. W. Hardenbrook.

Las Cruces, To be supplied.

Las Vegas, D. M. Brown.

Magdalena and Garthage, To be supplied.

Raton and Blossburg, J. W. Sinnock.

Santa Fé, G. S. Hubbs.

The superintendent said, "Santa Fé, oldest city in America. Population about 5,000, one third of whom are Americans. Santa Fé is the seat of an Archdiocese of the Roman Catholic Church. embracing the See of Santa Fé, as Metropolis, and the vicariates apostolic of Denver and Arizona as suffragans. The dignity of a metropolitan See was thus given under "the ring of the fisherman," Feb., 12, 1875; by Pope Pious IX. Here are convents, Brother's schools, Sisters of Loretta. Here is such a blending of the ancient and the modern as can be found no where else in the na-

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tion, the nineteenth century crowding itself into the lethargy of the sixteenth, and breaking it up. Somehow this has been a sterile field for Methodism. We have a neat church, [adobe] and parsonage, etc.," At Silver City we had a church building and parsonage, H. C. Coats, pastor.

Socorro, N. W. Chase.

Springer, to be supplied.

Thus it will be seen that the mission gave off to the English work: missionaries, 6; members, 181; probationers, 11; local preachers, 3; Sunday school, 17; scholars, 555; Churches 7; value, \$35,000. That left us for the Spanish work, missionaries 16, members 289, probationers, 152; Sunday schools 11; scholars, 276; Day scholars, 274.

Thus we start in the new arrangement. The tree has grown in one trunk, as it were, up to the present, and now branches off into two branches, the English and the Spanish. I feel lonely, somewhat as I sever my present relations with the American brethren, but feel that the Lord is in it and I am therefore content. I humbly pray that the English mission, under its new superintendent may rapidly grow in numbers and in spiritual power and become more and more a blessing to the Spanish speaking people as well as to the incoming English speaking.



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CHRONOLOGICAL.

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The first Methodist Episcopal missionary sent to New Mexico was Rev. E. G. Nicholson in 1850. He resided in Santa Fé. He had a small congregation composed wholly of Americans residing in Santa Fé, and mostly connected with the army. The headquarters of the army having afterward been removed from Santa Fé, the congregation was reduced and Mr. Nicholson returned home. He was sent back however in 1858 with Mr. Hanson of the Swedish Mission in New York, as assistant. Benigno Cardenas, a converted Roman Catholic priest, was engaged as a second assistant.

The above named priest preached the first Methodist sermon in Spanish so far as known, in Santa Fé, on the 20th of November 1853. At the same time the first Protestant baptism took place by Mr. Nicholson, the babe of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer,

The Baptists and Presbyterians sent out missionaries at about the same time. Ambrosio Gonzales of Peralta is said to have been the first convert to Protestantism among the Mexican people in New Mexico. This was about 1853. He became a preacher and was the first Methodist preacher among the Spanish speaking people. Rev. Dr. Lore was sent out to New Mexico in 1855, but re-

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mained only a short time.

1865.—Father Dyer took his first ride down into New Mexico. In 1865 he preached what was said to have been the first Protestant sermon ever preached on the Maxwell grant.

1868.—New Mexico was made a district and Father Dyer, as he was always familiar known was appointed Presiding Elder and made his headquarters at Elizabethtown, and in 1869 made his headquarters in Santa and organized a small class and Sunday school. In this same year 1869 the writer of this book came to New Mexico, Not 1872 as Bishop Simpson says in his "Cyclopedia of Methodism," pages 651 and 826, but on page 433 the Bishop says, "When the territory was separated, in 1873 from the Colorado Conference Rev. Thos. Harwood was appointed superintendent of the mission in New Mexico which position he still holds." [1878.) I am interested in this matter for I don't want to be cheated out of three years and these the first in the Mission,

1870.—This year, July 3, the church at Elizabethtown was dedicated by me, Thos Harwood. Also in November the same year the church and school building at Tiptonville was dedicated by me.

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From "El Abogado Cristiano Neo Mexicano" of March 1904.—When the old gentleman is away the boy does as he pleases." This accounts for the appearance in this issue of the accompanying illustrations. Dr. Harwood the senior editor is away over in Arizona, and as we are two or three days ahead of time with this number, we thought we could print this electrotpe with the others and send the paper out before getting caught. We

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are willing to stand a scolding or even a risk of being discharged, if by printing these we may please our readers.

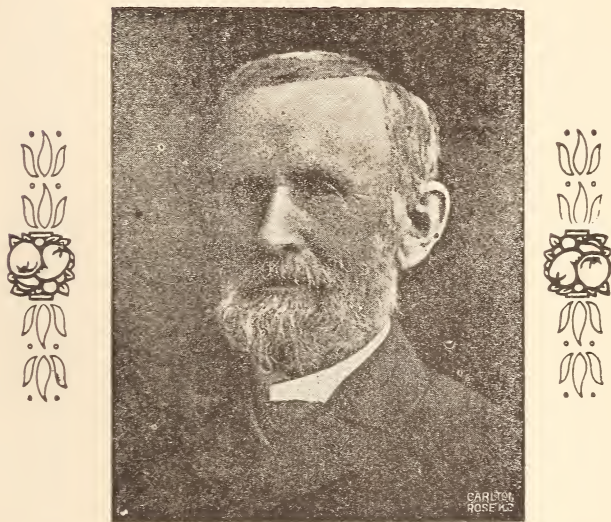
The first cut on this page is a true representa-



tion of our first permanent church and school building in the Territory. Dr. and Mrs. Harwood came to New Mexico in October, 1869. It will be noticed that the date on the building is 1870, so that in the interval, only one year had passed, but be-

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sides this church he had finished a building at Elizabethtown, and had visited quite a number of places in the Territory. Mrs. Harwood opened a school in Cherry Valley, where she taught until it



was moved to La Junta, now Tiptonville.

To this school many students attended from different places in the Territory, boarding in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Harwood, while from a distance of 2 to 6 miles others would come on horse back or in carriages and some on foot, so great



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was the desire among nearly all the American and quite a number of the Mexican people to educate their children. There are scores of people, including the writer, who bless the day the La Junta In-  
stiture was founded, and who appreciate the noble efforts and the success of Dr. and Mrs. Harwood. She has left her cross and has received her "well done", with a crown, while her companion still lingers and toils as of old, waiting for the call of the Master to greater conquests or to "come blessed of my father."—T. M. H.

The following will explain itself:

Galesville, Wis.

Rev. Thos. Harwood:

My dear brother;

It becomes my pleasant duty as well as a great privilege to inform you that at the meeting of the trustees and faculty of Galesville University, Wisconsin, June 22, 1870, the degree of Master of Arts was then unanimously conferred upon you, in view of your high intellectual attainments and your thorough acquaintance with all the branches of science usually taught in our high schools and colleges. Hoping you will accept the honor I remain

Yours obediently,

H. Gilliland.

President, Galesville University.

Galesville, Wis.



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The following is a list of the preachers who have been connected with the Mission since its commencement up to the close of this volume—1885:

---

E. G. Nicholson	from.....1850 to 1853.	d
Walter Hanson	.....1855-1853	d
Benigno Cárdenas	.....1852-1855	d
D. D. Lore	.....1855-1856	d
J. L. Dyer	.....1868-1870	d
Thomas Harwood	.....1869-	
Ambrosio C. Gonzales	.....1864-1884	d
Benito Garcia	.....1871-1888	d
John Steele	.....1872-1879	d
M. Matthieson	.....1873-1881	
F. J. Tolby	.....1873-1875	d
J. H. Roberts	.....1874-1878	
Juan Garcia	.....1874-189	d
— McElroy	.....1874-1875	d
O. P. Mc Mains	.....1875-1878	d
Geo. Murray	.....1876-1878	
Blas Gutiérrez	.....1876-1904	d
Marcos Barela	.....1886-1906	d
N. H. Gale	.....1877-1881	d
J. Pablo Salazar	.....1878-1884	
D. W. Calfee	.....1879-1881	
L. Frampton	.....1880-1901	d
E. H. Brooks	.....1880-1882	d
R. C. Gallegos	.....1880-1882	
H. H. Hall	.....1880-1881	

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E. L. Allen.....	1880-1884
J. A. Callen.....	1880-1884
D. W. Potter.....	1881-1885
W. R. Kistler.....	1881-1889 d
D. M. Brown.....	1881-1885
H. M. Hackney.....	1881-1882 d
J. M. Davidson.....	1882-1882 d
E. L. Latham.....	1882-1884
T. M. Harwood.....	1882-
Albert Jacobs.....	1883-1898 d
A. J. Drury.....	1883-1884
N. W. Chase.....	1883-1891
Epifanio Flores.....	1883-1899
W. R. Willis.....	1883-1883
L. Vargas.....	1883-189-
A. A. Hyde.....	1883-1900 d
J. A. Hardenbrook.....	1884-1886
J. W. Sinnock.....	1884-
Silvestre Garcia.....	1884-1900 d
Cristóbal Salazar.....	1884-1890 d

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LOCAL PREACHERS.

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Santos Telles.....	1876-1883 d
José Padilla.....	1882-1897 d
José A. Baca y Pino.....	1884-1896 d

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*Spanish and English Missions*

ELECT LADIES.

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Mrs. Emily J. Harwood.....	1869-1902 d
" N. H. Gale.....	1877-1878 d
" D. W. Potter.....	1881-1885 d
" Viviana Gonzales.....	1855-1888 d
" F. N. Córdova... ..	1884-1885 d
" Cristóbal Salazar.....	1884-1900 d
" Lola Jacobs Martínez.....	1883-1906 d
" W. R. Kistler.....	1881-1905 d
" Blas Cutiérrez.....	1874-1889 d
" Ana María Rael de García.....	1854-1884 d
" Márcos Barela .....	1886-1904 d
Miss May E. Brown.....	1882-1884 d
" Emma A. Sinnock.....	1883-1883 d

In the above lists [d] stands for deceased. That shows that twenty-four preachers in the regular work before the close of this volume, 1884, have passed away, also four local preachers and thirteen of our most excellent women.

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The author of this book, although already considerably advanced in years, hopes and prays that he may live to finish a book, already commenced, which will give a brief biography of all the above named. The book will be called "Forty Years Among the Mexicans." The author is vain enough (if it be vanity) to think that he is the only man now left who is sufficiently well acquainted with those heroic preachers and those elect women to do them justice. The book will likely first appear in Spanish. If we could have the means it will

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likely appear in English and Spanish at about the same time. We are the more desirous to do this, because if we do not, we fear it will never be done. There is scarcely any of the above named at whose house (if he had a family) I have not been a guest; slept in their houses, eaten at their tables, prayed in their families, met them at their churches and chapels, baptized their children, preached the funeral sermons of many of their families and friends, wept with those who wept and rejoiced with those who rejoiced. Much of which comes up before me with sad but grateful remembrance. Let the reader cast a silent but earnest prayer that the author may live to do as he thus wishes to do. But "not my will, oh Lord, but Thine be done.

With the above we bid our readers an affectionate farewell until we greet them with the next volume or meet them where history will not have to be written.

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END OF FIRST VOLUME.

















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